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Volume 13 NOVEMBER, 1906 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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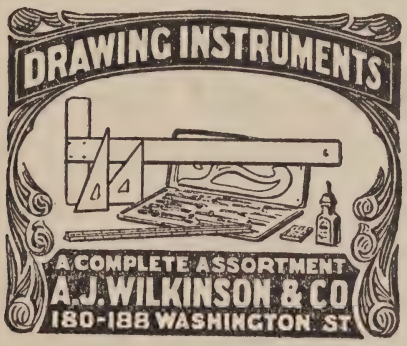

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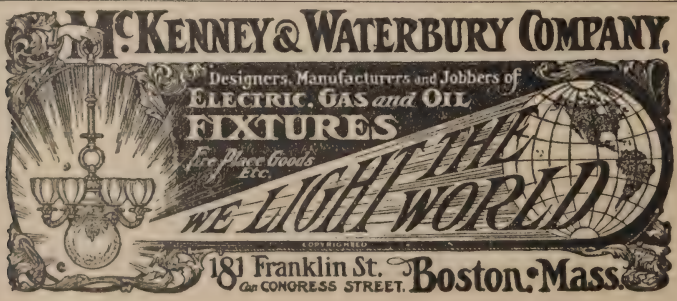


THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—
WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII NOVEMBER, 1906 NUMBER I

EDITORIALS

WITH this number, the Sagamore enters into the thirteenth year of its history. The editorial staff has been elected according to the precedent set last year, and is a staff competent to manage any school paper. Over half of its members have worked faithfully for the paper in other years, and the newcomers have, by their energy in securing material, already shown that they are hustlers. A word of praise should also be given to the business managers; for getting advertisements is by no means the easiest part of the work. We are starting in free from debt or drawbacks of any kind, and if every scholar will take an interest in helping to make a paper of the students, for the students and by the students of the Brookline High School we shall certainly produce a Sagamore that will be a credit to the school.

JUST a word here as to our plans. Last year's volume contained nine numbers, and although we are beginning with the November issue this season, we do not intend to return to eight numbers. The Sagamore will appear on the first, instead of the fifteenth, of each month, from November to June inclusive; and then a special graduation number will be produced, to be

distributed on graduation night. This plan, we hope, will do away with the overcrowding of the June issue, and make it unnecessary to omit much news matter of interest to every one.

WE are very grateful to Mr. Hitchcock for the gentle way in which he turned on the steam at the opening of school this September. The short sessions of the first week were appreciated by everyone, and while we hesitate to say that they formed a happy medium between vacation and school, at least it was better than going in all over, first plunge.

GREETINGS to the football team! May it have a most successful season in every way. Let each and every one of us turn out to the games and cheer. Support from the school is what the boys need.

IF all expectations are fulfilled, our new $120,000 municipal gymnasium will be one of the finest institutions of that sort in the country. Entering from Tappan street one will find, on the left, a medical examining room, and on the right the directors' and waiting rooms. In the basement there will be four bowling alleys, a large locker room, showers, etc. The building is to be connected with the bath-house by a covered passage. On the main floor will be the men's gymnasium, 100 x 78, equipped with the latest apparatus and a cork running track in the gallery about eighteen laps per mile, or one lap equal to one-third of the length of the cinder path. The school track meets will be held there, undoubtedly, and the audience seated on the corners and main floor. Above the men's gymnasium there will be a women's room, 70 x 35, equipped with apparatus for corrective work. Some of the exercises may be performed to music, as is now

done at Yale. Rooms are also provided for boxing, wrestling and fencing, so that our new gymnasium will be absolutely complete in every detail. The greatest difficulty will occur when the time comes for making out a schedule to allow both the High School and the public to have a fair share.

GOVERN THYSELF ACCORDINGLY

I. Thou shalt have no other Aim but Progress.

II. Thou shalt use no such Books as are called Translations or Trots or any likeness of any Book that is within thy Desk.

III. Thou shalt not talk in the Hall.

IV. Thou shalt not cut recitations or study periods.

V. Thou shalt not walk more than two abreast down the Corridor nor waste Time upon the Way.

VI. Thou shalt not be later than 8.30 in the morning or thou shalt receive the Punishment that is thy Due.

VII. Thou shalt not throw Snowballs within our Gates, nor do anything that is against the Public Good.

VIII. Thou shalt not tease, provoke or intimidate the tender Freshman.

IX. Thou shalt not be enrolled in any Class if thou hast not a program of at least fifteen prepared periods a week.

X. Thou shalt not ascend the front Steps of the outer Gate unless thou art a grave and reverend Senior, when thou hast warrant to do so.

These are the Laws which thou must obey to the Letter.

Thine not to make reply,
Thine not to reason why,
Thine but to do or die;
Therefore obey them.

FOOTBALL AT BROOKLINE HIGH

AT the present time football is receiving the earnest attention of the many universities, colleges and preparatory schools of the United States, and possibly the greatest factor interested is the general public. Affairs of the political world, our intervention in Cuba, all those things which go to make up history are receiving (in proportion to their magnitude) less attention by the press and the general public than are the affairs of the football world. This shows that the game is certainly worth studying. No matter how much the sport may be criticised — this one fact is patent, that football as a college and school game has won a popularity and permanence not shared by any other form of sport. We do not wish to enter the field of critics nor enthusiasts concerning this great game, but we do wish to set forth in this article the merits and advantages of the game in our own athletic circle. In almost every college in the country the student body favors the game, not so much from a consciousness of its benefits as from a natural and strong desire to participate in or witness the contest. Apart from the interest and attractiveness of the game let us consider its physical, intellectual and moral values.

With reference to its physical benefit, the results are only too well known. There is no other sport which gives such an all-round bodily development. Every muscle is brought into use, and together with the many hard knocks received the bodily constitution is toughened against all exposure and disease.

Concerning the moral and intellectual values: it creates interest, awakens the dormant brain to action, gives one the spirit of aggressiveness and the initiative to do things. It prepares the boy or man for his life's work. If he is aggressive in football you may rest assured that he will be progressive in his business or profession; while the fellow who plays the easy game will always remain at the foot of the ladder. Furthermore, the game teaches loyalty, courage and truthfulness—yes, and best of all, self-control, and if there is any one quality needed by the American boy of today, it is self-control.

In view of all these good qualities resulting from the game,

there are some institutions which unfortunately regard it as a necessary evil, which, because of custom, must be tolerated. It is charged that the game is rough and brutal. We will never admit that the game is brutal, although we do admit that it is rough, but just rough enough for the American boy. The spirit the boy shows in football is nothing more than the revival of that boasted fighting spirit of our forefathers, and who does not glory in that fighting spirit? And again, the excess that manifests itself in college sports is only a reflection of the same spirit abroad in our country. The intensity in college sports is one manifestation of the spirit which American people now put into everything.

On the other hand, there are institutions which foster football as a part of their physical training work because of the advantages to the student body. Brookline High is one of those institutions. In addition to supporting a school team several class teams are upon the field during football season. A part of the regular class work during the fall is given over to instruction in football to the mass of students, in order that every fellow may come in actual contact with the many advantages of the sport. The best of results have followed. Besides the physical benefits gained the fellows have also been stimulated to deeper interest in their studies. Brookline is heartily in favor of athletics. Yet they must be held secondary to the course of study, which is right. But as we have already said, they deserve a high place in the curriculum of every school. Every fellow entering into athletics must maintain a standing in scholarship above reproach, which makes our athletic successes all the more glorious.

At the present time football enthusiasts are discussing and speculating upon the different styles of play which the new rules are bound to bring out. A few of the new legislations will help the game—a greater number of the new legislations will handicap it, so by weighing the matter carefully we find the balance in favor of the old rules. That the game as played under the new rules will be more pleasing to the spectator is true; but regarding the physical benefits of the game the spectator should not be considered. The new game, as we may call it, will furnish plenty of opportunity for the individual player to shine brightly, while

team work, so common under the old rules, and so necessary in every form of activity, physical or intellectual, where a number of individuals are concerned, will be completely destroyed.

No matter what the outcome of the new rules may be, nor how much the old rules have been criticised, the game in itself is all right. The application of the rules has been unjust; the coaches are to blame for the chaotic state of football at the present time. Give us men for coaches who will use the game and their association with the fellows under them as a means to the fellows' best development and equipment for usefulness and efficiency in life; then the game will be placed on a higher plane and relieved of all this unjust criticism.

GUY S. LOWMAN,
Athletic Instructor, B. H. S.

In Memoriam

It grieves us deeply to have to announce the death of one of our number, Kendall Folinsbee. Folinsbee had been with us only a few weeks, but in that short space of time he had already made close friends with many of us. He came to Brookline from the Manor School of Stamford, Conn. From there we hear nothing but words of praise concerning him. His death was due to an accident received while driving; he made a grand struggle for life, but passed away at his home three weeks after the accident. The school extends its sincere sympathy to his parents.

While the Candle Burns

THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY

It was one of those early fall days which seem like a charming favor Dame Nature has showered forth from her horn of plenty. The air was warm in the sun, yet there was a certain invigorating crispness about it, reminding one of the approaching season. My tramp had at last brought me to a little bit of woods beside of which ran a stone wall. The spot was just wild enough, just tame enough to suit my fancy; and the wood road stretching on ahead, canopied by the intertwining of the leafy boughs of the trees on either side, was just suggestive enough of an entrance to some fairy world to keep one's imagination pleasantly employed.

As I was resting there, enjoying immensely the light and shadowy effects of the sun's rays filtered down through the green leaves, I soon became aware of other spectators of the scene. A little bird flew up and perched himself on the wall. In his mouth was a bit of cake, hugely out of proportion to his size, and he was evidently debating with himself as to the advisability of eating it there. Suddenly there was a rush, a chattering, and one bold little marauder of a squirrel had swooped down on the bird in his dilemma, caught the cake from out his mouth and scampered off with it. An expression of complete surprise came over the bird and, though there may be some who will doubt it, that little bird cocked his head in my direction and as much as said, "Well, did you ever?"

G. A., '07.

AN EMBRYO AMERICAN

"Da peanut fi centa." The little raggamuffin at the entrance to the base-ball grounds repeats his enticing cry to the base-ball fans who are hurrying to get the best seats for the coming game. A man rushing by grabs a bag of peanuts, and tossing back a

quarter hurries on. The boy deftly catches the coin, deposits it in his coat pocket and is ready for the next customer. But finally the supply of peanuts is exhausted and the game has commenced. The youngster counts up his money, puts his basket over his head and whistling a tune of sunny Italy turns the corner on his way homeward.

"Da peanut fi centa." The plea seems to stay in one's mind. One wonders for what purpose this poor, little, half-clothed boy stands here day after day. Is it to save money to send to a father, mother, or perchance a sister or a brother, to enable them to come to this land of freedom? You ask yourself the question. But no, this work has a nearer, more definite end; it is—hush—let me whisper—it is—to buy a baseball glove. G. C. K., '07.

HOME, SWEET HOME

Hooray, school is over! Homeward we wend our way, eager to fill our starved bodies with food, not education, and to get comfortably warm again, as warmth is at times a luxury denied by the School Committee. We are surprised, not to say grieved, when we are told that "it's too bad, but there is n't going to be any dinner today to speak of, because the cook left today without giving any warning; but of course there may be something to eat in the kitchen. The "something to eat" is so infinitesimal that the keen edge of our honest appetite suffers not a single nick.

While down in the kitchen we notice that it is rather chilly and by questioning, we find that the furnace has gone out, as the choreman slipped on the ice and suffered a broken leg early this morning. On the next day we welcome school time gladly, hurriedly collect our books and hasten toward our haven of learning, and its lunch counter. O. A., '07.

Old lady (hesitating at the threshold)—Is this the smoking car?
Conductor—No'm, but you can smoke here if you want to.

THE TRIALS OF AN AUTHOR

Nine P. M.—nothing to do
But write a theme, and then I'm through.

Subject? Well, now let me see,
What had I better make it be?

Had a dozen in mind a minute ago;
Why on earth 's my brain so slow?

Scratch my head and chew my pen,
Think and scratch, and chew again.

Football, yachting, autos? Stuff!
I've tried all those, and enough 's enough.

Search my memory, rack my brain,
Nothing doing, effort's vain.

Love and romance! Sentiment! Rot!
Beautiful subjects! I guess not!

What 's that? Ten the clock just said?
Ding-bust the theme; I 'm going to bed!

RESOLUTION

AT a meeting of the Brookline High School Athletic Association September 19th, 1906, it was voted that it be

RESOLVED

The members of the Brookline High School Athletic Association desire to express their appreciation and gratitude to Mr. John C. Packard for his efficient and faithful work for the past eight years as treasurer of the above named Association.

LLOYD C. COOLEY, 1907, Chairman
FRANZ NICCOLLS, 1909
WELLESLEY SELIGMAN, 1908

VICTORY!

"Well, Rib, what's the good word?"

"Ain't any!"

"O, come out of it, man! You're not getting discouraged this early in the season. We've been up against big teams, that's why we've lost the first games. Why, that Huntington team trimmed U. of M. last week!"

"All the same I don't see any prospects of licking Hilton, with the captian out of the game for good with a smashed collar-bone, a freshman quarter back, and four linesmen greener than grass after an April shower! Game isn't so far off either."

The disappointed manager of the eleven representing West Ridge Preparatory School viciously kicked an unoffending pigskin from his path as he strode toward the locker building with his senior friend. He had just been watching the team run, or rather stumble, through their signals, and the slow, blundering manner in which the new men did their part had made him particularly wrathy. He continued:

"The quarter isn't so bad now, but he's nervous and sure to make a mess of a big game. And as for those linesmen: well, the less said the better. And then who is going to play left half in Hammond's place? Now if you can find any 'good word' in that mess you can have it."

To tell the truth, affairs were in a bad way at the school. The team had been picked from almost entirely raw material in the first place. Hammond, the captain, was himself a player of rare ability, and made a splendid leader. By putting heart and soul into his work he had managed to produce an eleven which, although nothing remarkable, was at least not a discredit to the school. "Rib" Heath ("Rib" was short for Robert) had arranged a rather hard schedule, ending with the all important Hilton game on Thanksgiving day.

So far, four games had been played, and all but one of these —the last—had resulted in defeats for West Ridge. At first the men gave a crude exhibition of football, but in the next two games they showed improvement and in the last they had won

from a team of about their own weight. The game was marred, however, by a serious accident, which could not help but cripple West Ridge for the remainder of the season. Hammond, while hurdling with the ball, had been caught in the air and thrown onto his shoulder, breaking his collar-bone and disabling him for further football. The effect of his loss was at once apparent, for in the few remaining minutes of the game the visiting eleven secured the ball and rushed it almost at will down the field; only time prevented a touchdown. With the captain gone, and the rest of the team so disheartened and lifeless, it was no wonder that the manager was despondent.

"We've got another freshman to put in Hammond's place for the game to-morrow, but he's no more use than a toy dog on wheels. It will be a walk-over for St. Croix, and unless the present state of affairs changes there'll be another walk-over for Hilton."

The St. Croix game was played, and St. Croix trotted off the field victors by the score of 22 to 0. It was a silent team that limped back to the quarters beaten and all but disgraced. Not a word was exchanged, not a man but was ashamed to look his companion in the face. The sting of defeat was upon them.

* * * * *

Thanksgiving Day came. Long before the appointed hour spectators began to arrive and dot the grand-stands that surrounded the field. By two-thirty they were full, and the west side of the field presented a waving mass of red and black streamers, while here and there a group of small boys (presumably Freshmen), impatient for the struggle, were stamping their feet and shouting for Hilton. On the east side the blue and grey of West Ridge was everywhere in evidence, for few indeed were those who had not come to see the great annual game. No matter what kind of an eleven the school had, it was a matter of tradition that everyone should be present and follow the team to victory—or defeat.

At five minutes to three the West Ridge men leaped over the ropes and ran through their signals with a snap and vim that brought a cheer of encouragement from their bleachers. Hilton

soon appeared, and at three o'clock the teams lined up. Hilton won the toss and chose to defend the north goal line.

A sudden hush fell over the stands. The referee's voice rang out sharp and clear:

"Are you ready, West Ridge?"

"All ready," came the reply.

"Ready, Hilton?"

"Yes."

In the moment of suspense that followed, a look of determination to win that day could be plainly seen stamped upon eleven faces, of eleven straining, blue-stockined figures.

Then the referee's whistle blew, the time-keepers snapped their watches, West Ridge's centre sent the ball sailing down the field on the kick-off, eleven men raced after it, and the game was on.

Everyone surges forward to see the first play. Up, up goes the ball, clear back to Hilton's goal line. Ah, the sturdy little quarter-back has received it. His backs close in around him and form a magnificent interference. Will he never stop? Two, three, four men have been hurled out of the way. On he goes! At last they have him—a beautiful tackle, but what a run; almost to the forty-five yard line! Hilton's cheering is thunderous and is doubly renewed when they make seven yards on the first rush.

Again the ball is snapped back and this time is carried across two chalk lines. A groan arises from the east stand. The game is going to prove a victory for the enemy as all the other games had. Another rush—but West Ridge stiffens and no gain is made. A weak cheer comes from the blue and gray supporters. Again Hilton crashes into the line, again they are held. What is this—the team that has been losing games all the season? Surely there must be some mistake. The full-back drops back for a punt, the ball spirals high in the air, and the West Ridge left half is downed in his tracks as he receives it, by a waiting Hilton end.

The men quickly jump to their places.

"6-4-3-8!" West Ridge makes a yard through tackle.

"7-3-9-2!" Two yards through centre.

"8-6-8-3!" West Ridge just gains its distance.

The team was working like a machine. Slowly, but surely

they drove the Hilton men back, back past the middle of the field. They were atoning for past defeats now, and cheer upon cheer urged them on. Steadily they worked;— the freshman quarter was as cool as a veteran and generalled his men with rare judgment, not a misplay, not a fumble, not a loss. On the side lines the manager was jumping up and down, the wild hope of victory in his eyes. At last the team had got together, they were playing the game of their life now. A happy smile shone on the face of Capt. Hammond too, just out of the hospital, as he watched the steady advance of his men. If they could only win from Hilton! Desperately Hilton strives to check the gains, but in vain.

As West Ridge approaches the line a cry of "Touchdown, touchdown, touchdown!" comes from a thousand throats. "11-6-7-2!" answers the quarter-back. They are within three yards of the goal line now! "Time out!" shouts the quarter-back. The full-back is on the ground. "Water here, quick!" They bathe his face, and in a few moments he is up again. "Just winded," he said, panting, as he settled his headgear.

"1-3-4-6!" A veritable howl of delight, a second "Bedlam let loose," a confused roar breaks forth from the blue and grey stands. Cheers, yells, howls, shrieks, whistles, stamping of feet, clapping of hands! Hats, flags, handkerchiefs are cast into the air. They had made a touchdown, a touchdown against Hilton! Against Hilton, for years their fiercest rival.

The cheering stops as the ball is carefully placed for the goal, but only to burst out again as it is sent squarely over the bar. West Ridge leads by six points. The rest of the half is fought out in the middle of the field, neither side making any material gains in the short time that remains.

Between the halves the men were at the mercy of the coaches. Jackson of West Ridge warned his men not to go back into the game overconfident. He knew the Hilton fellows; they were grit clean through; that touchdown would only make them work the harder; West Ridge would have her hands full to hold them. Not one word of praise or condemnation did he offer: that was not his nature. Wait until the game was over; time enough then.

Meanwhile Hilton's coach was saying things. Was that the best they could do? Was that the way he had coached them to play all the season? "Fellows, when you get back into that game, you've got to play as you never played before. Buck the line low and hard for all that's in you! Get together; work for all you're worth! Play hard and fast for old Hilton, boys, for the honor of old Hilton!"

The teams returned to the field. A shrill whistle from the referee, and they were at it again. For fully fifteen minutes the teams battled back and forth between the thirty yard lines. Then at last Hilton's sand and grit began to show. Again and again her backs rushed at the line, panting, sweating, straining with determination written on their faces. Once, twice, three times they gained their distance. Then desperately West Ridge held, held again, and once threw them for a loss.

"Third down, seven and a half to gain," called out the referee. Hilton prepared evidently to punt. The ball was passed back, but instead of kicking it the full-back tucked it under his arm and went around left end. Twice he was tackled, but shook himself free; a big half-back lurched toward him,—a spring, and he was over his head! On the ten-yard line now, and only the Freshman quarter-back to pass! At the five-yard line—the quarter-back had not flinched, but had tackled his man with all the strength in his little body. The giant full-back was too much for him, however, and still clinging to one leg with bull-dog grip, he was dragged on and over the line for a touchdown, with Hilton's cheers ringing in his ears!

He struggled to his feet, almost with tears in his eyes. Couldn't West Ridge win this one, last game after such a grand struggle? Dimly he noticed the Hilton men in consultation; why he didn't know or care. Suddenly he realized that Hilton had decided to punt out, being unable to kick the goal at the bad angle. For an instant he crouched under the bar, then as the ball went into the air, he shot forward like an arrow, straight for the big full-back waiting with outstretched arms to receive it; he jumped as he had never jumped before: could he reach it?

It was all over in an instant. Nobody realized what had

happened until they saw the little Freshman quarter-back rise from the ground with the ball in his arms. He had saved the day for West Ridge!

There were but thirty seconds more to play, and the game ended with the ball on Hilton's forty-five yard line! X.

NEWS NOTES

At the first meeting of the B. H. S. A. A. the following officers were elected: president, Charles Hann, '07; vice-president, Lloyd Cooley, '07; secretary-treasurer, G. S. Lowman; undergraduate member, Francis Boyd, '08; faculty member, J. C. Packard. Mr. Hitchcock officiated as chairman and informed those present that his only objection to athletics was that too few participated.

Owing to the fact that Jack Schlemm decided not to return to school, it became necessary to elect a new captain for the track team. The choice fell upon Boyd, who did some excellent running last year.

Miss Ingram, our new English teacher, received her education at Smith and Columbia colleges. She comes to us from Somerville High.

On Thursday, October 4, a sad attempt was made by the Juniors to hold a class meeting. It certainly could not be called a success, as not one of the sterner sex put in an appearance and only a few girls made up the meeting. Is this class spirit?

The members of Brookline's champion crew recently received their cups, which were very large and handsome, in addition to a shield and big cup for the school. The shield stays with us, but the cup must be won three times before it becomes the property of any school.

We are sorry to hear that Bernard Shine, '08, captain of the hockey team, will not return to school. Walter Cady, '08, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

The Sharon Club, which numbers many B. H. S. pupils among its members, recently spent a very enjoyable afternoon at Middlesex Fells. The club was entertained by Dorothy Taylor, '07.

Mr. Lowman has appeared in a new light, that of teaching Sunday School.

"Miss Sophia" Brown, '08, will manage our 1907 baseball team. Branton Kellogg, '08, attends to the hockey team, Duncan Wright, '07, looks after basket-ball and Lloyd Cooley, '07, holds the money for the track team.

Senior Class officers: president, Charles Hann; vice-president, Dorothy Nesbitt; secretary, Helen Wright; treasurer, Lloyd Cooley.

Junior Class officers: president, Walter H. Cady; vice-president, Margaret O'Hearn; secretary, Mary Clark; treasurer, Branton Kellogg.

Sophomore Class officers: president, Eugene Floyd; vice-president, Gwendolen Moore; secretary, Elizabeth Wells; treasurer, Harry Collins.

Our old principal, Mr. Daniel S. Sanford, spent two or three days in town last month and was cordially received by everyone. It might be well to state that Mr. Sanford's school at Redding Ridge, Conn., is well under way and promises to rank with the best.

GRADUATE NOTES.

Unusual honor has been reflected on Brookline this year in the selection of four of its boys as captains of Harvard teams. "Junie" Foster is now leading the football team of that University and Carl Lincoln, '04, is playing first substitute for his position. John Quinlan has lately been elected to head the swimmers and has the experience behind him necessary for such a position.

Dick Townsend, who started interest in hockey at this school and captained our sevens in the first two years of their existence, is to lead Harvard to another of her intercollegiate championships on the ice. We owe him a debt of gratitude for having made possible the name which Brookline has gained for herself in interscholastic hockey circles. "Dunnie" Dexter, whose dexterous base-sliding we all used to admire, will undoubtedly make one of Harvard's most popular baseball captains and an efficient leader.

Miss Grace Kellogg, '04, a former editor of the Sagamore, has been elected leader of the Smith College Mandolin Club.

Leland, '05, is an assistant manager of the Harvard eleven.

Arthur Williams, formerly '07, is now travelling for a Boston clothing house.

Pitkin, '07, and Youngman, '08, attend Stone's school this year.

Malcom Price, '06, has made first mandolin on the Tech. mandolin club.

Carl Lincoln, '04, has appeared at left half-back in the Stadium several times, and Eugene Allen, '05, another of our captains, played end on Springfield Training School against Yale.

The engagement is announced of Harold Everett Nesbit, B. H. S. '01, and Helen M. Bartlett of Malden.

Another engagement of interest is that of Miss Lemira French, B. H. S. '03, to Herbert Davidson, Harvard 1903.

William Fitzpatrick, '06, has been made vice-president of his class at Lowell Textile School.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

WANTED—authors. "More stories" is always the cry of those who never write anything. Try it once and surprise yourself. If you had an adventure this summer, write it up;

introduce fictitious names and places into it, exaggerate it a little (nobody will know the difference), make it snappy and interesting. It isn't hard if you once get started. Write something out of the ordinary if you can. "The Biography of a Water Bug" would catch everybody's eye, where nine out of ten would pass over "My Adventure."

Wanted—poets. Write a jingle, something to laugh at. The "There was a young lady from Lynn" kind always make a hit. Make somebody in school the goat. They won't care; try it and see. We'll pick up the pieces if they do.

Wanted—artists. The business manager says we've got money to burn this year; so let's have some cuts. Caricatures are the kind we want. Draw a picture of Mr. Lowman spanking one of the little muckers that are always in the way, as he has so often threatened to do. Draw a picture of the editor sweating his life out to amuse you. He won't care, if you draw plenty of drops.

Drop any or all of these things into the Sagamore box in the basement corridor, or hand them to any of the editors or reporters and they will receive prompt attention.

How do you like our new cover? It was designed and executed by Elizabeth Warren, '07. And right here we want to thank all those others who so kindly submitted sketches to us. Over a dozen very excellent drawings were received from the following artists: Miss Schweinfurth, '09, Miss Perry, '07, Miss Baxter, '07, Miss Young, '07, Miss Nesbit, '07, Blodgett, '08, and Wright, '07. Miss Schweinfurth's was especially good, showing a great deal of thought and artistic ability, and was a close second to Miss Warren's. We are sorry we cannot print them all.

Criticism and suggestions are welcomed.

Last Spring, as the ball team passed a hothouse, a member of the squad brought up the proverb, "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and "Soapy" Brown called it "a flowery axiom."

EXCHANGES

Greetings to our 1906-7 exchanges! May this year see improvement in all our magazines, yours and ours alike! The number of papers we have received so far has been small in comparison to what we hope to have on our exchange list. However, we gratefully acknowledge the following: Shooting and Fishing, The Southern Workman, The Trinity Tripod, The Williams Record, The Advance, The Recorder, and High School Panorama.

In the "Shooting and Fishing" number for September thirteenth, we were glad to see that one of our own B. H. S. boys had showed up so well in the National Rifle matches at Sea Girt, N. J., September 4-10. Francis V. Boyd, '08, was the lucky winner of both the Students match of 200 yards and the New Jersey Members match of 200, 300 and 500 yards. In the Students match he had a perfect score of 75, or 15 bull's-eyes.

Anthony D. Watson, '04, of Macon Ga., was married July 30, to Miss Leola B. Culpepper of the same city.—SOUTHERN WORKMAN.

Perhaps some of the Seniors may remember that Anthony D. Watson was the person whom they helped put through school by paying their quarters in the Freshman year.

"The Recorder" is made attractive by several clever cuts for headings of the different editorial departments. The same words of praise may be given to the "High School Panorama," although the color scheme on its cover might be changed for the better.

One of Morrison's concoctions:—"A water-tank full of murderous weapons." Somewhat on the dime novel effect.

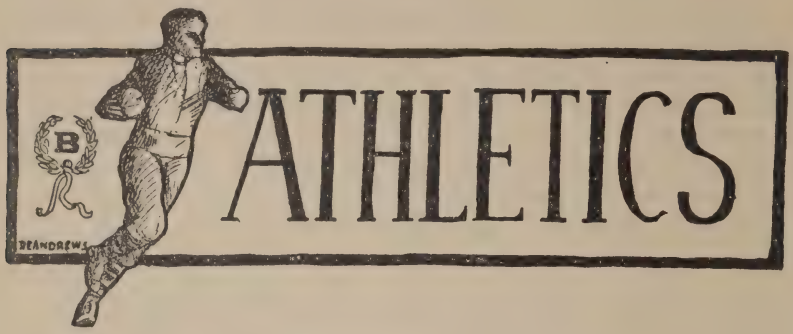
Mr. Case. "We will stop swinging now." Which interpreted means no more enjoyable evenings in the hammock.

Wright. Does "schieszen" mean to touch?

Teacher. Why Duncan, I'm surprised, dont you remember that?

Wright. "Oh shoot, shoot!"

We're glad you did'nt say anything worse, Duncan. The girls might have been shocked.



FOOTBALL

The unusually small number of candidates for the football team did not argue very favorably for the new rules, in fact, the squad was lighter than it has been in previous years; but Coach Lowman attacked the discouraging problem with his usual energy. Robart, Emerson, White and Captain Aechtler were the only members of last year's team to come out; the latter setting various rumors at naught by returning to his old position at left half.

B. H. S. vs. ROXBURY LATIN

Brookline and Roxbury Latin opened their seasons by playing each other on Griggs' field, our campus not being ready. The Brookline players were rather crude, but made a good showing on the defensive against Roxbury's more seasoned men. Only once was Roxbury dangerouly near the goal line, and then Brookline stood firm. Roxbury successfully attempted the forward pass and a number of tricks, which made the game more varied and exciting. Brookline tried little but straight football. Aechtler excelled in downing those who broke through the line, while quarter-back Rowell of Roxbury suceeeded in making nearly fifty yards running back a punt in the second half. Neither side scored.

The line-up:—

B. H. S.		R. L. S.
Stevens	left-end	Richardson
Willetts (Kellog)	left tackle	Connolly (Capt.)
White	left-guard	Brehant
Emerson	centre	Kelley
Andrews	right guard	Boyd
Kellog (Brennan)	right tackle	Wendell (Cavanaugh)
Moss	right end	Murdock
Collins (Morrison)	quarter-back	Rowell
Aechtler	left half-back	Mills
Daniels (Elliot)	right half-back	B. Connolly
Robart (Clune)	full-back	Hill (Wendall)

Score, Brookline 0, Roxbury Latin 0.
Referee, Mr. Fisk. Umpire, C. Hann.
Linesmen, J. Schlemm and Sewall.
Timers, Cooley and Worton. Time, 12 and 10 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. DeMERITTE'S SCHOOL

Brookline's second game on October 12 was a creditable and brilliant victory over DeMeritte's School of Boston. Brookline's team play was a very great improvement over the previous game. Several times Daniels passed the ball forward to Howe for a gain and the winning touchdown. Although several opponents were around him, Howe succeeded in shaking them off. Robart did excellent work, tackling, and Elliott was the star ground gainer. Collins' fingers were too slippery once or twice, but otherwise he showed improvement. Within three minutes after the kick-off, Brookline scored, and Emerson kicked the goal. Doyle made a touchdown for DeMeritte's by a 40-yard run ofter recovering a punt and Dunne kicked the goal. In the second half, Brookline kept the ball on the move towards DeMeritte's goal, and Howe scored from the 40-yard line.

The line-up:—

B. H. S.		DeMeritte
Howe	left end	Doyle
Willets	left tackle	Noyes
White	left guard	Harkins
Emerson	centre	Moseman
Andrews	right guard	Mason
Clune	right tackle	Gilbert

B. H. S.		DeMeritte
Moss (Graham)	right end	Linnihan
Collins (Morrison)	quarter-back	DeFriest
Eliot	left half	Dunne
Daniels	right half	Burke
Robart	full back	Sleeper

Score, B. H. S. 12, DeMeritte 6. Touchdowns, Daniels, Howe, Doyle. Goals, Emerson (2), Dunne. Umpire, C. Hann. Referee, Duffy. Linesmen, Stevens and Morrison. Time, 15 minute halves.

B. H. S. vs. RINDGE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

On Wednesday, October 17, Brookline defeated the Rindge Manual Training School eleven on Griggs Field. Right after the kick-off Rindge fumbled, and after a few plays, which rushed the Rindge boys off their feet, Robart was sent over for a touchdown. Emerson kicked the goal. After that, Brookline lost the ball on a forward pass and Rindge fumbled again. With Elliot for interference, Daniels broke away from the scrimmage in the middle of the field and scored. Collins punted out and Daniels made a fair catch, but Emerson failed to kick the goal and the score stood 11-0 for Brookline.

In the second half Rindge put in some regulars and played a better game. Using tricks and a double pass, Watkins made large gains. After Rindge had fumbled again, Howe received a forward pass from Daniels and scored by a 50 yard run, shaking off several tacklers. Emerson failed to kick the goal. Score, 16-0.

The line-up:—

B. H. S.		R. M. T. S.
Moss	right end	Clavell
Clune	right tackle	Harding
Andrews	right guard	Keyes
Emerson	centre	Jones
White	left guard	Cremins
Willets	left tackle	Griffin
Howe	left end	Gaw
Collins (Richey)	quarter-back	Coggeswell
Daniels	right half	Miles
Eliot	left half	Hogan
Robart	full-back	James

Touchdowns, Robart, Daniels, Howe. Goal, Emerson. Referee, Hann.

Umpire, Robbins. Linesmen, Niccolls and Robbins. Timers, Kyle and Jones. Time, 10 and 15 minute periods.

B. H. S.—Boyd (capt.), Seligman, Daniels, Treadwell. Rindge—Miles, Gazzoldi, Ireland, Watkins (capt). Time, 3 min., 42 2-5 sec.

TRACK

At the Brockton Fair, October 5, the relay team easily defeated the Rindge Manual Training School four in a mile relay. George Hann, '08, won a silver watch, third prize, in the high jump. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches.

BASEBALL

On Thursday, October 11, Brookline played Wakefield High at Wakefield with practically a scrub team and no practice. B. H. S., however, put up a very creditable game, holding Wakefield down to 1-0. "Sophie" Brown pitched and struck out fifteen opponents, which was "going some." Only three hits were made off him and one of these a scratch. Charlie Hann carried off the batting honors with three hits. McPhee, '10, a new find, put up a splendid game at shortstop.

ELECTIONS

The officers of the Preparatory School Athletic League for 1906-7 are S. A. F. Ely, Newton, president; J. Thompson, Newton, secretary-treasurer; G. Gray, Cambridge, vice-president; Mr. Lowman, Delano and Hann are Brookline's representatives. At the first meeting of the League, held at the Harvard Union, Cambridge, Oct. 13, it was decided to hold another triangular athlethic meet, preferably in Mechanics' Hall, about a week before the B. A. A. Interscholastic.

Dr. Bowker and George Delano are the advisory members of the B. H. S. A. A. this year. They were appointed by the executive committee Oct. 16.

Junior: "Anyone would know by Miss Platt's accent that she had been abroad."

Senior: "What,—you mean she has a broad accent."

Professor Brooks persists in his perfectly preposterous predilection for the perpetration of perplexing puns to please his poor pupils.

I German A: "What part of speech is 'das'?"
Illustrious Senior: "Preposition."
Miss Adams faints.

Heard in the same class: "He bent around the corner."

A few from Mr. Brooks: "I don't know what 'a' mean." Hard Luck! Want any help?

"I have seen 'please remit' very often—but, you understand, it was always for my wife."

Miss Spaulding: "Be careful of the use of one; if not, one may have so many ones before one ends that one may not know where one is."

Mr. Snow: "What is 'to go straight' in Latin?
Pupil: "Where?"

As Brown saunters around Room 11 Miss Adams exclaims: "You, 'Gene (Eugene), sit down."

It is a matter of history that Julius Caesar fell stabbed with "twenty-three" wounds. (See Botsford's Ancient History, p. 373). Also a fact that "Billy" Shakespeare was born and died on the

"23d" of April, only different years. This shows that some of our great men "got the hook."

A unique, but concise, translation for complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantum: They spent night and day fussing.

Bright red stockings seem to be the latest in fall styles for young ladies, especially for those in Room 10.

II Latin. Greenwood: "She stretched her eyes to heaven." That is the proper direction, but still, how did she do it?

Miss Wood: "The Trojans checked the Greeks off to Orcus." Wonder if they used Armstrong's Transfer. It is a rather warm place for the expressmen.

Puzzled pupil: O! Mr. Case, what is the word for crush in Latin?

Mr. Case, smiling: "It depends entirely upon what interpretation you put on the word."

We did not realize that Mr. Case was wise to modern slang.

Mr. Lowman compliments the girls. After having kept the boys in restraint nearly the entire recess, Mr. Lowman sees two of the fairer sex promenading on the freshly seeded ground and solliloquizes thusly: "There go the girls; now, I can't put them off the campus. Well, they've got small feet, anyhow!"

Mr. Packard, I Physics A, informs us that man was once a lobster. This unquestionably accounts for a good many people we know. Further, that "Hens have four legs, only the two front ones are wings." Yes, we have ten fingers, only two are thumbs.

Mr. Hitchcock, commenting upon the carriage and conduct of the new-comers throughout the building, says: "We consider your zeal commendable, but your speed is dangerous." He might have said further that Mr. Lowman would help any who desire to work off extra energy and show their speed if they report for football practice.

Someone suggests that it is time for the perennial joke (?) about the "quarter-back" and the locker key. Throw a cake of Limburger cheese at him!

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Volume 13 DECEMBER, 1906 Number 2

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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Clara—I don't believe it! How could she?

Dick—Why, she has to, you know; she's a telephone girl.

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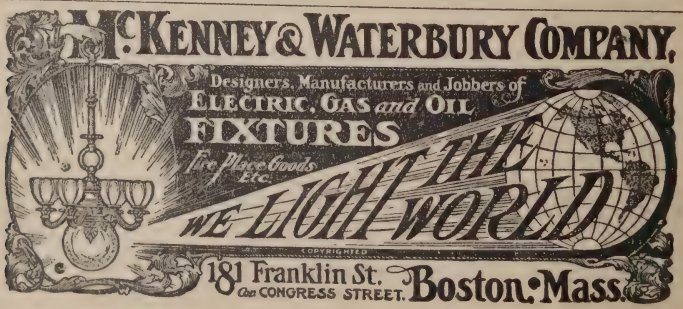


BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1906

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII DECEMBER, 1906 NUMBER 2

Editorials

THE holiday season is close at hand. The time for mistletoe and holly is drawing near. Soon the shopping will start, soon the mysterious bundles will begin to arrive. All will be excitement and expectation. May all our stockings be full to overflowing. May Santa Claus bountifully provide the little Freshman with playthings and toys galore. And may we all have a merry, merry Christmas—the merriest ever.

SINCE class games have become an institution of the school, it is suggested that something should be done to preserve a record of the victorious teams and their members. This can hardly be done by means of pictures, as there is not room to hang them in the corridor; and having their photographs hung in the corridor is an honor which belongs to the school teams, and should be preserved as such. As an alternative, Mr. Lowman suggests placing the names of the championship teams, together with their members, upon shields, and hanging the shields in some suitable place. The shields could easily be made at the Manual Training building, and the names painted upon them. These would form a simple record of the game, and make a boy proud to be a member of a winning team. And while we are

upon the subject of class teams, why is it that more fellows do not wear their class numerals? Any man who plays in a championship game is entitled to wear his numerals. Show your class spirit. That's what the games are for.

ONE thing that we miss this year is the Friday morning talk. These lectures have for several years been a very enjoyable and instructive part of our school life, and it seems too bad to do away with them. Of course we realize that in having these, we are liable to lose a recitation perhaps once a month; but, on the other hand, does not the benefit derived from hearing a good speaker on a good subject more than make up for this loss?

IT is said that a number of lower classmen did not attend one of the Athletic Association meetings because they thought that it was called merely for the purpose of collecting quarters. That spirit is altogether too prevalent in this school for the successful maintenance of our athletic department.

TOGETHER with our defeat on Nov. 16th went our hopes for the Preparatory League championship. It was a hard game to lose. After such a magnificent struggle against so many disadvantages, to be within a few yards of winning the game, and then to have victory snatched away and raced the length of the field to a touchdown for the enemy—that was heartbreaking. The defeat, however, was no disgrace, for Brookline outplayed Newton through all but the last few moments of the game. And when we consider the fact that Newton outweighed us, that many of our men were new to the game this year, that three of our regulars were missing from the line-up, that the slippery field was a drawback to the lighter team, and that after all Newton won only by a piece of luck,—well, we should be proud of our team, to say the least.

AND we should be as proud of our coach as of our team, for it was his never-flagging zeal that whipped the men into such splendid shape. Mr. Lowman has had to contend against difficulties that would have caused many a coach to give up in despair. There were days when everything seemed to go wrong; there were days when our best men were out of the game; there were even days when there was talk of disbanding the team. But Mr. Lowman persevered through all this and much more, and we have him to thank for an eleven which is indeed a credit to Brookline High.

BURGLARY!

LATEST SAGAMORE EXTRA! 4.30 P. M.

Despite Principal Hitchcock's attempts to the contrary, cigarettes have again put in an appearance at the High School, this time during the midnight burglary in which Room 9 and the office figured prominently. When the smoke had cleared away, and incidentally the captured raider, it was discovered, in Room 9, that a hitherto unproven theory had been demonstrated: that cigarettes and education go hand in hand. Regulations prohibiting running in the school corridors were set at naught, and a merry game of hare and hounds took place in the wee sma' hours of the morning. Brookline High was evidently mistaken for an easy place by these "seekers of knowledge", which the presence of sawdust, a mutilated dictionary, the butts of the forbidden smokeables, and the destruction of corrected English papers, attested.

From the fly-leaf of an Algebra:

If there should be another flood
Oh, here for refuge fly—
Though all the earth should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.

TROUBLE

BY YELLSELLEW NAMGILES, '08

I.

"Hello, hello! One-three-six, please,—yes!" "Hello? Is this the Pond Street garage? I want to speak with John Adams."

"Hello—John? Come down to the High School at once. I 'm in the dickens of a fix!—No, nothing broken or anything, and I guess I 'd better tell you. You see, a cousin of mine showed up this morning unexpected, and I 've got to entertain her. She 's from New York and is forever telling how slow Boston is, so now I 've got a chance I want to prove to her the contrary. I did all sorts of things to get Dad to sign a note to get me excused from school, but now the Principal refuses to recognize the note, and I 'm in for it. I was planning to drive her around and then go out somewhere, anywhere and take lunch. She 's sitting down there thinking I 'm getting out, but now it 's all off. Now you 've got to drive—shut up! Oh, let Mr. Jones go?—yes, you have. Take her any old place you want to, only keep going,—see? Yes, spend as much as you like; and say, I most forgot, her name 's Miss Kendall,—tumble? All right! come right down,—good-bye!"

Bob Burnett looked up from his book just in time to see Dick disappear through the library door. Dick had been so taken up with his telephoning that he had completely ignored Bob, who was occupying one of the chairs in the school library. It was almost time for the first recitation.

"So Sheldon 's got troubles of his own," said Bob to himself, rising and going to the window. Below, in front of the door, stood Dick's new machine, and in it——. Bob drew a long breath and whistled.

"That 's what I call pretty good sort of trouble," he exclaimed. "Here comes Dick. She 's laughing at him."

A stern voice from an adjacent door awoke him: "Where do you belong?"

In an instant he was gone. A sudden resolution had come to him. With a few bounds and many slides he was down the two

flights of stairs which separated him from Mother Earth, and in a few more he was out the back door to the street.

Here he stopped; then, taking a deep breath and squaring his shoulders, he walked up to the machine and its occupant with a brisk step.

"Beg pardon, but aren't you Miss——, Miss——?"

The girl turned, smiling, and said, "Not mistaken, surely."

Bob could hear an indistinct filing above in the building, and he laughed to himself at the thought of what would be the result if anyone should look out of the window and see him. Then he thought of the smile that broadened at his embarrassment, and gulped.

"You see," he said, trying to straighten things, "Dick telephoned me—"

"Then what is my name? He told you, didn't he?"

"Yes, it's Miss—confound it!"

Another peal of laughter came from the "trouble." Bob thought the laugh the prettiest he had ever heard, and he thought hard.

"Kendall; Miss Kendall."

"That saves you. Now let's go. I wish you would take me first to Cambridge. I do so want to see Harvard College, and please don't drive too fast; I hate these things."

Bob had entirely forgotten that he would have to drive, and now he turned green with fright. Of course he had seen Dick wind it up lots of times, but it seemed to him as if he couldn't remember a single thing to do. As for steering—well, he simply couldn't back out now. He gingerly touched everything in sight, and put his foot on everything else; then he gripped the crank bravely and gave a glorious tug. Nothing happened.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the Trouble.

"Carburator," said Bob like a veteran, pulling on the emergency.

Finally a light dawned on poor Bob. He had forgotten the spark. But which was the spark? His eye saw a little switch marked "Batteries, magnets", and he pounced on it like a tiger, threw it onto the side which said "Batteries", then changing all the levers once more, he again went around in front of the

machine and turned. This time it pulled terribly hard and he had just got it up to the top when he heard a report like a cannon—and picked himself up from the gutter.

He had a funny sensation in his arm and back. But the blooming thing was going! He looked up at his new acquaintance.

"Please excuse me for laughing, but you went so funny! I hope you're not hurt," she said.

"No, I'm all right," replied Bob, getting in and shoving the first thing that his hand encountered.

The wheels began to move, slowly at first, then faster, and before Bob realized that they were going backwards the curb interrupted their progress with a jolt that assisted in throwing the lever the other way. Now they went forward; that is, forward in such a manner as to be on both sides of the street at once. Suddenly, with a final chug, the motor stopped and Bob got out again.

"Now what's the matter, Mr. Adams?" asked Bob's companion.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Bob, taken off his guard.

"Why, I thought you were in the business! Dick said—"

"Oh, to be sure, I'll fix it in a minute."

Bob did some powerful thinking. "Maybe there's something the matter with the gasolene, Mr. Adams," suggested the Unfortunate.

Gasolene! Of course! He had forgotten the gasolene. And he remembered where it was, too. Opening the hood he turned the flow on full and then began again. This time all went as well as could be desired, and they started on. Street after street rolled behind them. Bob began to feel accustomed to his seat and took corners like a professional, till finally they stopped in front of the old gate.

It was early in the fall. The yard had never looked prettier. The conversation during the short ride had been sparse and on commonplace affairs; but now Bob had opportunity to regard Dick's Trouble, and she caught him staring several times.

They "did" Mem, peeped into a few labs, glanced at the museums and regarded with awe the ivy-clad dorms and passing students. One bold Freshie became so brave as to yell, "Ain't

they cute?" The morning went before they realized it, and Bob was walking on stilts.

"Now for lunch!" said Bob, as he started the motor without a hitch. "But I'm going to Aunt ——, to Dick's, Mr. Sheldon's," replied the passenger.

"No, you see Dick told me to run out of town a ways, and I know a little joint out here that's just our style. Now don't say anything more, just think I'm Dick—you wouldn't refuse if it were Dick, would you?"

And Troubles was forced to admit that she wouldn't.

II.

Bob could never exactly remember all he did that day. Everything was roads, trees, farms, brooks and a girl he had never seen before. They talked of everything—of Nature, beauty, athletics, and ended by giving each other an autobiography. It grew dark while they were debating the question of turning back, and dinner time found them still twenty miles from home.

Bob stopped at a little isolated inn, and this time his charge said nothing, for both were too hungry to speak. Spying a small grape-covered arbor, he ordered the meal served there. It was a beautiful little place, the meal was perfect, and the soft glow of the candles soon had its effect on the truants.

"Do you know, Mr. Adams, we have done things which we ought not to have done today. If ——"

"Yes, I know it, and it's all my fault. Wait a moment; I have something that has to be said, and the sooner the better. You may take the candles, waiter. Now, to begin with, I, er—I have enjoyed this day, this er—this trip with—er, your presence is, er—"

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Adams; please continue."

"Well, it's simply this, Miss Kendall, I'm not who I am."

"What?"

"I mean, who I ought to be. I mean, I mean—, I mean that I heard Dick telephoning and thought it would be lots of fun—and, er, I'm awfully sorry, and if I can—"

"Why, Mr.—, Mr.—"

"Burnett."

"Mr. Burnett, I, too, have a confession to make. I saw you look out of the window, and—"

"You saw me! Great gunwales!"

"And also, Mr. Burnett, I saw you come out of the building."

Slowly the whole thing grew clear in Bob's mind. "Drop the "Mr., my name's Bob," he yelled, and———

* * * * *

Bob drove the ten odd miles back to town that night on the high speed. He was almost home when he found a rope of policemen across the road. There was nothing to do but slow down. He was then compelled to carry two of the officers and drive to the court-house. Here they found the irreconcilable Dick, who claimed his car and explained the mistake.

"Then you make no charge against this man?" asked the sergeant.

"No."

"Well, I do; you are charged with overspeeding in the—"

"That's all right: how much?" broke in Bob.

"You plead guilty?"

"Yes, how much?"

"Twenty dollars," said the sergeant, and he entered the fine in the books.

* * * * *

School was over. Everybody began vacating.

"Where are you going, Bob?" asked Dick. "Maine?"

"Nope."

"Down North Shore?"

"Nope."

"'Cross the puddle?"

"Nope."

"Well, where in the name of—"

"New York."

And Dick had to sit down to laugh. "Trouble, eh?" he said.

Teacher. Define force.

Pupil. Force is that form of wheat which is predigested.

THE SITKA HIGH SCHOOL

BY HUGH P. BRADY, '10

Readers of the Sagamore who from earliest childhood have known nothing but good schools and are now in this perfectly conducted High School, little realize how much they have to be thankful for and how meagre is the equipment of a high school on the northwestern rim of civilization.

For many years all the schools of Alaska were placed under the national Bureau of Education and were sustained as well as possible by a yearly appropriation varying from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars. A few years ago it was made possible for the incorporated towns to control their own schools; but for the reason that much of the property in Sitka belongs either to the United States government or to the Greek Church, and hence is untaxable, that city was not able to incorporate. But as other cities were, more of the government yearly appropriation came to Sitka and she had her first high school. People were very glad to get it, poor as it was. Each pupil had to furnish his own table, chair and books, but as up to that time all young folks had to go away to school when they had gone through the grammar grades, this new high school, limited as its accommodations were, was a wonderful gain on what had been.

The high school building stands at the base of Katlean Rock, on a place that one hundred years ago was ocean bed. Picture to yourself a large gray log structure almost cube shaped, with the same number of windows on each side, the whole about fifty feet from the beach and three feet above sea level. It was built about 1845 by the Russians for barracks and was used for the same purpose some time after the transfer. The lower part is now a jail; the second story is divided into living apartments, and the upper part, where the first court in Alaska was held, where the poaching cases, which brought about a great deal of arbitration with England, were tried, and where the first five governors were inaugurated, is now a schoolroom. The inside walls are whitewashed and heavy beams uphold the low ceiling.

Two years ago a law was passed which entitled each com-

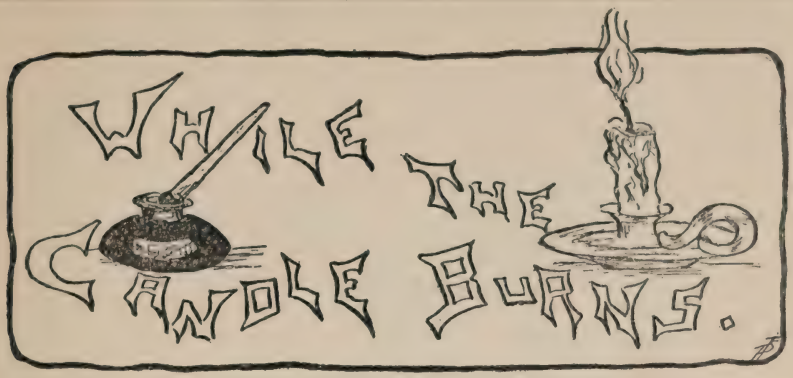
munity that contained twenty white or mixed-blood children of school age to elect a local school board consisting of three members. Sitka elected a school board, but no further action was taken on account of lack of funds, and the people thought they would not have any schools. At last the money came, and the board was fortunate enough to secure an excellent teacher from Cincinnati. The board then made out the course, divided the seventy-five pupils enrolled as evenly as possible according to number, and made out the daily program giving the hour and the number of minutes to be spent on each recitation. The pupils were so few that the high school teacher taught all the pupils from the sixth grade up. The high school subjects taught were Latin, algebra, literature, rhetoric, geometry, history and drawing. But there were so many grammar classes that some of the recitations could be heard only two or three times a week, although there were only five high school pupils. However, as the teacher and older pupils were determined to do their best, the results were fairly satisfactory. Now, as the funds are lacking, there is no high school at Sitka.

The school was so small that had there been boys enough for a football team, they would have had to travel two hundred miles, at a cost of twenty-five dollars, in order to play the nearest opposing team.

"Fifty miles an hour!" cried the chauffeur. "Are you brave?" "Yes, I'm full of grit," answered the pretty girl, as she swallowed another mouthful of dust.

A lady whose name was Miss Rook
Was taught at a school how to cook;
The poor fellow she wed
I think now is dead,
Since Miss Rook learned to cook by the book.

A curling iron, a cunning curl,
A powder box, a pretty girl;
A little rain, away it goes,
A homely girl with freckled nose.



A LOVE SCENE

Ever obedient to her slightest desire, he was hastening across the street in answer to her call, when suddenly a whirr, the hum of the straining engine, then a sickening thud. As he fell through interminable space into unconsciousness he thought he was being stifled by the fumes of gasolene.

The scene was indeed pathetic. She sat in the dusty highway, unconcerned of her own danger, with his head in her lap. Tears were streaming down her fair face; incessantly she endeavored to call him back to life in soft, endearing, incoherent words. Finally her labors were rewarded by a shudder—then he opened his eyes.

"I think he 'll live, Miss," said the patrolman; "let me carry him into the house." And as the bluecoat picked up the pet yellow dog its six year old mistress was the happiest child in the world.

L. G. G., '07.

A FLYING TRIP

"All ready, gentlemen, buy your tickets here; the ship starts on its trip to Mars in three minutes."

This remark, made in a stentorian voice, startled me from my sleep and I found myself on a high trellis-work pier, staring up at

a huge sign reading: "Trip to Mars, only three 'd' ". I read this sign several times and then looked around for the conveyance. I saw at the end of the pier a long, rakish thing which was profusely adorned with wings and tails. This I thought must be the airship. I bought my ticket from a very pretty girl and entered the "cockpit" of the vehicle and soon with a rush of air and flapping of wings we were off to Mars. Half way up, or at least what I judged was half way, I felt the car beginning to slow down, and in a second I saw the engineer, or aerial chauffeur, give a jump and yell: "The ray has gone out and we're going to fall."

I closed my eyes and held my breath as I felt myself falling, falling straight to death. I don't know how far I fell, but it was quite a time before, through blurred eyes, I saw terra firma leaping up to meet me. Thud—and at the same moment I opened my eyes and found myself on the floor beside my bed, and I tell you I felt relieved to find myself there and not hanging on some church steeple. I crawled back to bed and tried to go to sleep, but I guess my fall from Mars had knocked all the sleep out of me, because I staid awake the remainder of the night.

H. C., '09.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

It was five o'clock in the afternoon on a cold, clammy day. The Park Street station was a mass of wet, hurrying humanity, laden with bundles and dripping umbrellas. As I dropped my check I caught sight of a Cottage Farm car at the opposite end of the station. I was in a hurry to get home and I wanted to catch that car badly; so, clasping my packages firmly with one hand and holding my umbrella close to me with the other, I set out with a wild rush. But I had reckoned without the fact that there were at least five thousand other people in a hurry to get home and as desirous as I of catching a car. Just avoiding a collision with a pretty but rather bedraggled young lady, I crashed into a stout gentleman rushing over from the elevated. Backing away and apologizing I stepped on somebody's feet and heard a shrill voice cry: "Kape off a lady's fate, will yez, or I—" For the

rest I received a vicious poke in my seventh rib administered by the "loidy's" rain shade, and stumbled against a heavily loaded florist's boy, completely wrecking him. By now my umbrella had somehow got askew and was denting people on both sides of me, my bundles were at every moment in danger of becoming lost in the turmoil; and to cap the climax I heard the starter's whistle blowing for my car! With a last grand struggle I burst through the crowd, knocking off a lady's hat and spilling a little boy's box of Gunaris' caramels, just as the car moved off and the conductor pleasantly waved adieu from the step. D. R. S., '07.

A VIOLATED COMPACT

BY OLIVER ANDREWS, '07

Time, During Christmas week. Place, A drawing-room on Auburn St., Brookline, Mass.

Characters, Miss Hortense Desirable, Messrs. Grayton and Hadley, riva' suitors for the hand of Miss Hortense.

Enter Messrs. Grayton and Hadley:

Mr. Grayton } Well, I'm sure I didn't expect to see you here!
Mr. Hadley }

Both at the same time catch sight of a sprig of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier, which is a few feet from the fire-place. Simultaneously they look towards each other.

Mr. G. Look here, this is n't right.

Mr. H. Certainly not; you ought never to have come!

Mr. G. No, I don't mean that. Let's agree not to make use of that tonight. (He points to the mistletoe.)

Mr. H. Agreed. (They shake hands.)

Enter Miss Desirable, looking most charming.

Miss Desirable. Ah, Mr. Grayton and Mr. Hadley, I am so glad to see you both. Do sit down and make yourselves comfortable. (She sits down in front of the fire, while they take seats on either side of her.) I'm feeling so very tired to-night.

Mr. H. Ah, I felt tired before you came, but—

Mr. G. I've been bored all day long, but now—

Miss D. You flatter me greatly; I'm afraid you'll turn my head.

Mr. G. It's merely the truth.

Mr. H. Do you think I'd tell you a lie?

A lull occurs in the conversation.

Mr. G. (Looking meditatively at the misletoe.) When was the last time that you and I saw a sprig of mistletoe, Hadley?

Mr. H. Five years ago to a day, when we were kids in the high school, at that Christmas party of the Dwight's.

Miss D. Oh, I remember, I was there; and you and that Hastings girl got lost, Mr. Grayton, and they found you in the conservatory.

Mr. G. I hate to contradict you, Miss Desirable, but I'm sure that I wasn't the guilty party. (A happy thought comes to his mind.) Perhaps it was Hadley.

Miss D. (Turning to Hadley) Confess, confess; I'll forgive you.

Mr. H. It couldn't have been I, because I spent the whole evening with you. Don't you remember that I met you that night?

Miss D. You're right; I remember. Oh, but it's so very hot here!

She moves her chair back from the fire so that her head comes exactly underneath the mistletoe. Mr. Grayton and Mr. Hadley perceive this at the same instant and they both spring toward her; but at this moment Miss D. bends forward and Messrs. Hadley and Grayton in their precipitation kiss and embrace each other!

Tableau. Curtain.

NEWS NOTES

On Thursday, Nov. 1, Mr. Lowman called the boys together in Shailer Hall and made a very earnest appeal for more football men. Mr. Packard also urged more support to the team. Cooley, '07, was elected cheer leader at this meeting.

Miss Baxter, '07, entertained a small party of friends on Hallowe'en night and gave everybody present a delightful time.

Leo Emerson, '08, has been acting captain of the football team during Aechtler's absence.

As yet no captain for our 1907 crew has been elected. Four of last year's men will be back: Le Royer, Howe, Robart and Faxon, leaving one vacancy. It is probable that the captaincy will fall upon Le Royer, '07.

Freshman class officers: President, Robert Emerson; vice-president, Carolyn Burdett; secretary, Cherry Head; treasurer, Ansel Cady.

Dr. Lyon recently delivered a short address on English to III. English D.

Mr. Hitchcock's eligibility rules are more lenient this year and are appreciated by everybody.

GRADUATE NOTES

A Brookline Club has been formed at Tech. Its first meeting was held at the home of Donald V. Williamson.

MacBriar, '04, has gone to Cincinnati to make a study of the manufacture of machines and machine tools.

Prentiss Hatch, '06, now attending Tufts, is the proud (?) possessor of a brown scull cap with a big green button on it. Some sophomores broke into his room at two o'clock one morning and forced him to buy it and wear it. Sympathy, Prentiss.

Paul R. Fanning, '04, is president of the Tech Tennis Association. In the fall tournament he was defeated in the semi-finals. A. G. Kellogg, '04, is on the editorial staff of the "Tech."

The Wish-bone Club, composed of '05 girls, recently gave a very successful dance at the Riverdale Casino.

Alumni are asked for graduate notes and also for literary contributions.

John Comerford, '06, was fourth in rank among fourteen candidates who took the exams for the Naval Academy, held at Newton Nov. 9 and 10.

Dick Floyd, '05, is playing tackle on his class team at Dartmouth.

Elsie Walker, '05, for a year absent in Kentucky, has returned to Brookline.

Frank Johnson has been playing fullback on the Boston College eleven.

R. P. Kyle is on the wrecking crew of the El Paso Southwestern Railroad.

We noticed the Freshman tendency to copy his elders, on our visit to Harvard the other day, when two ex-Brooklinites appeared on the field with new Harvard rain-coats with their accompanying brass clasps.

Dr. George Morrison, one of our prominent athletes of 1902, has opened dental parlors over the postoffice this fall.

Fitzpatrick is very enthusiastic over his work at the Lowell Textile School.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

Our interesting article on the Sitka High School was written by Hugh Brady, '10. He should be good authority on the subject, for he was born and brought up in Alaska and has lived in that land of snow and ice until very recently. His father, who came to Brookline this year, is an ex-governor of the Territory. We are glad to welcome this as the first literary work from the fourth class. May more as good follow!

Our little romance, "Trouble," we think you will agree, is about as bright a bit of story-writing as has appeared in the Sagamore for a long time. We expect great things of its author.

The new cuts are also deserving of praise. We are very grateful to Frances Perry, '07, for "While the Candle Burns," and to Walter Cady, '08, for "Slams."

Don't forget the Sagamore box. Good short stories for "While the Candle Burns" are our crying need at present.

EXCHANGES

This month has seen an increase in the size of our exchange list, and we are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following: Shooting and Fishing, The Southern Workman, The Trinity Tripod, The Williams Record, The Cambridge Review, The Jabberwock, Newton High School Review, The Cricket, E. H. S. Record, Westminster Review and The Kero.

For the benefit of those who may not know, all the exchanges are placed in the wall case near the lunch counter to be read during spare study periods or at recess. If you take any of them, as we hope you may, for they contain some very interesting material, please return them to the case for the use of others.

Whatever may be said either in praise or criticism of a paper, is said in all kind feeling and is intended only for suggestions of improvement. In its turn, the Sagamore will try to profit by all criticism directed toward it.

The Southern workman, published by Hampton Institute, contains some very interesting and instructive articles, well worth reading. May we suggest to the E. H. S. Record stories of a different character from those under the titles Found—a Husband and Heart Counsel vs. Will Power. Such a kind of literature (?) does not seem fitting for a school paper. In our estimation the Cricket, of all this month's exchanges, is the best all-round paper, since it is interesting, clever, well written, has original editorials and a pleasing cover. The Westminster Review also has a very attractive cover.

Mistress—Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frog's legs?

Servant—I dunno, mum; he wore trousers

Little words of Latin,
Little lines to scan,
Makes a mighty Vergil
And a crazy man.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

BY HENRY F. DUNBAR, JR., '09.

How still the air, how calm the night;
The grove through which we pace
Is streaked with mist which hides from sight
The smiling moon's bright face.

But now a flutter of golden leaves
Comes dancing to the ground,—
They shimmer on the dewy grass
Like a miser's precious mound.

There is no sound but crickets song,
No city's muffled roar;
The magic silver moonlight casts
A spell the landscape o'er.

But hark! The village clock strikes one;
The echo lingers long;
The charm of quiet is undone,—
A night-bird chirps a song.

A sudden chill creeps over us,
An icy breath sweeps down,
Then onward stealing through the trees,
Cold frost surrounds the town.

How still it comes, how still sweeps by,
And like a spectre goes;
Prepares for Winter's snow piled high,
Prepares for winter blows.

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.—Ex.

FOOTBALL

B. H. S. vs. TECH FRESHMEN

On the Technology field Nov. 2, Brookline played a short, unsatisfactory game with Tech '10, and was defeated. The Freshmen were forced back to the ten-yard line and things looked bright for Brookline until Daniels and Robart were both injured within a short interval. After this loss the Freshmen were more formidable and scored. As it was growing dark and the Freshmen were not inclined to play a clean game, only one extended half was played. Saul was the whole thing for Tech, while Richey and Elliott were Brookline's mainstay. Robart's arm was fractured, but in all probability he will play in the Thanksgiving game. The line-up:—

TECH. '10		BROOKLINE
Bell	left end	Howe
Amsden	left tackle	G. Hann
Terry	left guard	K. White
Roberts	center	L. Emerson
Nanson	right guard	Brennan
Levens	right tackle	C. Hann
Hines	right end	R. Emerson
Billing	quarter-back	Collins (Richey)
Lontil	left half-back	Elliott
Hurley	right half-back	Daniels (Collins)
Saul	full-back	Robart (Gallert)

Referee, Bennett. Umpire, Rich. Linesmen, O'Hearn and Walsh. Timer, Townsend (Tech '10). Time, 15 minutes plus. Touchdown, Saul. Goal, Hurley.

FIRST LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN

On the Huntington Avenue grounds Nov. 9, Brookline easily defeated Cambridge Latin, 29-0. Captain Aechtler was back in the game and was the star player. Aechtler kicked off almost to the C. L. S. goal line. Cambridge was forced to punt, and then Brookline, using Elliott and Aechtler, bucked the line so that Aechtler scored in about three minutes and Emerson kicked the goal. Richey received the kick-off and ran it back by skilful dodging, and then Howe worked the forward pass for a long gain and Aechtler soon scored. Emerson kicked the goal and made the score 12-0.

On the kick-off Aechtler received the ball on his five-yard line and ran the length of the field right through the Cambridge players of whom only one tried to tackle. Score, 17-0.

After Aechtler had made another long run, Collins tried a forward pass, which was caught by an opponent. For a few plays, the "Cantabs" seemed to wake up and made some good gains, but they were soon held. Collins recovered an on-side kick.

In the second half, Brookline worked both ends for a forward pass, and then Aechtler got off another of his beautiful long punts. The Cambridge back ran it in well but fumbled when tackled, and B. H. S. recovered the ball. An attempt at a place kick was blocked, but, luckily, Howe recovered the ball and Aechtler scored again. Emerson kicked the goal, and the score was 23-0—which the Brookline rooters recognized by counting up to 23 and giving three Skidoos.

After the kick-off C. L. S. punted out of danger. Brookline was penalized twice. When C. L. S. attempted a forward pass, Aechtler got the ball and ran for a touchdown, but the ball was brought back fifteen yards to where he had gone outside. Elliott made the last touchdown and Emerson kicked the goal. Score, 29-0. The line-up:—

B. H. S.		C. L. S.
Howe	left end	Douglas
C. Hann	left tackle	Ellis

K. White	left guard	Wells
L. Emerson	center	Downing
Brennan (G. Hann)	right guard	Gray
Clune	right tackle	Goodale
R. Emerson (Graham)	right end	Huling
Richey	quarter-back	Reeves
Collins	left half-back	Maler
Elliott	right half-back	Close
Aechtler	full-back	Dole

Touchdowns, Aechtler (4), Elliott. Goals, L. Emerson (4). Referee, Hapgood. Umpires, Pieper and Martin. Linesmen, Daniels and Smith. Time, 20-minute halves.

SECOND LEAGUE GAME

B. H. S. VS. NEWTON HIGH

Newton High defeated Brookline Nov. 16th at Cedar Street by a grand piece of luck, for Brookline played a superior game. Brookline kicked off to Newton, which started in with a rush but was soon forced to punt. In the exchange of punts, Aechtler was badly handicapped by a strong breeze, but in spite of that, he kicked some long "spirals", which kept Newton from gaining more ground. Newton's star half-back, Captain Ely, made a long end run which brought the ball on Brookline's five-yard line, where the latter held and obtained the ball on downs. Aechtler punted to Porter, who was tackled close to the B. H. S. goal again, but the Brookline team braced as they had never braced before and again got the ball on downs. After Aechtler punted, Newton rushed straight on and Burrison scored. Porter kicked the goal and the score was 6-0 in favor of Newton.

This did not dishearten Brookline, for the red and blue now had the wind and greatly out-punted Newton. Aechtler dodged through the Newton line without interference and made a touchdown. He also tied the score by kicking the goal.

In the second half, Newton kicked off and Brookline started up the field. It looked as if the team would score again when it reached Newton's ten-yard line, but in the middle of a scrimmage, the ball rolled out, and Safford, Newton's right tackle, picked it up and started up the field, undiscovered for twenty yards, and then it was too late to catch him. Porter kicked the goal, making the score 12-6 for Newton.

After that, when Newton was struggling on her fifteen-yard line, Brookline would surely have scored again if the punt which Elliott blocked had not been recovered by a Newton player.

In punting and rushing Aechtler was the best on the field, and in handling punts Daniels did good work in spite of a very painful shoulder, which he received from running into Porter's shoulder harness. As a tribute to our ends, Newton sent two men out to block them on punts, but Howe managed to get by.

The line-up:—

NEWTON		BROOKLINE
Sprague	left end	Howe
Caldwell	left tackle	G. Hann (Reynolds)
Paul (Van Tassel)	left guard	K. White
Gibson	center	L. Emerson
E. Van Tassel	right guard	C. Hann
Safford	right tackle	Clune
Burrage	right end	R. Emerson
Donahue	quarter-back	Richey
Ely	left half-back	Daniels
Porter	right half-back	Aechtler
Burrison	full-back	Elliott

Referee, Pieper. Umpires, Martin and Knowlton. Linesmen, Holbrook and Delano. Timers, Johnson and Lowell. Touchdowns, Burrison, Aechtler, Safford. Goals, Porter (2), Aechtler. Time, 25 and 20 minute periods. Attendance, 2000.

B. H. S. vs. VOLKMANN'S

Brookline High received its first defeat Oct. 26, when Volkmann's School succeeded in scoring a touchdown. The game was hard fought throughout and created great excitement in the bleachers, where an attempt at cheering was made. Volkmann's could not gain much ground and was often forced to punt, except once when the ball was brought near Brookline's goal on a kick and then rushed straight over. That was the only time they seemed to wake up. Daniels and Elliott were the heroes of the game and played themselves to the limit. Charlie Hann's reappearance in the game was pleasing to everyone, but the absence of Moss, Andrews and Willets was a serious loss. 'Bob' Emerson, a newcomer, did good work at right end, and bids fair to follow his brother's footsteps. For Volkmann's, Roger Cutler excelled and their popular little quarter-back ran his team well until he was disabled. The line-up:—

Volkmann's		Brookline
Thompson	left end	Howe
Cobb	left tackle	C. Hann
Nelson	left guard	K. White
G. Cutler	center	L. Emerson
Fitzpatrick	right guard	Brennan
E. Eaton (capt.)	right tackle	Clune
Brown	right end	R. Emerson
Pushee (Miller)	quarter-back	Richey
R. Cutler (M. Eaton)	left half-back	Elliott (Collins)
M. Eaton (B. Estabrook)	right "	Daniels
Miller (R. Cutler)	full-back	Robart

Score, Volkmann's 5, B. H. S. 0. Touchdown, R. Cutler. Referee, Duffee; Umpire, Hapgood. Linesmen, Fletcher and Abbott. Time, 20 and 15 minute periods.

B. H. S. vs. EVERETT

On Wednesday, Nov. 21, the team journeyed to Everett and— enjoyed a pleasant trip in the rain. That was all. For B. H. S. was late in starting, owing to the fact that they were obliged to wait for two of the players, and did not arrive at Everett until four o'clock. Meanwhile Everett had given us up and gone home. A good game was looked for, as Everett is reputed to have a fast team this year. However, perhaps it was just as well that no game was played, for wet grounds are a disadvantage to Brookline, and might have caused accidents, which we could not afford before the Thanksgiving game.

Two meanings of quamquam—not yet, but soon.—Ex.

"Are you Hungary?"
"Yes, Siam."
"Well, come along; I'll Fiji."—Ex.

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough;
The Juniors think, the Sophomores shirk,
The Seniors—Oh, they bluff.—Ex.

SLAMS.

Mahoney surprises all in I Geometry A by his statement: "I 'm a jay" (reading a figure marked I M A J). Really?

Mr. Brooks informs us that the English call swallow-tail coats "cod-fish tail." Nevertheless, we prefer our own designation, notwithstanding the reasonableness of the other.

It has been suggested that the bell for No School be 23 instead of 22.

Perpetrated in I Physics A: "Where did you hail from?" "From Cork." "Is that the reason why you are floating around?"

Coming home from the baseball game at Wakefield "Genie" Brown, in her motherly manner, said: "Now, boys, if thou art not good I will administer chastisement unto thee."

Mr. Case: "If you get the cart before the horse the team won't whip well." You are correct, Professor.

Mr. Packard startles one of his classes by saying: "I want to 'pass on' rapidly." Oh no, Mr. Packard! You are young yet, and you know that Dr. Osler's theory was only an after-dinner joke.

Teacher (flusteredly): "Is Miss Charlotte What-not (Hudnut) in this room?" Rather far-fetched, to say the least.

Miss Ingram: "Now who was this knight, unfaithful to Cady?" Is Miss Cady meant?

Mr. Snow: "Please raise the curtains; we need all the light possible on this subject of Geometry." Many there are who agree with you, Mr. Snow.

Miss Marshall: "Locate Rome."
Roberts: "Rome is on the Nile River twelve miles up."

In II Math. "Bouve, if you were told to saw a plank perfectly straight across, what would you do first?"
Bouve: "Call for a cross-cut saw."

Mr. Case, interrupting Clune and Treadwell in the middle of a rag-time duet: "Come, boys, this is no place for warbling.

When Miss Adams found Thomas Macaulay, Jr, trudging along the upper corridor she benignantly asked: "Are you looking for the kindergarten, little boy? It's on the lower floor." "No," scornfully replied our prize baby, "I merely desire information as to the place of meeting of that class designated by the appellation of I Greek A." That is, he might have said it, but Miss Adams had fled long ere this.

In Room 16. "Mr. Richey, kindly take out a slip for that book. Spell the name I-n-g-r-a-m." "Oh, n-g?" says Richey. "Yes, n-g," replies the teacher.

"Jumbo" Driscoll reports for football practice after an absence of many days. Mr. Lowman greets him: "Well, what are you doing here again?" Driscoll replies: "My father told me I would either have to split a cord of wood or come out for the team, so I came out for the team." That's the proper spirit, Jerry.

What wonder that the teacher became somewhat "fussed" in the presence of his English visitor, when a pupil rather forcefully translated, "Tous les Anglais ont quelque chose de travers dans la tete."

Some members of III German were noticeably pleased when informed that "hell" is bright and clear.

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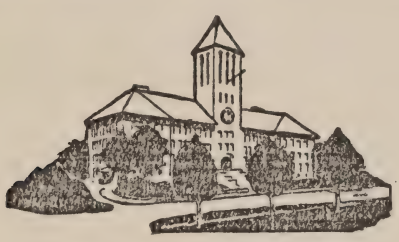
Volume 13 JANUARY, 1907 Number 3

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.



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Several of our faculty, including Miss Frye, Miss Platt, and Mr. Case, were seen at a recent performance of Peter Pan.

Several B. H. S. boys appeared in the cast of characters for "The Districk Skule" presented at the Town Hall.

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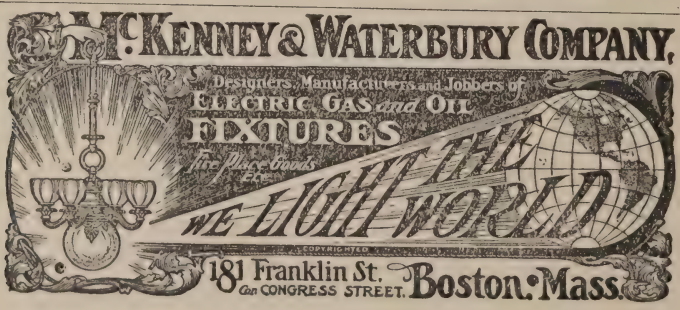


THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—
WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII JANUARY, 1907 NUMBER 3

Editorials

BEST wishes for a Happy New Year to all of you! This is a time-worn phrase, we know, but the Sagamore utters it with all sincerity and warmth of feeling, and adds — may this New Year be the happiest yet, with happier still to come. May it see each and every Freshman guided safely through that season of timidity and fearfulness, attendant upon his initial year in such a vast and confusing institution as the High School. And may it see him set at last, a Sophomore, upon those great heights of infinite wisdom from which he can look down with mingled mirth and contempt upon his struggling successors, the new class of 1911. May all our worldly-wise Sophomores be advanced one step higher on the ladder which leads to fame. May the fact that they do not know it all be broken gently, very gently to them. For even when the mildest measures are taken, it comes to us as a tremendous blow that we have lots more to learn. May the Juniors be able to make the most of those happy days before they become dignified and reverend Seniors — when they will have to set themselves up as models for the three lower classes, when the girls, now become young ladies, have to do their hair upon the top of their heads. And the boys, men at last, have to crease their trousers once a week, and black their shoes every day! And last but not least, our Senior Class. May it pass with credit through this ordeal of the final year. May every member attain his desired goal — graduation. May those of us who are going

to college not entirely forget our first Alma Mater, but think once in a while of the many happy days we have spent in this old building. May those of us who enter business, meet with success from the start. And may all of us, whatever our vocation or calling, conclude the year with bright thoughts of the past and brighter hopes for the future.

WHAT has become of our school pins? Why is it that they are worn so rarely? For years there was great desire to secure a school pin in the place of the numerous class pins; and at length, when the class of 1907 entered school, the present seal pin was adopted. Everybody expressed himself as delighted with the idea and hastened to procure one, and for a while they were everywhere in evidence. Now, when the novelty has somewhat worn off, only a few are seen; and in their place have appeared numerous "fussers" and society pins. If you must exchange pins, why not do so with schoolmates? Surely it is not a compliment to Brookline High and its students to wear a pin representing another school. And the spirit displayed by wearing society pins is certainly not the best, if they are worn without the school emblem. Be loyal to your school first, and your society afterwards! Grammar school pins also should be done away with, or at least worn in some very inconspicuous place. When you leave the grades to enter the High School, you are expected to do away with all former insignia and show fidelity to your new Alma Mater.

THE English teachers of the school are so materially helping us in the editing of the Sagamore, that we wish to take this opportunity to thank them heartily for their excellent advice and criticism of our paper, as well as for the generous work in securing suitable material to fill it. The student body, too, should receive a word of commendation. So far we have had plenty of good matter submitted, and we have had no cause to complain of lack of interest and support on the part of the school.

DEBATING is good exercise for the brain and tongue. Now, some of you fellows that don't go out for athletics, that don't make an attempt to do much of anything — and there are a great many of you — ought to join the debating club. You get a good idea of the important questions of the day, and you learn to do something truly worth while. The club won't take much of your precious time, either, for the meetings come only once in two weeks, and it is really an excellent sport. The club has received challenges for joint debates with teams representing the Lincoln Memorial School, Tenn., Newton High and Portsmouth, N. H., but unless more men come out for the team, the club will have to confine its verbal struggles strictly to the High School. Lower classmen are especially desired; the Seniors have already nobly responded to the call for candidates. In old numbers of the Sagamore grand battles with Newton and other schools, through which Brookline came with flying colors are recorded. By all means let us renew our interest and retain our prestige in this fascinating line of athletics.

A SQUARE DEAL

A WORD FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER

The Sagamore owes its whole existence to the generosity of the merchants who advertise in the paper. They know full well that to place their ad. in it does not do them a great deal of good. Are we going to accept their generosity, for that is what it is, and not make any effort to do anything in return? What we want our readers to do is to show our advertisers that it really pays them to do business with us, and not to consider us as they would a charitable institution. When you want skates, sweaters, and the like go to Iver-Johnson's or Partridge's, not only because you saw their ad. in this paper but because you appreciate their generosity in helping us out. ONE good turn deserves ANOTHER. Do it! and if we can make them see it pays to have an ad., then we can give you a better paper. That is what we are aiming for!

HIS FATHER'S SON

"It seems to me that it would be better if you and I were to forget that we ever were father and son," Mr. Haviland said angrily.

"Give me just one more trial," pleaded his son, "I really will behave this time; if I can get into some other college and if you will give me a little to help out."

"A little!" echoed the father; "I've spent a small fortune on you already and what's the result? You've been five years in college and you're only a Junior. I've given you everything you've asked me for and you repay me by bringing disgrace on the name of Haviland. You smile, but I assure you that you won't get the chance to be expelled again; rest certain of that."

"You are much too hard on me, father, I—"

"For five years I've listened patiently to your excuses, but this last straw is too much for me—but," he added satirically, "it shan't be said that I am utterly heartless. If you can come back here within two years, show me a bank account as large as half the sum which you have frittered away, and prove to me that you made it as honestly as I make my money, I'll forgive you; but if you can't come back in two years, don't ever come."

With a shrug of his fine, broad shoulders, and a look on his face which implied determination in every line, the son turned, and without further controversy left the president's office of the mighty Arizona and Southern; and his father, with a sigh, whether of relief or regret we do not know, turned his attention again to the task of conducting the affairs of the A. & S. in such a way that he might obtain the lion's share of the profits.

Osborne Haviland, who had never earned a cent in his life, wondered as he walked down Broadway, how in the world he was ever going to earn such a large sum as that required to regain his father's esteem. Idly he bought a paper, and for the first time in his life scanned the "Want" columns. His eye caught the flaring advertisement of his father's railroad corporation, offering bonds for sale to pay for the new branch which had been started at Q— and which according to the statement was to be of vast importance. The accompanying declaration that Arizona was the

place where those young men who wished to succeed should go, also attracted his attention. On another page of the same paper he saw his picture and read about this last boyish prank of his which had resulted in his being expelled from college once more. He reflected that this last time neither all Mr. Haviland's wealth nor all his persuasive arguments could induce the faculty to take him back, for the publicity given to his exploit had been very injurious to his cause. It was with a vague feeling of pride that he read about his feat; but when he had finished, his pride turned to shame, for he saw two flashy young men who, with the same paper in their hands, were staring first at the picture, crudely enough sketched but still recognizable, and then at Haviland himself.

"It's quite evident that I'm too public a character in these parts," he said to himself. A moment's thought, then, "Three cheers for Arizona!"

* * * * *

The real methods by which capitalists make their money are seldom open to the public, and at the very time that President Haviland and his son parted in anger, he was engaged in a scheme which he was confident would materially increase his fortune. The plan was as follows: at Q—, he would cause a branch of the Arizona and Southern to be built, which should lead straight to nowhere by the most roundabout route possible. For the building of this line, bonds on the railroad, far in advance of the probable cost, were to be issued, payable in two years; at the end of the specified two years, the officials of the road would claim that they were unable to meet their liabilities and consequently, the corporation would go into the hands of a receiver. The news that the railroad had failed would cause nearly everyone to sell his shares and the capitalists would buy them at a minimum of cost, and when the corporation had again regained its prestige, Mr. Haviland and his supporters could count their gain by millions.

In accordance with the plan, the new line had been built as far as Alcaston, four hundred miles away, and at Q—, four months after the opening of our story, the division superintendent was busily engaging men for station-masters. Among the applicants he noticed a young man with an intelligent face supplemented

by a development worthy of Hercules. When this young man's turn came, the "super," who was an excellent judge of men, gave him the position of station-master of Alcaston, after telling the applicant that it was one of the most important on the line; and young Haviland, for he it was, set out the same night for his destination. Because it was at the end of the line, he dreamt of it as a growing town of five thousand or so inhabitants, fine streets, an enormous station and a proportionate train yard. He found it to be, after forty-eight hours of agony in a freight car, a miserable hole populated by some twenty ranchmen and half that number of pigs. His train yard consisted of a single track which ended abruptly against a tree, his station consisted of half a dozen planks leaning against a fence. Nevertheless the superintendant had spoken the truth when he said that it was one of the most important stations, for most of them could not boast even a single plank.

However, when Haviland got his telegraph instruments working and had built a shack to protect him from the rain, things looked better; for he belonged to that class of men who are so rare, namely, those who are optimistic. Before two months had passed he found plenty to do, for the farmers along the road were clamoring to have freight carried. Not a word could be drawn from the manager's office about it; for you see it would have been very poor policy to have the branch pay. Consequently there had been no freight rates drawn up; and as these were lacking, the fact that there was freight to be carried was completely ignored.

One day a deputation of these farmers paid a visit to the station-master, who, by the way, had long since changed his name to Smith, and informed him that if their goods were not hauled, they would wreck the line which had so ruthlessly cut through their farms and from which they received no benefits. In order to quiet them, it was necessary to keep the road in condition for the semi-monthly "special," Haviland telegraphed to the head office about it. The curt answer came back, "It is impossible to carry freight on the western division."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the leader of the delegation.

A brilliant plan had flashed across Haviland's brain, so he

calmly turned to the farmers and said, "Bring on your freight, I'll carry it"—for he remembered an old engine and five or six cars which lay on a siding two miles up the rusty, twisting road.

As his duties were not particularly arduous, he plodded up the track to the siding, early the next morning. With the help of a cowboy who was out of work, he managed to get up steam in the locomotive, and after attaching the cars, sped along back to Alcaston, reaching there in twenty minutes—a record.

Having decided upon some most exorbitant rates, he started the same night with his loaded train for Ossakon, where the C. W. & R. crossed his track, and where he could give the cars into the care of that railroad.

Then began a series of nineteen hour trips (with use the engine developed a speed of ten miles an hour) from which he cleared about four hundred dollars each, which for a while he fully intended to turn in to the company. But one day while he was sitting in his locomotive and watching the scenery rush past (at ten miles an hour), a happy thought occurred to him: Why wasn't this his money as much as anyone else's, and in taking it, why wasn't he taking it out of his own father's pockets? for this scheme to defraud the shareholders was well known to him. He certainly was making it just as honestly as his father made his; perhaps the president would realize the joke and would be more lenient with him. His mind was soon made up to take it, and the affectionate locomotive, as if in a spirit of youthful exultation, hit it up to eleven miles.

When he had been pursuing his enterprise for about twelve months, the man whom he had hired to care for his station during his trips, for Haviland always ran the train in person, reported to him one day that the semi-monthly "special" was due the next morning, also that the president and some of the other officials were on it. "I thought I was going to seek out father, I never supposed that he would come and search for me," he said to himself sarcastically.

The "special" arrived that evening, only eleven hours late, stopped when it could go no further, on account of the tree, and prepared to wend its way back to civilization, when the assistant station master jumped aboard and told the president that the

station master, John Smith, had an important bill, which he wished him to see and receipt. So, rather reluctantly, for Mr. Haviland was, like all people, rather fond of sleep, he left the car and was ushered into the office of John Smith, the station master of Alcaston.

As the son had his back to the light, Mr. Haviland failed to recognize him and said curtly, "Where 's your bill?"

"Right here, sir," said the supposed Smith, and he produced a slip of paper. The president took it and read, "Osborne Haviland to John Haviland, Dr., To five years study at Yale—$30,000. Received payment Sept. 26, 1903." "Please sign that, here 's a cheque for it," the son added coolly. "What in the dickens is all this rot?" Mr. Haviland fairly shouted. "Nothing except that I'm your son and that I've made my "pile "as honestly as you make yours."

Then indeed, Mr. Haviland realized who the supposed Smith was, and at the earnest solicitation of the president of the mighty Arizona and Southern, John Smith, station agent at Alcaston, became an addition to the "special's" party, bound homeward.

O. A., 1907.

Miss Ingram:—"Now you children shouldn't read papers like the Boston American. You ought to read the Transcript."

Jumbo:—"The Transcript costs three cents."

Say! What happened to Slocum's trousers during the '07-'08 class game?

Treadwell starts to draw a difficult figure in Solid Geometry, and suddenly seeing a half-finished one on the other side of the room, rushes over and completes it.

"Seems to me Treadwell's lazy," said Mr. Case.

"Well! I know a good thing when I see it!" replied "Tread."

Sight translation teacher: "This is a difficult passage: (turning to Biggy Bluffer, suavely), I think I'll let you take that; you are so accustomed to reading at sight."

A YACHT AND A BURGLAR

BY ALFRED L. BRENNAN, JR. '09.

Tom, Bill, Jim and myself composed the crew of the auxiliary schooner yacht Beeswax. We were cruising in Long Island Sound and after taking on stores at New Haven, we started north, and anchored that night in Duck Island Breakwater. We let go our mud-hooks just as the sunset guns boomed on several yachts.

After making the boat ship-shape, we went below to have a bite to eat. Then Bill found his old tinny harmonica and we returned on deck, where we made ourselves comfortable on life-preservers, coils of rope or anything else that was handy. Bill played the most weird and uncanny music that was ever heard, but it was appreciated: such things usually are—at times.

As we emphasized each other's faults and carried on like a lot of silly kids, the beauty of the star-lit heavens appealed to us. Tom said, "I suppose when we reach those dizzy heights in years to come, we will eat angel cake and drink to each other's health over glasses of milk."

"Over glasses of milk you poor dub; why where is it going to come from?" asked Bill, who had just completed his academic course at Yale.

"Why, from the milky way, you stupid thing."

Tom immediately changed the subject by carrying the war over to my quarters. "What would you do," he said to me, "should you awake from a pleasant dream to find a burglar in the forecastle with a nice little lantern in one hand, and a forty-four calibre six shooter in the other?" (I had to sleep in the forecastle because we were hard pressed for room, but it was not so bad for only a couple of thin partitions and three feet of space separated it from the main cabin.)

I answered, "Well, I don't know exactly, for one rarely knows what he would do until he is called upon, but I guess I could take care of myself all right."

Tom continued, "I doubt it; why, if you awoke and found a burglar in your sleeping quarters, you would get aft so quick we would have to slip our cable in order to pick you up!"

"Is that so, thanks awfully," I smiled. "Sure," said Jim joining in, "or else you would say, 'My dear burglar is there anything I can do for you?'"

"Oh I would, sure," I ejaculated half angrily now.

"You bet; and after you had helped him collect what he wanted, it would be just like you to lend him our dinghey."

"Oh shut up, you queer fool. Your utterings have not a bit of foundation, and moreover they lack common sense. You said at supper you were not responsible for what others say and do, and now I doubt if you are responsible for what you say yourself." I was trying hard to keep my temper.

"Hurrah! I guess that will hold him for a while," said Bill.

"I wonder," said Tom mildly, "how we shall get our tender back."

"Oh it will probably drift back on the next tide," replied Jim.

"Some more of your peculiar irresponsible wit," I replied.

"It's all right too, isn't it?"

"Yes for unbalanced things like you it is."

We began to get a little too personal and so Bill proposed that we turn in, for to enjoy good cruising, every one has to be on amicable terms with his ship mates.

Bill said to me, "Good-night old man, if those two pirates do anything, I am with you."

That night I was very restless; every time I got nearly asleep I would awaken and listen. I could not account for my sleeplessness and thought perhaps nature was keeping me prepared for some practical joke, that those fools aft might play on me at any moment. As I lay there in the darkness, for I had foolishly rigged up a screen to prevent the rays of the anchor light from coming down the hatch, I resolved that if any jokes were played on me I would get even, ten fold.

Presently I realized there was someone in the forecastle, and for the first time in my life was not completely at my ease. Matters seemed to me so uneven, for in my mind there was not the slightest doubt about the burglar being armed. What could I do? I wondered again and again until I concluded the best thing to do would be to go aft and see if Tom and Jim were in their bunks.

Knowing I could not sneak out of the forecastle unobserved

I thought up this little game which I determined to work if possible.—

I turned over in my bunk and stretched, and yawned, and wondered out loud if there was anything cool to drink in the ice-box, and then remembering there was, concluded to get it. The ice-box was just inside the first partition and once through the door which I closed softly behind me, I hurried to the cabin. There I found the three boys asleep. I awoke Bill and informed him of the burglar.

I said, "Do not let on to the other fellows, if they wake up. They are always keeping things from us, you know, and besides I want to show them how I can get away with a burglar without running aft and jumping overboard. I have thought out the following plan which if worked well will enable us to hand the burglar right over to the authorities, and by so doing, rid the Sound of a dangerous nuisance."

Bill, wide awake now and ready for anything, listened attentively to my instructions.

"Bill, you are to follow me back to the ice-box, and there pretend," I whispered, "to catch me in the early morning stealing your drinks. You are to call me all sorts of names and then you are to order me to get the anchors aboard, start up the engine and then steer the boat up to New London. Remember, you are to speak loud enough for the burglar to hear."

Bill carried out his part to perfection, for just as I reached the ice-box, he said, "Caught at last, you good for nothing sneak! The idea of your taking other fellows' drinks at three fifteen in the morning."

"Well, how can you account for your presence?"

"Don't talk back, you are caught, and you are going to pay the price!"

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, and if you get too fresh about it I will get the other fellows to prescribe a little additional punishment."

"You think you are big because you made the winning touch-down against Harvard, don't you?"

"Come on, no more talk like that from you. You get yourself on deck immediately, or you may have to swim a bit."

"You are dreaming, Bill, and you had better go back to bed before you wake up!"

"I will give you three seconds to get on deck!"

"And I will give you three good kicks if you don't get out of here."

"All right, if you don't choose to do what I ask without being forced, I guess I can go aft and wake up Tom and Jim, and I rather guess the three of us can handle an unruly mule like you!"

"I suppose so; it would take about three like you to kill a mosquito, but rather than do the fellows out of their sleep I will do what you ask."

After the boat was well out in the Sound and digging through the light choppy sea at about six miles an hour, Bill appeared at the head of the companion-way and then joined me at the wheel. He said, "My! but hasn't our game worked well so far?"

"You bet, you certainly seemed in earnest. Put the wheel down a couple of spokes. New London lies north-north-east from here."

"I was allowing for the Cornfield Light Eddy."

Bill then asked me how I was going to get rid of the burglar. I replied, "Oh, that's easy enough; we will go into New London harbor and tie up to one of the inner piers, and while I am making the bow fast you are to come forward and order me ashore, in tones loud enough to be heard by the burglar, to get some fresh milk for breakfast; but instead of getting the milk I will return with a policeman."

Bill then went below and presently appeared at the companion-way with a slight grin on his face and said, "Those fellows are sleeping like logs; we will not disturb them until the burglar is handcuffed."

"Gosh! won't it be swell?"

"That's what it will."

About five-thirty we made fast. I was ordered ashore as before planned and returned with a policeman who, after getting aboard with the assistance of the starboard rigging, walked over to the forecastle hatch with a drawn revolver.

He looked down just in time to see a bag of light racing sails move, and to realize that the burglar was hiding behind them. He

commanded the intruder to surrender and finally threatened to shoot at him through the sails if he did not heed; but to no avail.

Not one of those present cared to get down in the few feet of space and run the chance of being hurt, and while we were wondering what was best to do, a half starved cat jumped up on top of the sail-bag, but at the same time a pair of yelling, laughing idiots climbed up through the main sky-light and yawned.

EXCHANGES

The Sagamore extends the best of wishes for the new year of 1907 to all its exchanges.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: Saugus High School Advocate, The Jabberwock, Newton High Review, P. H. S. Argosy, High School Bulletin, The Dragon, Clarebrook, Rumford Bulletin, The Imp, The Williams Record, The Trinity Tripod, The Southern Workman, The Megaphone, The Vexillum.

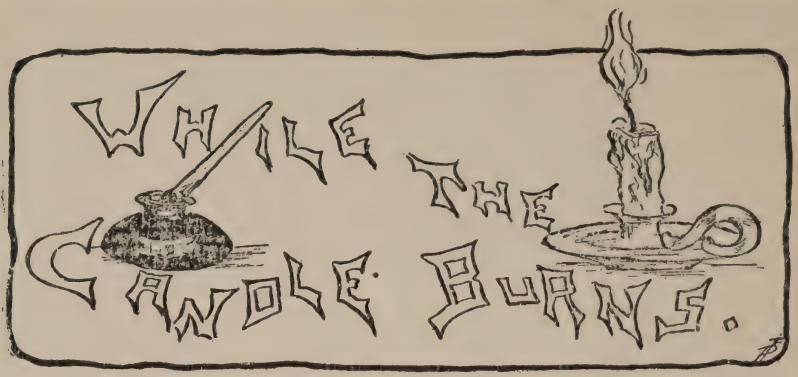
The Dragon is an interesting, well-planned paper, which we are glad to see among our exchanges.

P. H. S. Argosy, your first attempt at a school paper is well done, and we wish you the best of success. May we suggest the addition of a good short story or two?

Would it not be better, High School Bulletin, to eliminate the advertisements from the literary part of your paper?

We are glad to receive the Vexillum and congratulate the school on its first number, an interesting, bright, well-written paper.

Owing to an insufficient supply of December Sagamores, we could not exchange those numbers, but we hope to have enough in the future to send out the usual exhange copies every month.



DRIFTING

Did you ever experience that feeling of satisfaction, that feeling which comes to you when you are alone and everything about you is quiet and you are content at heart over your day's work? If you have, you know well how I felt on the beautiful, summer night that I paddled the canoe for four miles up Richardson Lake, my companion indulging in soft, peaceful slumbers in the bow, and I myself was somewhat drowsy, after we had made eighteen miles "cross country" during the day.

The sky was clear, and the waxing moon cast its shimmering light abroad over the whole world. Towering above us on either side, the black hills stood silhouetted against the clear, moonlit sky. The soft, refreshing night wind, which came whispering through the pines on an island as we drifted near, cooled my sunburnt cheeks and arms, and caused the little waves to lap against the sides of our frail boat.

The dark form in the bow stirred, relaxed and was quiet again; all was still, except for the mournful cry of a loon which came echoing from the western shore, rousing in me a feeling of loneliness and solitude. In silence I sat gazing out over the moonlit water, which continued in one vast, silver-rippled stretch into the dark shadow of the distant shore, from which came the faint red glow of a far off camp-fire to add to this Utopia of peace and happiness.

I. F. M. '07.

CLEAN HANDS AND A PURE HEART

The actor was a little girl; and her shiny black boots played quite a part in the proceedings. As I had turned the corner she had come out of a house and had crossed the street, carefully picking her way among the slippery fallen leaves. She was evidently going to a party, for on her little fat legs were white stockings; a bunch of fluffy white skirts stuck out from under her brown coat; and in her chubby hand she carried a carefully done up package. When she reached the curb-stone she stopped and looked critically at her patent leather boots. Then she stooped down, and holding away her skirts with one hand, began to scrub a boot with the other. When that boot was shined to her satisfaction, she tried the same thing on the other; and, when every speck of dust was gone from both of them, she paused to regard the effect with pleasure.

Just then a window across the street opened. "Phyllis," called a woman's voice, "Don't get your hands dirty, dear. Run along!"

Phyllis gave a last, fond look at the bright patent leathers.

"All right, mother," she replied, "I 'm going."

And so she went; but I wonder if she stopped to clean her boots at every crossing! And did she carry a pair of clean hands to the party?

A. E. H. '09.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

It is only a skeleton of a house now. Its old weather-beaten timbers stand out against the last flicker of sunset black and ominous, like the ribs of some gigantic mastodon. As night draws on the wind begins to moan and whine through the deserted rooms, and now and then rises to an uncanny shriek as it rounds an especially dreary corner of the ruin. A battered blind somewhere, creaks slowly back and forth on its rusty hinge, once in a while quickening its pace and crashing into the loose boards in a way to send a shiver through one. The moon rises and casts its pale, cold light through the shutterless windows, and on the lone dead

oak tree, which stands close by, towering into the night like some ghostly sentinel. Weird, black shadows blot the earth around the house. Hark! Is that a groan I hear? Or is it my unsettled nerves deceiving me? I do not delay to find out, but hasten onward toward civilization and peace of mind. X.

A GIRL, A RED UMBRELLA AND A MAN

BY MARION BAXTER, '07.

"Jimmy" Preston closed his umbrella with a snap, scattering brilliant drops of rain in every direction, and then handed it to the small blue-uniformed boy, who presided over the umbrella-racks in the vestibule of one of the big department stores. As the boy handed him a check in return, "Jimmy" glanced at a young lady who had entered the store just ahead of him, and who had left her umbrella in charge of the small "Buttons" also. His glimpse of her red-clad figure, however, was but a short one—for she was in an evident hurry, and in a moment had disappeared through the swinging door in a facinating whirl of skirts.

"By Jove! she was a winner!" soliloquized "Jimmy" as he made his way through the crowded aisles; and he was mentally conjuring up the picture of her flushed cheeks and damp curls, when he collided with an exceedingly portly person who was bearing an endless number of parcels. After a profuse apology he proceeded to the book department, where he was soon lost in the interesting maze of holiday editions.

When "Jimmy" had completed his purchases, he returned for his umbrella, unfurled it without giving it a glance, and threaded his way up Washington Street, unconscious of the amusement of the passers-by, at the sight of a tall husky chap carrying a diminutive red silk umbrella which barely protected his broad shoulders. He dashed along through the crowd winning many a covert grin and jest, blissfully unconscious of it all, until he ran up against a friend of his, who greeted him with an idiotic smile and the remark, "O say, 'Jimmy,' where 'd you pinch the umbrella?"

Jimmy followed the direction of his friend's glance and saw the vivid red silk of the tiny umbrella. Then indeed did his countenance suffer a rapid change.

"Wait 'till I get that boy,"— he yelled, and ploughed back through the throng waving the ill-fated umbrella wildly over his head, leaving his friend to follow more slowly in his wake. Once more he entered the store and was on the point of venting his wrath upon the head of the brass-button bedecked youngster, when he caught sight of the girl in the red suit, who had been the cause of his collision with the portly person, and who was holding his huge umbrella firmly grasped in her small hand.

"Jimmy's" face showed first surprise and then delight; but even as he was hurrying towards her to exchange umbrellas, and at the same time to apologize, he was gently but firmly pushed aside and his friend, who had now reached the scene of action strode past him and smilingly shook hands with the girl. She was laughingly explaining her predicament when "Jimmy" reached them, and then he too had the exquisite pleasure of holding Miss Betty Ware's hand for the space of a very short moment, and more than that, after they had exchanged umbrellas, he was permitted to hold his more generous one over her head, as in a party of three, they proceeded once more down Washington Street.

"Buttons," who played so important a role in that comedy, is the recipient of a very generous tip every time that Miss Betty Ware or Mr. James Preston (whose engagement by the way, has just been announced) happens to be in his neighborhood.

Sometimes in II English there is a commotion around Boyd's desk,—a funny indescribable noise,—and when Miss Ingram walks down the aisle, strange as it may seem, Boyd is always studying so hard that once in a while he is not aware that his book is upside down.

Cornelius lui tendit passionment les mains.

Kornfeldt convulses II French A with, "Cornelius passionately held her hands."

SLAMS

"Babe" Kyle rises to recite, but after a delayed silence Miss Spaulding observes, "A little mental paralysis this morning?"

IV French recitation. Mr. Brooks (to slow translator):—"I suppose you know that I have no regulated speed-limit on this translation."

(In the same class.)

Pupil:—"They were sitting in the corner of the fire,"—etc.

Mr. Brooks:—"That's about the warmest translation I ever heard."

Miss Johnson:—"Now who was kissing Olive?"

Olive, whose eyes had been wandering out the door, blushes violently, and the class explodes.

"Hammer," said Miss Frye, the abhorrer of that lowest form of wit, the pun, after a question had gone all around the class and had been answered in two words by our intellectual chauffer, "you always hit the nail on the head."

Mahoney, to a Freshman who has just tripped and measured his length on the stairs, and is ruefully rubbing his shins, "Did you fall down?"

This certainly was adding insult to the injury.

Talking about mustaches, one of the girls asked, "What kind is a 'billy?"

Wise One:—"You mean a 'goatee,' don't you?"

"Elsie" (L. C.) Cooley was caught studying the "Fusser's Book" a few days ago.

Why, Lloyd! we did not think you would have to resort to such author'ties.

The day after the December number of the Sagamore appeared with its new cut entitled "Slams," a clever Senior coming up to the editor, gave him a generous slap over the back, and said, "there 's a slam for the Sagamore."

However, the editor prefers that all such communications shall be made in writing hereafter.

Mr. Packard announces that his wife is ten pounds heavier than he. Well, we "reckon" he has to toe the mark.

While initiating a girl into one of the school societies the other day, those in charge sent her into a drug store to change a cent and buy some odorless onions.

Mr. Brooks: — "Remember 'neant.'" Which interpreted means, "remember nothing."

That's easy for most of us.

Mr. Case: — "Miss Wright is right, but her writing is wrong."

According to "Gene" Allen, football is in the curriculum at Springfield Tr. School, and all are required to participate.

Imagine hearing—"Have you prepared your football lesson?"

Mr. Packard has started to instruct his I Physics class in Theology, and they do not object.

Wonder why?

A prescription of Mr. Hutchinson's: —"Use the micrometer for fits." Sure.

Miss Spaulding: —"A great many people talk about what they don't know."

Of course there was no imputation as to the class, and besides present company is always excluded.

Glazier: — (To Hann at the Debating Club Meeting) "Do you want me to 'teller' (tell her) for you?"

Voice: — "No! Better let him speak for himself!"

Order! Order!

After reading a composition, Miss Spaulding asks, "How do you like that, class?'

Treadwell: —"Corking!"

BASKET-BALL

BOSTON COLLEGE '10, 11; BROOKLINE, 8

Against a much older and heavier team, which had already won several splendid contests, Brookline played her first basketball game of the season, Dec. 14. The result of the game, although a defeat, showed clearly Mr. Lowman's ability as a coach. With Capt. Daniels absent and a team of new men, the Red and Blue put up a remarkable game. For so early in the season, the passing was exceptionally well executed, especially in the first half, and the result was in doubt to the last minute. Rasmussen played a good defensive game, while Floyd and Stevens, although backs, gave an excellent exhibition of the offensive game. "Buster" Clune acted as captain and demonstrated his ability to "shoot off hot-air" in grand style. For B. C., W. Sullivan and O'Brien were seemingly the whole show. Line-up: —

B. C. '10	B. H. S.
Johnson, r. f.	r. f., Clune
O'Brien, l. f.	l. f., Kenrick (Brown)
D. Sullivan, c.	c., Rasmussen
W. Sullivan, r. b.	r. b., Floyd (Brennan)
Moynhan, l. b.	l. b., Stevens

Score — Boston College 11, Brookline 8. Goals from floor — O'Brien 4, Johnson, Floyd 2, Clune, Kenrick. Goals on foul tries — Moynhan. Referee — Hann. Umpire — Sullivan. Timers — Daniels and Smith. Time — 15-minute halves. Attendance 30.

FOOTBALL

B. H. S. VS. NEWTON, SECOND GAME

On Thanksgiving day, before a crowd of two thousand spectators, Brookline again went down in defeat to her old rivals Newton High School. And we shall have to admit that in this contest Newton undoubtedly showed that she had the better team. She worked forward passes, fake kicks, end runs and trick plays in bewildering succession, while Brookline confined herself almost wholly to the old heart-breaking line-bucking game. True, Richey and Howe pulled off one forward pass for about forty yards, but this was Brookline's one brilliant play. The game was a pretty one to watch from the point of view of an unbiased spectator, for the exchange of punts was frequent, and both Aechtler and Sprague got off some pretty ones, Aechtler having a little the advantage. Old "Doc" White played a splendid game in the line, as did both the Hann brothers. Leo Emerson also played an aggressive game, but at times his passes were poor. Aechtler, as usual, was the main-stay of the team, and proved that he merits his place on the All-Boston Eleven. Elliott, too, put up a plucky contest, and played himself to the limit.

The scoring was done early in the first half when Collins was thrown back for a safety, allowing Newton 2 points; and soon after the whistle blew in the second half, when Newton swept Brookline right off her feet with an avalanche of kicks and scored a touchdown, Porter kicking the goal.

Brookline's spirit was abominable. The team received no support from the school at all. Our rooters would not cheer and insisted on leaving the stands and flocking around the edge of the field. No wonder the team was slow and sleepy; they had enough football and needed some rousing encouragement from the rest of the school.

The line-up: —

NEWTON		BROOKLINE
Sprague	left end	Howe
Caldwell	left tackle	G. Hann
G. Van Tassel	left guard	K. White
Gibson	centre	L. Emerson
E. Van Tassel	right guard	C. Hann

Paul	right tackle	Clune
Burrage	right end	R. Emerson
Donahue	quarter back	Richey
Ely (capt)	left half back	Collins (Daniels)
Porter	right half back	Aechtler (capt)
Burrison	full back	Elliott

Score—Newton 8, Brookline 0. Touchdown—Sprague. Goal—Porter. Safety—Burrison. Umpire—Pieper. Referee—Knowlton. Linesmen—Timmins and Holbrook. Timers—Martin. Time—20 minute halves.

CLASS FOOTBALL

Class football this fall, was on the whole rather unsatisfactory. On November 22, the Seniors lined up against the Juniors in a twenty minute battle and were defeated 6 to 0. Boyd made the only touchdown by a magnificent run in the very first play of the game. After this, '08 made their first down but once during the whole contest; while the Seniors although most always able to gain their distance, could not score owing to the fumbles and mixed signals, due to lack of practise. Phelan, '07's quarter-back, broke his collar-bone early in the second half.

The Freshman-Sophomore contest was called at the end of the first half on account of darkness, the score being 16 to 0 in favor of '09. An accident occurred in this game also, Donahue '10, receiving a broken wrist.

Weather conditions prevented the final clash between '08 and '09 so that this year it becomes impossible to decide the school championship.

NEWS NOTES

Senior Class Day Officers—Address of Welcome, Charles Hann Jr.; Orator, Donald R. Stevens; Poet, Marion Baxter; Historian, Lloyd C. Cooley; Ivy Odist, Duncan Wright; Prophets—Miss Dorothy Nesbitt and Oliver Andrews.

The Senior Social was a grand success from start to finish. The Tech. Mandolin Club performed wonders, and deserve great praise for their very excellent playing. Mr. Gale took his audience by storm, and was the cause of many an aching side. He

is certainly a king among humorists. And last but not least—, the farce. Well, it was a corker, to put it mildly! Miss Knowlton repeated her success in last year's dramatics, and "Sher" Blodgett showed us that he was an actor, and a good one, as well as a prestidigitator. Sydney Burr furnished music, and dancing followed till midnight. Everyone had a splendid time, and we all extend the entertainment committee a cordial vote of thanks.

The Debating Club held its first struggle Thursday afternoon Dec. 20th, on the question "Resolved—that Free Trade should be established between the United States and the Philippines." Hann and Cooley, upholding the negative, won the debate from Wodell and Hewett.

THE RECEPTION

On Wednesday, November 21st, the Sophomores tendered a delightful reception to the Freshmen. The committee which helped to make the affair so successful consisted of Misses Moore, Slagle, Wells, Tufts and Appleyard. A speech of welcome was delivered by President Floyd to the infant class, and then Benjamin Roberts '09 rendered a Violin Solo, "Son of Puszta," accompanied by his brother, Morris Roberts '05. The applause was so great, that it was necessary for him to play a short humoreske as an encore. Sherwood Blodgett '07 next occupied the stage with his tricks and sleight-of-hand, and greatly interested the audience for over a half an hour. After the entertainment an informal dance was held, and music was furnished by Miss Nesbitt '07, Mr. Brooks, Keegan '09 and Miss O'Brien '09. The ushers were Floyd, Sawyer, Cooley, Bouve, Bryant, Rand, Thompson and Rogers. On the whole the affair was one of the most successful events which has ever been given by any Sophomore class to the incoming one.

The Freshman Class wish to express their most sincere appreciation to the Sophomores for the enjoyable reception given to them on November 21, 1906.

ROBERT L. EMERSON, FOR THE CLASS.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

The Editor wishes to thank the school for the support it is giving him. Every class seems to be doing its share, and 1910 is taking a remarkable interest in the paper for a freshman body. It is very unusual for the so called "infants" of the school to have courage to submit mss. to the Sagamore. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of material from the following: — Class of '07 — Kenney, Phelan, Cooley, Miss Warren, Whittier, MacMillan, Miss Knowlton, Miss Baker, Miss Nesbitt. Class of '08 — White, Seligman, Miss Sampson, Miss Dennis, Miss Clark. Class of '09 — Miss Holman, Miss MacMillan, Miss Schlemn, Miss Sullivan, Miss Warren, Rogers, Niccolls. Class of '10 — Conley, S. T. G., E. S. S., Smith, H. E. S. Keep up the good work. The more matter submitted, the better Sagamore you get.

We have discovered a new genius in the author of "A Yacht and a Burglar." We hope this will not be the last we hear from him. Andrews continues to prove his worth with his new story.

Miss Warren '07 has again shown her artistic ability, this time in our new "Athletics" cut.

The Tau Beta Beta society has voted to take in one more chapter and thereafter to continue as an alumnæ body.

Florence A. Morse, Secretary T. B. B.

One of the prettiest and most enjoyable dances of the season was given by Miss Daisy Young '07 and Miss Lillian Wood '08 at the Riverdale Casino on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th.

"THAT MAN DOOLEY"

With a rasping, gasping, choking cry —
With a glary, watery, leery eye —
With hat all cushed, waved to the sky —
He leads the cheering for Brookline High!

GRADUATE NOTES

Emily Everett, B. H. S. '05, was elected Vice-President of the class of 1910 at Radcliffe.

Grace Kellogg, B. H. S. '04, Smith '08, has made the Manuscript Club, and the literary club Phi Kappa. We are in receipt of a letter stating that she was not elected leader of the mandolin club, of which she is a member, as was announced in our November issue.

The engagement is announced of Stoddard Lincoln, B. H. S. '05, to Hilda Mitchell of the same class.

"Sully" Sargent and "Beany" Burnham, B. H. S. '06, were participants in the fall bumping races, held by Harvard, on the Charles.

Mitchell Allen, B. H. S. '06, was on the winning Tech. '10 tug-of-war team, during the Annual Interclass Meet at Tech. field. Williamson and Price, also '06, are president and secretary-treasurer respectively of the Brookline Club at Tech.

Our spry little basket-ball forward, Prentiss Hatch, B. H. S. '06 is back in the game again, and plays regular forward on the Tufts '10 team.

Frank Robinson, B. H. S. '04, is an editor of the Dartmouth Weekly and the Ægis. Brett, B. H. S. '05, has played on the Dartmouth 'Varsity hockey team. Rollo Reynolds, B. H. S. '05–'06, has made the Dramatic Club. And Blanchard, B. H. S. '03, is an associate editor of the Dartmouth Magazine.

Hatherly Foster is to be third marshall at the Harvard Class Day exercises.

Dunbar Dexter, B. H. S. '03, was elected chairman of the Harvard Class Day Committee, a very honorable position.

The Athletic Association has voted uniforms to the basket-ball team.

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Aechtler made a half-back on the Greater Boston All-Interscholastic eleven. Capt. Ely of Newton was picked as his running mate. Daniels' name appeared on the second eleven.

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Volume 13 FEBRUARY, 1907 Number 4

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
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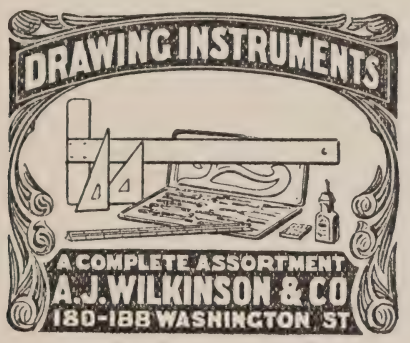

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VOLUME XIII FEBRUARY, 1907 NUMBER 4

Editorials

WHERE is all that Brookline spirit that we used to be so proud of? As yet, it has not been in evidence this year. With the exception of the Volkmann game, not a cheer went up from the side-lines during the whole practice season to encourage our football team to victory. At the first Newton game, spectators on the other side of the field said that the volume of sound from our grand stand completely drowned out the N. H. S. yells. But were YOU among those that were shouting for the glory of old Brookline? Only a few of you. Who was it, then, that were supporting Brookline so loyally? The graduates! All the old boys — some from Harvard, some from Dartmouth, others from Tech, and Tufts — they were all there shouting themselves hoarse, splitting their throats, with the same old spirit, the same old enthusiasm that they had two, three, or five years ago! At the basket-ball games our opponents often have a crowd with them, a crowd which cheers at every basket that they throw. While the girls that appear do their best to support Brookline by clapping their hands, the few boys that have managed to evade the door-keeper, and thereby save a dime, stand around and groan, or suggest that so and so ought to be able to do better than that. When the hockey team played Cambridge Latin, there were exactly three girls and five boys from B. H. S. to watch the game, and we have to reckon the manager and Sagamore reporter among these.

NOW! The Triangular Meet is coming. Brookline is going to be there, too, for the team has been training hard for almost a month; and this same team is going to create a disturbance in

that meet. In fact, it is going to win! But we want to see some of that Brookline spirit again. On the day of the meet we want to see every boy and girl in Brookline High up at the Newton Drill Hall, and we want to hear some of the old time cheering, some real, old, earnest cheering; the kind that will shake the rafters and make the shingles fly skyward? Remember!

ATHLETIC Association membership tickets may be obtained of Charles Hann, Jr. '07. These tickets secure a generous discount when presented at athletics stores and permit bearer to be present at all athletic meetings of the school.

SINCE the able and brilliant correspondent of the Brookline Press made his attacks upon what he calls the "Society" hockey team, we have investigated the matter and the total result is that not the shadow of a shade of anything discreditable has been discovered. The captain is acknowledged to be a persistent worker and one of the fairest of schoolboys, and it stands to reason that he surely would not play a friend when it would weaken his team. It is to be regretted that more "non-society" fellows did not report for the team and it seems to us that they are to blame for the showing of the team and not the energetic hard-working captain. Almost any athletic rumor will suffice for "Jim White" to write upon, and rumors are as plentiful as cranberries on Cape Cod. In short, we deem it not unfair to mention this outcry of his as proceeding from a sudden laying aside of judgment.

C. H. '07.

THE DEBATING CLUB

Pres., Charles Hann, Jr., '07; Vice-Pres., L. Gordon Glazier, '07; Secretary-Treasurer, Donald R. Stevens, '07.

THE second debate of the year was indeed a hotly contested one, and all present seemed to take a great interest in the subject under discussion, which was "Resolved — that Cuba should be formally annexed to the United States." The leaders for the affirmative were Morrison and Phelan, and for the negative Glazier and Stevens. Glazier carried off the palm for the best arguments and most interesting speech; the way in which he waxed eloquent

while expressing his regards for his opponents was a caution; and Morrison was not slow in retaliating. Indeed, these few flowery passages evoked remonstrance from the critic. Miss Ingram, as judge, awarded the debate to the negative, although declaring her sympathies to be with the affirmative. Miss Johnson kindly acted as critic.

The debate Jan. 17th was productive of some good speaking on the subject "Resolved — that the Japanese should be admitted to the rights of American citizenship." Miss Spaulding awarded the debate to the negative which was ably supported by Kenney and MacMahon. Wodell and Mahoney put up some strong arguments for the affirmative, but in almost every instance were beaten down by Kenney, who was easily the star speaker of the day. Several new members were voted in at this meeting, which was well attended. The club voted not to accept any challenges from other schools, but it is probable that the two upper classes will hold a public debate before the year is over.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

WE should like to have the Alumni take a little greater interest in the Sagamore. It would help us greatly if they would send a few Graduate Notes to us. It is impossible for us to keep tabs on all our graduates, and we shall be only too glad to print any news you may wish to send. Contributions mailed to the Editor, Brookline High School, will be promptly attended to.

The story entitled "A Little Virtuoso," which we print this month, is entirely different from any that have appeared on our pages for a long while. The tale is well written, and its simple plot is handled very effectively. Thank you, '08.

The Freshman Class also has an artist. This month's "While the Candle Burns" cut was drawn by Burnett F. Brennan.

By the way, what do you say if we "hand Newton a basketful of lemons" the 27th of February?

CUPID'S HOUSE PARTY

Cling — cling — cling — cling!

Elliott pushed his papers aside with a little irritation, swung his telephone around, and put the receiver to his ear.

"Is this Mr. Williams? — Yes, Peggy! Oh, Elliott, I hope you're not terribly busy. Do you suppose you could get away from work for a week? Oh, I do hope so! You see Ethel Wallace is going to have a little house party; and we want to get all the old crowd together. — Yes, just our crowd. — Up at the camp! Won't it be great? Just think of the fun we'll have! — You know the 'Linger Longer.' — Oh, we'll have the fire-places to keep us warm. Don't you remember the big one in the centre-room; why, we could put a whole tree in there. You boys can get the wood — Oh, you know you love to work! Won't it be grand? At camp in the winter! — Oh, there's lots of room. Why, it's bigger than our house at home. Sure. You'll know everybody. — Oh, let me see. I think Ethel is going to have a cousin come, but that's all, — No. Masculine, I think. — A week from Monday. We're going up a few days beforehand to get ready. It'll do you good to get away from that horrid office. — Besides your Dad won't fire you, if you do skip off for a week. He's too tender hearted for his own good! — You'll come! Great!

Elliott had graduated from college only last spring, and he found the office work very dull compared with his former life. Therefore, it was with great delight that he looked forward to a week of jollity — especially with the Crowd. Why, the Crowd had spent their summers together ever since he could remember. What a lark! In the middle of the winter, too! Skating, tobogganing, snow-shoeing! And best of all, good company. Let's see, a week from Monday. That would be January 15th. If the present conditions held good, he could get to Hillsboro in his automobile. From there, the road would be impassible for the auto, but it was only a two mile tramp or drive.

He whirled around in his chair, rushed over to a door marked "Private — Please Knock," burst through without observing the formality requested, and confronted the "governor." The "gov-

ernor" turned around with a scowl, and contemplated his son with angry demeanor.

"Well — what now?"

"Er — I'd like to get off next week — if you could spare me."

"Oh, go to blazes if you want to! We would n't miss you! Nothing but a decoration around here anyhow! And look here, sir; next time you come in that door, you knock! Understand? Now if that's all you've got to say, clear out. My time's valuable!" With which complimentary remarks, the "governor" turned back to his desk, evidently relieved that it was nothing worse.

Elliott, not in the least annoyed by his Pater's irritability, hustled out of the office and at once began making preparations for his coming pleasure-trip. First he ordered a set of chains for his auto-tires. With these he could travel over hard-packed snow, almost as well as over macadamized roads. Then he considered his wardrobe; and after selecting the necessaries, and collecting his skates, snowshoes and other paraphernalia, he sat down and began to curse Father Time for creeping so slowly. Here he was all ready to go, and now he'd have to wait a week! He called up Phil Gray and asked if he and his sister wouldn't like to make the trip in the auto with him. They were part of the Crowd, and he knew they would be going. And it proved that they would be delighted.

At last the week had dragged through its course, and bright and early Sunday morning, Elliott drove his machine up to the Grays' door, where Phil and Edith were impatiently awaiting him. It was a glorious day, cold and keen, with the wind nipping the flesh at every opportunity, as the car raced over the snow-packed roads. But the autoists were warmly bundled up in fur coats and robes, and, except for the tips of their noses, old Boreas failed to make any impression upon them.

Shortly after mid-day they stopped at a little country village, and proceeded to make such incursions into the dinner they ordered that the inn-keeper held up his hands in holy horror, and his poor wife was at her wits' ends to provide sufficient nourishment for

them. When at length they emerged from the comfortable tavern with appetites appeased, it was near three o'clock, long after the hour Elliott had calculated on leaving. This meant that they would not reach Hillsboro till eight, and it was an hour's journey to the camp from there. He put his machine at high speed and did his best to make up for lost time.

Towards dusk, while racing along at a forty mile clip, the auto overtook a carriage drawn by a sedate old mare evidently little accustomed to automobiles. For as the machine shot past, the mare reared, leaped sideways and then bolted, leaving the carriage in a heap.

Elliott stopped his car with some difficulty, turned, and hastened back to where the carriage lay overturned by the roadside, with the front axle all bent and buckled, and pieces of the body scattered all over the scene. His hand trembled on the wheel. What had he done? Edith was pale and whimpering, and Phil was peering ahead through the dusk, searching for the occupants of the carraige.

"Ah," he said, "There's one. She's moving!" and he jumped out before the car came to a standstill and hastened towards a dark form on the snow. Elliott had overtaken him in another second, and reached the figure first.

It was a young girl about Edith's age, and she arose as the men ran toward her.

"Are you hurt?" cried Elliott. She shook her head. "Thank God! Was there anybody else?" and he glanced around half fearfully.

"I was alone," she answered.

Luckily, the girl had been thrown from the carriage into a drift and, thickly bundled up as she was, had escaped being hurt in the least. So gently had her fall been broken, that she had hardly been jarred.

"You must come right on to the village with us. It's out of the question to repair the carriage, and the horse is gone." He shuddered as he looked at the wreck and then at the girl. "How can I ever forgive myself for causing—"

"But it was not your fault," the girl graciously interrupted.

"Old Mary Ann just took a silly notion into her head and bolted. But I should be so grateful if you could take me to the village. I am late now, and I know they'll be awfully worried about me. Have you got room?"

"Well, I guess we've got room," exclaimed Elliott, "and here's Phil's sister to take care of you. Miss—?"

"Draper," she said.

"Miss Draper, Miss Gray. And do see if she's hurt anywhere, Edith. I hardly dare believe her!"

"You poor girl," Edith exclaimed, as they left the scene of the disaster behind them. "How did you escape being killed?"

"Oh, I'm used to adventures of that kind," said the girl, smiling reassuringly. "They happen every year. Really, I'd miss not having a little excitement like that once in a while."

And the concerned look on Elliott's face began to lessen, finally giving place to an expression of deep admiration.

* * * * *

"Well, Elliott! Hooray, hooray! And Phil and Edith! All here at last! What did keep you so long? We expected you last night. Get stuck with the auto? Do hurry and come inside and explain yourselves!" It was Ethel, with the whole Crowd at her back, that came rushing out to meet Elliott and his companions, as they dismounted from the old country buck-board in front of the "Linger-Longer." And all talking at once they were hustled inside the camp, where everybody joined hands in tearing off their wraps, and asking questions enough to bewilder an inquiry-office man. Ethel came rushing up dragging a girl by the hand.

"Elliott, here! I want to introduce you to my cousin right off."

Elliott, struggling to get off his fur coat and to say six different things at the same time, turned around and—well, he nearly fainted. So did Ethel's cousin.

"Why—why—he's the man that brought me to the village in his auto, after—"

"Yes," cried Elliott breathlessly, "and you're the girl that I

nearly killed, and — thanks just as much, Ethel, but I think we know each other already."

"Why, if it isn't Miss Draper!" exclaimed Phil, while his sister rushed over and hugged the person in question.

Then everybody crowded around and Phil had to tell how near they had come to having a tragedy intead of a comedy; how they had brought Miss Draper to the village, where a man — who afterwards proved to be the Wallaces' coachman — had been waiting for her with a carriage; how, after she had left them, they had decided to put up in the village over night on account of the lateness of the hour; and how when they arrived at the camp, lo and behold, here was the girl again!

Then Mrs. Wallace, hearing the hubbub, came in and greeted the newcomers; and the story had to be told all over again.

"Say, Peggy," said Elliott, "I thought you told me it was a masculine cousin that was coming."

"I thought it was, Elliott. But I guess you're just as well pleased, aren't you?

"Well, I would n't have cared half so much, if it had been a man that I dumped into the drift. But now, I shall have to consider myself under enormous obligations for causing a lady such discomfiture. Miss Draper, with the chaperone's permission, I shall take it upon myself to see that you spend the jolliest week here, that you have ever had in all your born days."

* * * * *

It was Saturday evening and the Crowd were just finishing their supper. To-morrow the week would be at an end. In the big fireplace the logs were crackling merrily, and at the table laughter and jest were continually passing back and forth.

"Hooray for one last good time," shouted Elliott, "What do you say, Crowd? Everybody out for a last moonlight party on the ice!"

"Great!"

"Come on, everybody."

"Get your skates!"

And they all bolted the last few mouthfuls, and hurried away after sweaters and skates.

And a good time they certainly had that night. To be sure, there were a few sudden mishaps, but they only served to increase the hilarity. And a big bonfire on the bank added to the enjoyment. For if any happened to feel the keen force of the wind too strongly, they skated up to the blaze and soon were warmed up and off again.

It was about eleven o'clock when the Crowd started back to the camp. Elliott and Miss Draper were the last ones.

"Oh, how I do hate to think of leaving it all!" she exclaimed as Elliott unclamped her skates. "I have enjoyed it so much!"

"We have had a grand old time, haven't we?" said Elliott as he helped her up, and they started after the others. "And I've enjoyed it even better than I thought I would. And all thanks to you, too!"

"Nonsense. I haven't had a thing to do with it. You have such an awful jolly crowd. How I shall miss them all!"

"And how about me?"

"Why, of course you're included!" she laughed.

"Won't we see anything more of you, Miss Draper? You're surely not going back west right now?"

"No. I shall spend the rest of the winter with Ethel in New York. But you see nearly all the rest of you live in Boston."

"The dickens! Oh—ah—excuse me, Miss Draper. I—"

There was a long pause, in which only their footsteps sounded, crunching on the snowy path. Then finally—

"Alice! I can't stand it any longer—"

Just at this moment a pocket flash lamp was turned on them, and merry voices sounded from the darkness.

"Oh, here they are! Come, come Elliott, we can't stand for this; no lagging!"

With a muttered exclamation of disgust, Elliott broke from the circle of light.

* * * * *

It was not till long after midnight, that Elliott returned to the camp. He pushed open the door, paused for a moment, and

then strode over and stood in front of the still glowing embers of the fire. For almost fifteen minutes he stared vacantly at them, then he said something under his breath, and viciously kicked at the dull red logs. They flamed up for an instant, and something white stuck in a crack on the mantle caught his eye. He pulled it out, and held it down to the embers.

It was a card, and on it

Miss Alice Day Draper

Then underneath in pencil—"Why?"

* * * * *

Two months later the "governor" received a telegram from New York, which read:

Engaged. Elliott.

And immediately a wire went back:

Not my fault. W. J. W.

And three days later, Elliott himself banged open the office door and rushed into the sanctum, followed by a young lady.

"Here she is, Dad!"

"Who?"

"Alice—Miss Draper!"

"Never heard of her before!"

"Why—my telegram."

"Oh,"—and the "governor" turned around and calmly surveyed the girl. "Well, I don't know how it happened. But it does look as if you had done a sensible thing for once!—But look here, sir! Didn't I tell you not to slam that office door?"

X.

"THE ED."

The poor old editor, splashed with ink,
Puts his head in his hands and begins to think:
"What would I do if the Sag. should sink?
O Lord, I know I would take to drink!"

A LITTLE VIRTUOSO

IT was in an old curiosity shop in the great city of New York that my friend and I found him. He was a most interesting old man with long white hair which fell nearly to his shoulders, and a shabby velvet cloak. His face was acutely sensitive, and while his features were poor his whole lovable nature shone out in the beautiful smile which at times lighted up his face.

He was not tall, and his shoulders were slightly bent; but withal he had a certain air of dignity that impressed me; and when he spoke it was with a charming, foreign accent that fascinated me.

"So, you are interested in old fiddles? I lof zem too. Zey are to me ze most kingly of all instruments. I haf one in here that you vill like to see. Is it not so?" I acquiesced eagerly.

"Make him tell you the story of it. All his curios have long legends to them," my friend whispered as the old man left the room.

Soon he returned with a little brown fiddle, covered with dust, but beautifully moulded.

"Here it is," he said, caressing it lovingly. "I vill tell you its history — if you vould care to hear?" he added.

"Yes, yes, please do!" I exclaimed eagerly — and this is what he told me.

"One day, about five years ago, as I vas valking home, on a cold vintry afternoon, I saw standing on ze corner of a crowded street, a little boy, not over ten years old, playing a violin. He vas thinly dressed and blue vith ze cold, but in spite of it, I noticed how lovingly he handled ze little instrument, and how sweet and clear vere ze tones vhich issued forth. It made me so angry to see how few of ze passing people even looked at him. Zey vere cold pieces of humanity, I thought, moved by nothing beautiful or pathetic. I grew more and more ent'usiastic as I listened, and realized ze marvelous ability, even genius, of ze boy. Vhen he had finished, I valked to vhere he stood and said to him, 'You haf a fine instrument, and you seem to lof it. Is it not so?' He started at ze sound of my voice, and pressed his fiddle closer as if he feared I should take it from him.

"Zen, reassured as he looked at me, but vatching me closely,

neverzeless, he answered, 'Yes, sir. I lof it more zan anything. It is all I haf in ze vorld."

"'But you do not lif alone?'

"'Oh, no, I haf an uncle, but he does not care for me, and I hate him!' and a fierce expression of dread and hatred crossed his face.

"'Vhy do you hate him so?' I asked.

"'He is so cruel to me. He says he vill take my little fiddle away from me. Oh, I should die——die!' he cried tragically.

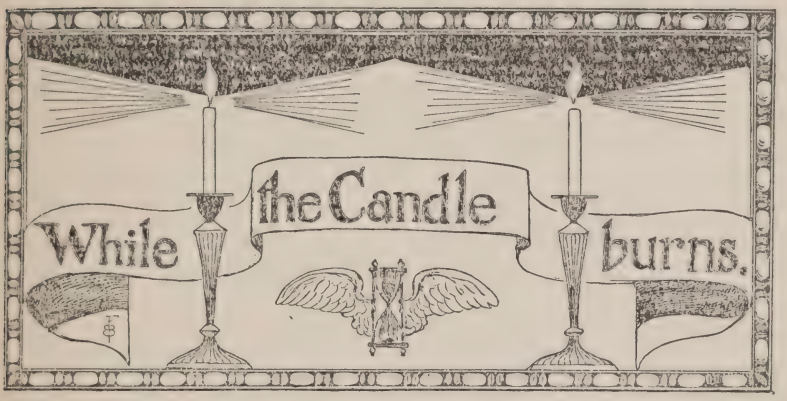
"'Surely he vill not do zat. But come vith me now. You are cold and hungry and I vill make you varm.' He followed me eagerly, yet vatching me closely, neverzeless, as if he feared I vere deceiving him. I brought him here, gafe him a good supper, and zen he played to me, shyly at first, but gaining confidence as he played, until my room fibrated with ze lofty notes. For he vas a genius, this little ragged lad, lacking training and polish, to be sure, but vith a remarkable touch, and oh, such a keen sensitive ear for ze beautiful.

"Zen he left me, promising to return ze next day. For several veeks he came to me, in ze late afternoons, and vhile I showed him all my treasures ve became close friends. Zen I asked a friend of mine, a great musician, to come and hear him play. He vas fascinated vith ze boy and taught him much about ze violin. At last he arranged a little concert for ze boy to show his great gift. I haf never seen such dignity as zat of ze little fellow, as he appeared before ze crowded hall. It vas splendid! And how he did play! He held ze audience spell-bound! Zen he began to play ze andante movement of concerto. Suddenly a great noise vas heard at ze door and a voice vas heard crying out, 'I vill haf him! I must haf him!' At ze same moment a strange man rushed down ze aisle. At sight of him, ze boy started, and ran in quick terror from ze stage, ze man after him. I jumped up ven I saw vat happened and van quickly across ze stage, out into ze street, but ze boy and ze man had vanished as if ze earth had swallowed zem up.

"I heard nothing for many days, and could fine no trace of zem. Zen one stormy night someone knocked at my door, and vhen I opened it, handed me a box and quickly disappeared. I

opened ze box and found inside this little fiddle vhich I recognized immediately as ze boy's. See, here are his initials! I haf tried so hard to find my little fiddler again, but haf never had any trace of him, and zat vas long ago. Vell, I shall alvays keep this little violin as a remembrance of my little genius."

'08.



UNDANK IST DER WELT LOHN

The scene was Kratzkov Street, St. Petersburg, on a wintry morning. The imperial drosky turned into the head of the street, attended by only two horsemen of the royal household; for the Tsar had eluded his body guard, and was now returning to the palace after a fast, free drive in the morning air. But the eyes of the Nihilists are sharp. A man came out of a doorway and started to cross the street. About half way over, he stooped down as if to tie his shoe; but instead, he scooped out a little hollow in the snow and deposited something in it. Then he rose and unconcernedly walked on, disappearing into an alley.

The Tsar's conveyance came on, more slowly now; and His Majesty's voice could be heard in conversation with his companions. Occasionally a laugh rang out, for he was happy; it was

good to be free. Nearer and nearer came the little cavalcade; now a hundred, now fifty, now but twenty yards away.

The Nihilist had thought his act unobserved, and so it would have been by anyone unaware of the portent of it. When a man is elected to perpetrate an assassination the "Inner Circle" always secretly dispatches another to spy upon him. This unhappy individual was Olauf. Olauf had always been true to his oaths, and he had good cause to be, for he was a Pole; but now, when he saw these men so gaily approaching the hidden death, his heart weakened. Quickly his mind was made up. He dashed out of the house not ten yards in front of the royal horses. In three bounds he was in the middle of the street. He picked up the bomb and extinguished the now short, sputtering fuse; then, drawing a revolver, he pointed it towards his head and fired. Better die thus than by the terrible torture of the "Inner Circle"; for had he not thwarted their most cherished wish?

"God is with your Majesty," reported the horseman, "it was a dog of an Nihilist, but his scheme failed, and he will never cause any further trouble." So saying, with his foot he rolled the lifeless body into the gutter, there to await the police. "It was a mighty close call," he added to the other horseman in an undertone; "only a defective fuse saved us."

L. G. G. '07.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT

I was alone. My parents were at the theatre, my elder brother out calling, my sister at a wedding, and the servants at a dance. I am not a brave person, neither do I consider myself a coward; but on that evening of Saturday, April 17, 1899, I had one of those peculiar sensations which come, sometimes, to even the bravest persons, perhaps not wholly of fear nor apprehension; but possibly part of each.

About nine o'clock, I began to hear peculiar noises, then the sound of ascending feet on the stair. The sound came nearer and nearer until it finally stopped at my own door.

What was I to do? Cry out? No, for that would betray my presence if it was not already discovered.

I heard a hand clutch on the door-knob. Something must be done and done quickly.

Put out the electric light. If this were done, I could not be seen; and, also, I should have an advantage by knowing the room. I grasped the switch. No, the click of that in turning could be heard. I must unscrew the electric bulb from its socket. It seemed that it would never come out, but at last it did, and none too soon for I heard the knob being turned and the the door slowly opening. Suddenly, the bulb dropped from my trembling hands and fell to the floor, breaking like the report of a pistol.

Then I heard someone run down the stairs, a closing of the door and all was still.

* * * * *

When my family returned my experience was doubted to be anything but imagination, until a broken window-latch and tracks on the lawn were discovered to corroborate my statements.

G. G. '09.

MERELY AN INCIDENT

The freezing wind had long ago changed the icy rain to snow. It was as dark as midnight at five o'clock. Ankle deep in the slush the pedestrians and shoppers splashed their way about. Horses went down at every corner. Lights in the gigantic office buildings seemed nul and void. Everything was hustle and cold; the jangling street-cars seemed nigh to bursting with passengers. A little newsboy pushed his way through the crowd to board a car, uttering his shrill cry of "Pipai-au." Pulling his frozen fingers from his pockets he sprang for the step. The ice was too slippery, he fell short, and missed — .

The House-surgeon worked an hour over No. 514 and then gave up hope. He was filing the papers.

"Name?" he asked.

"Peter, last name unknown," drawled the clerk.

"Parents?"

"Unknown."
"Residence?"
"Unkown," came with awful monotony.
"Occupation?"
"Newsboy."
"Age?"
"Twelve," mechanically,
"All right, if he dies, bury him Monday with those two Italans," said the surgeon climbing the stairs of the big city hospital to the receiving ward.

Y. N. '08.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED—

While I was leisurely sipping a cup of hot chocolate in St. Clair's, the heavy door of the shop was pushed open with difficulty, and in came a small, ragged urchin on crutches with a bundle of newspapers strapped around his thin little body. Two large, pathetic brown eyes shone out from his dirty face, and they grew wide with reproach when his papers were refused. As he stumped along, he stopped every now and then beside the different customers, some of whom glanced down at him pityingly, others disdainfully, and more, not at all. When, at last, he had made the round of the store and reached the door, he strove manfully to open it; but he was hampered by his crutches, people would get in his way, the door was so heavy, and he was such a tiny chap that his efforts were fruitless. Two large glittering tears trembled on his eye lashes and then splashed down his cheeks, leaving a muddy streak in their train. After helping him open the door, I watched him stump away down the street, cheerily whistling "Why Don't You Try?"—and soon he was lost in the crowd.

M. B. '07.

If any one is desirous of getting a "lemon," Palermo is the place to go. They exported $2,653,627 worth to the U. S. last year.

SLAMS

Mr. Brooks:— (To I French A) I wonder at the broad expanse of learning represented before me."

O mother, put me to bed!

"Billy" Sidis: — "Skidoo, 23 for you."

Treadwell: — "How do you prove it?

Miss Babcock: — "You can prove the other in the same way."

Mr. Case: — "Yes, but I don't want to." Stung, "Bee!"

Mr. Brooks suggests a way of remembering 'falaise,' cliff: — "A cliff is a place from which you can fall aisey." True ye be!

Miss Adams requested that I German A bring the Jungfraus to class with them. Some of the y ung gentlemen of the class blushed rosy red, and finally stammered out that "they didn't have any!"

Hann (Senior Class Meeting) — "If anybody has Miss placed his school-pin — " Uproarious applause prevented the finish of the speech.

IV Algebra Teacher — "How do you divide a fraction by a fraction?"

Pupil — "Divert the divisor!"

That French teacher again — "If perles is the French for beads, what is the French for pearls?"

Treadwell — "Beads."

Monsieur Hann, '08, when requested to "parlez en francais" replies, "You 've got me there. I can't do it!"

Probably "clothes were not essential" at the Senior Social, but they certainly will be at the Senior Dance.

According to Mr. Packard, when lighting a candle the light from your match has travelled one half a million miles before it strikes the waste-basket into which you drop it. Therefore it would seem an easy task to carry light into heathen kingdoms, and we may also deduce from that statement the saying that "charity begins at home." Nicht Wahr?

Heard among the girls: — "Gracious, Grace! Beware, lest you become a candidate for disgrace!"

Arthur Warren says that algebra with all its signs was really designed to minimize the troubles of mankind and make brothers of us all.

How many agree that it has fulfilled its mission?

The teacher is violently erasing work from the board in Room 13. Some one has left the kindergarten door open, and the following childish but appropriate refrain is heard:

"Did you ever see a laddie, a laddie, a laddie,
Did you ever see a laddie go this way and that?"

Kenny, giving out geometry papers, suddenly stops and meditates.

Mr. Case, impatiently: — "What's the matter, Kenny? Hurry up."

Kenny: — "Here's a paper signed Q. E. D. and I don't know whose initials they are." He knows now, though.

In Room 16a — Teacher: — "There is evidently some one in this room who belongs in the kindergarten."

It would be extremely interesting to know who is the little man.

"SLEEPY"

Big Oliver A — our "dusky rose"
Is a perfect fiend for warm-toned hose.
Into hand-painted socks his money he blows,
But where he gets them nobody knows!

BASKET-BALL

B. H. S. VS. COMER'S COLLEGE

Brookline defeated Comer's Commercial College 36 to 8, on Jan. 4th. The game was easy for B. H. S., but we have nothing to be proud of. The team work as a rule was very poor, and the players showed too great a tendency to crowd under the basket. "Billy" Daniels appeared for the first half at left guard, and played a snappy game. Clune did some star shooting for us, while Clifford played best for Comer's.

Score—B. H. S. 36, Comer's 8 Referee—Mr. Lowman. Time—20 m. halves. Attendance 40.

B. H. S. VS. MEDFORD HIGH

On January 8, Brookline played Medford High and by snappy, fast work in the first half won the game by the score of 22 to 21. Brookline started in with a rush and scored three goals in quick succession. After that they continued playing fast and at the end of the half the score stood 14–7 in our favor. In the second half the playing was less snappy, the men being a little tired. Medford played a very rough game, and Brookline also was penalized many times. Daniels and Kenrick played well for Brookline, while Bentley was Medford's star.

Score—B. H. S. 22, Medford 21. Referee—Clune. Time—20 minute halves. Attendance 40. Scorer—A. Cooley.

B. H. S. VS. BROWN AND NICHOLS

Brookline received her second defeat at the hands of the Brown and Nichols School team. Our opponent proved too heavy for us and rolled up a 30 to 16 score. High and Davidson were the star goal shooters for B. & N., while Lovett although with a sprained side, played a good defensive game. Stevens played his usual steady game for Brookline, and Daniels and Kenrick were good on the offensive. Brookline seemed to be carried off her feet by the size and swift game of her opponents.

Score—B & N 30, B. H. S. 16. Umpire—Jones. Timers—Potter and Bagley. Time—15 and 20 minute periods. Scorer—Floyd.

B. H. S. VS. ENGLISH HIGH

Brookline was defeated by a superior team in her game with English High, which is acknowledged to be one of the best teams around Boston.

English High	Goals	Fouls		B. H. S. Goals	Fouls
Lally r. f.	3	2	l. g. Brown		
Cronan l. f.	5		r. g. Stevens	1	
Coville c.	2		c. White		
Kelleher r. g.	1		l. f. Kenrick	1	
McCatheren l. g.			r. f. Daniels	1	1

Score—English High 24: B. H. S. 7. Time—20 minute halves. Referee—Clune. Umpire—High.

B. H. S. VS. THAYER ACADEMY

On Jan. 19, Brookline again bit the dust. In a strenuous game at Thayer Academy, Braintree, we were defeated 17 to 9. Daniels' five goals from free tries were the only features of Brookline's playing.

Thayer	Goals	Fouls		B. H. S. Goals	Fouls
Crocker l. f.	2		r. g. Stevens		
Richmond r. f.	3	1	l. g. White		
Carson c.	1	2	c. Brown	1	
Alden l. g.	1		r. f. Daniels	1	5
Remick r. g.			l. f. Kenrick		

Score—Thayer 17, B. H. S. 9. Referee—Kingsbury. Umpire—Condrick. Timer—Sanford. Time—15 and 20. Attendance—175.

HOCKEY

B. H. S. VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN (LEAGUE GAME)

On Jan. 5th, Brookline met defeat at the hands of Cambridge Latin for the first time in many years. The game was played on Spy Pond, Arlington, and at times was exciting. All the scoring was done in the second half, Howe making the only goal for B. H. S. by a well directed shot, and Boynton and Ellis tallying for Cambridge Latin. The absence of a rink bothered Brookline a great deal, as C. L. S. persisted in carrying the puck out of bounds. Cady played a splendid game, and Slocum at cover-point broke up Latin School's passing time and again.

Score—C. L. S. 2, B. H. S. 1. Goals—Boynton, Ellis, Howe. Referee—Clifford. Time—20 minute halves. Attendance 60.

B. H. S. VS. NEWTON

The championship is lost. For three years Brookline has kept the leadership of the league, but now Newton, for the first time in history, has gained the cup. The game was played under peculiar circumstances. The first half was played Friday, Jan. 18, and resulted in a 1 to 0 score for Brookline. Our boys played a strong game and only darkness prevented a victory. When the second half was played off on Monday the 21st, conditions were reversed and the Newton team with an aggressive offence, played rings around B. H. S. and won out 2 to 1. Only the splendid defence of Whittier and Andrews prevented a larger score. Young played the best offensive game for Brookline.

Score—N. H. S. 2, B. H. S. 1. Goals—Kendall 2, Young. Referee—Moseman. Timer—Jamieson. Time—20 minute halves.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Athletics on a small scale have again come into play among the girls of the High School. Each of the four classes is represented by a regularly practising Basket Ball Team.

The captains have been elected and are, of the—First class—Miss Slagle, Manager—Miss Olive Mason; Second class—Miss Stephenson, Manager—Miss Jacobs; Third class—Miss DeMerritt, Manager—Miss Boyd; Fourth class—Miss Rogers, Manager—Miss Brownell.

Miss Barnes has been kind enough to secure for this season

two very fine coaches, Miss Hartshorn and Miss Norris, both of the Normal School of Gymnastics, and through their assistance the teams will certainly be worthy of the School.

Although Interscholastic games in Basket Ball are no longer permitted among the girls, class and practice games are enough to prove the good work of the coaches and Miss Barnes.

Teams for Field Hockey and other out-of-door sports will be chosen in the spring and work will begin in earnest. It is the aim of Miss Barnes together with the girls to form a Girls' Athletic Association and this season lay a firm foundation for rational athletics.

The proposed Association is an entirely new idea and it will take some time to establish it securely; but so long as the girls work with Miss Barnes the thing is possible and will be accomplished.

E. B. D. '09.

EXCHANGES

WE acknowledge with thanks this month's exchanges, which on the whole were exceptionally well gotten up, not only in the line of literary material, but also in regard to cuts and news notes. If the quality of these numbers is owing to their being Christmas publications, let not the good work stop there.

Again we welcome the Penn Charter Magazine, which has invariably lived up to its high standard and is well arranged, well written, and interesting. In the exchange column of their November issue, they claim precedence over Andover, which maintains that it is the first preparatory school to have an original school song, words and music. May we ask whether both of these schools, or either of them, claim that the music only, the words only, or both were written by a student then in the school, or by some alumnus or outside friend? Just a bit of OUR history too: In February, 1905, a school song was composed by a B. H. S. undergraduate, Morris F. Roberts, '05, then sixteen years of age, and since that time it has been accepted and used as the B. H. S. school song.

In the Christmas number of the Cambridge Review, appeared a very entertaining and original story entitled, "A Foot-ball Game on the Elysian Field." We also liked the cut at the head of the athletic news, as well as the paper in general.

The Newton High Review has a wide range of literary material, but, we think, is lacking in news notes and jokes.

The Westminster Review has a story well worth reading, entitled, "A Friend Indeed."

The Red and Gray is interesting and contains some good verse, but we do not approve of their story, "The House of the Crimson Curtains," nor of the E. H. S. Record's "Mystery of the Haunted Inn."

Two very good papers are the High School Item and the High School Times. The other exchanges for this month are:

The Dragon, High School Panorama, E. H. S. Record, The Vexillum, Enterprise, A. H. S. Tidings, The Oracle, Advance Southern Workman, The Trinity Tripod, P. H. S. Argosy, The Williams Record, High School Recorder, Pinkerton Critic, Pingry Record, Dean Megaphone, Glazebrook-Rumford Bulletin, the Jabberwock, and the Kero.

NEWS NOTES

According to information received, we understand that our friend Mr. Brooks will not be with us next year. He is going abroad to study French and German methods of teaching, and is expected to have it in for us when he returns.

By the way, that crew captain has been elected at last. Hats off to LeRoyer! A better choice would have been impossible. Go it, "Johnny!" we want another championship.

We welcome two new members to our editorial staff this month. Miss Cherry Head and Hugh P. Brady were elected reporters from the Freshman Class.

Senior Class Day Committee—Glazier (chairman), Phelan, Miss Allen, Miss Mason, Miss Slagle.

Photographic Committee—Hann (chairman), Morrison, Whittier, Miss Coon, Miss Taylor.

Dance Committee—Miss Nesbitt (chairman), Miss Ward, Miss Young, Cooley, Wright.

HOLIDAY FOR MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES

On Thursday, Jan. 10th, three of the manual training classes were given very interesting and instructive trips, thanks to the Faculty.

The Seniors, under Mr. Hutchinson's guidance, visited the Charlestown Navy Yard and went through all the immense shops, as well as the battleship Rhode Island. The class seemed to find the greatest interest in the rope-walk and forge rooms. It was certainly a fascinating sight in the latter, to watch the monster, yellow-hot masses of metal swung from the fires by means of cranes, and placed under power-hammers where they were shaped into enormous anchors for the battleships. One could not but be impressed by the ease with which the workmen accomplished this seemingly stupendous task.

Part of the Third Class went with Mr. Bridgham to the Chickering piano factory in Roxbury, where they saw the piano under the process of construction, from beginning to end; and were finally treated to an impromptu concert by one of the employees.

The rest of the Third Class spent the morning with Mr. Miller at Irving and Casson's furniture and inside finishings manufactory in Cambridge. They visited the whole factory including the preparing, veneering, joining, carving, trimming, casting and moulding, and exhibition rooms; and were shown all the details in the manufacture of chairs, tables, hall clocks, cheval mirrors, beds, desks, sideboards and the like.

A football player was searching over the field on the day after a hard fought battle.

"Are you reviewing yesterday's conflict?" asked a bystander.

"No," indignantly replied the hero, "I am looking for my other ear."—Ex.

GRADUATE NOTES

Every day we hear of some B. H. S. graduate earning fame for athletic prowess. That's the spirit. Never say die!

Emile Erhardt, B. H. S., '05, is playing goal for Dartmouth's hockey team. Including ex-Capt. Brett, also '05, this gives Brookline two representatives among the Hanoverian skaters.

The twin Condrick brothers, who furnished so much confusion for our basket-ball squad last winter, are both playing for Tufts Medical School this season.

"Bill" O'Hearn, B. H. S. '06, has been playing forward on Tech's hockey team.

Alvin High, ex-B. H. S. '07, captains the Brown and Nichols school team.

Dutton, B. H. S. '04, is playing class hockey at Harvard.

The Volkmann School track squad has been re-enforced by appearance of Phillips Quinsler, ex-B. H. S. '07, who got the cup for the 1000-yard run last February 22nd.

"Mose" Jones and Clayton Edgar, ex-B. H. S. '07, are playing basket-ball at Comer's College. Minot Dennett, of the same class, has made a guard position at Belmont High.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Lewis of Buffalo, N. Y. to William R. Strickland, B. H. S. '94.

Miss Marion Stiles, B. H. S., is teaching at the Noah Torrey school.

Percy Falkenberg, B. H. S. '06, plays the cymbals for the Tech. Band.

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A basket-ball team has been picked from the Fourth Class, and has been playing a series of games with the Lincoln Grammar School. At present writing the victories stand one and one.

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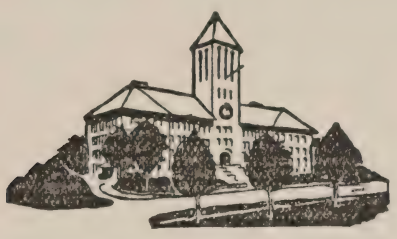
Volume 13 MARCH, 1907 Number 5

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.



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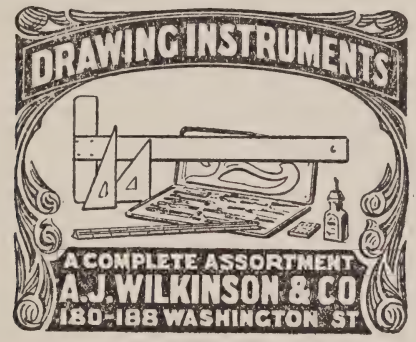

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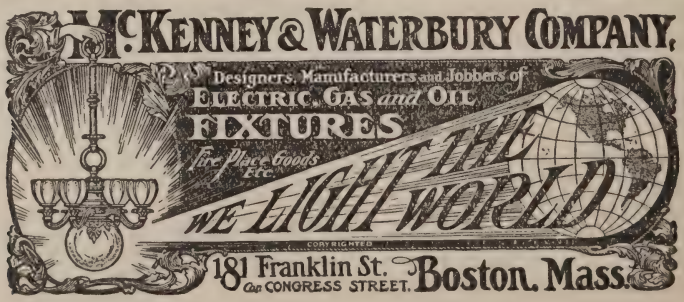

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII MARCH, 1907 NUMBER 5

Editorials

FIVE numbers of THE SAGAMORE have appeared,—over half of the present volume,—and as yet we have not found it necessary to issue the cry for more material. You have supported the editor splendidly so far, and if you will but do as well by us in the next four numbers, you will have enabled us to break the record: you will have made it possible for us to pass through the season without begging continually for more contributions. Wherever else school spirit may be lacking, at least it must be said that you are maintaining your school paper in a manner worthy of high commendation. Can you keep up to the standard in the remaining four issues?

THERE has not been very much talk this year of favoritism with regard to the choice of Sagamore stories; but we are confronted every now and then with the question, "What became of my story?" Perhaps a word as to how we handle the material submitted would not be amiss here. The day before the monthly Sagamore meeting, the editor looks through all the mss. which have been handed in to date, and selects what he considers the five best long stories, and ten best short stories. These are read in the meeting to the Sagamore Board. A vote is then taken, and then two long stories and five short ones which receive the highest count are sent to the press, and space permitting, they appear in the next Sagamore. If this seems to any one a poor method we shall be only too glad to consider suggestions as to a

better or different system of choice. And another thing, please do not be in a hurry to get your mss. back. We do not return any material until we are absolutely sure that we shall not use it. If your story was not voted in this time, it may be the next.

WE owe Mr. Hitchcock a vote of thanks for re-instituting the custom of Friday morning entertainments. The several that we have had so far were assuredly enjoyed by every one, as the volume of applause plainly testified. These little talks are not only interesting and instructive, but they go a long way toward promoting a spirit of good feeling in the school. "Friday mornings" are just the touch needed to make our school life attractive, to break up the monotony of our weekly routine, and to give us something worth while—aside from our studies—to think about for a few moments.

IT seems too bad that Brookline does not have an Alumni Association of some kind! We read almost daily in the newspapers of a reunion, or an alumni dance or dinner of some school, and from the reports these always seem to be well attended. In our exchanges, too, we notice accounts of alumni gatherings, and of the good times enjoyed. In many schools an annual alumni dinner and dance is held during the winter season. Now, it would be a simple matter for a few of our graduates to put their heads together and get something of this sort started. Cards could be sent to a number of the graduates living in and around Brookline, a small fee assessed on each, and an entertainment held in Shailer Hall. An association, with regularly appointed officers could then be formed, and annual reunion be provided for. For the sake of Auld Lang Syne, why not?

I must choose to receive the truth no matter how it bears upon myself; must follow it, no matter where it leads, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies.—Dr. Channing.

AFTER THE MID-YEARS

Whew! but I'm glad that they're over,
I knew I was not in good trim.
I failed in every blank subject—
That is—in all except gym.

They say I'm a good foot-ball player,
I'm now on the basket-ball team,
I can turn quite a number of handsprings,
And chin myself oft on a beam.

But Latin and Greek are beyond me,
And geometry's just twice as bad;
And the marks that I get in these subjects
Oft make me feel "blue" and quite sad.

But now that the mid-years are over,
I will not bemoan my sad fate!
I might get to work just a little
Before I find out it's too late.

I'll try to make good in the finals,
Tho' it seems an impossible task—
To pray the return of my wisdom
Is too much for one mortal to ask.

Now, the moral of this little poem
I hope fellow-suff'rers will see;
If they don't, why I can't explain it,
For morals are "x's" to me.

The truth is, in plain English language:
To quakings and fears don't succumb,
Every cloud has a bright, silver lining,
And—there're always worse trials to come.

—S. T. G., '10.

He sent his boy to college,
And now he cries "Alack,
I've spent a thousand dollars
And got a quarter-back."

—Ex.

AFFINITY OR LUCK, WHICH

BY L. GORDON GLAZIER, '07.

A driving rain of sleet enveloped the city in a chilly cloud of desolation when I entered the club. Inside the big room the soft glow of the lights, the cheery open fire, and the massive leather easy chairs, together with the pleasant scent of good tobacco created an atmosphere of comfort and good-fellowship.

"Well, what are you gazing into that fire so morosely for?" I asked Dick Whitney, near whom I had taken a seat.

"Can't a man think?"

"Some can," said I satirically.

"I just heard about that fool-headed act of Bob's," he explained, "and I'm deucedly cut up over it."

"That's so; it doesn't seem natural here without him," volunteered Cavendish, who had just come in from the billiard room.

"He claims it's affinity," said I, "but I fail to see how the most ardent believers in that theory could stretch it to that extent. To meet a girl at a ball and marry her in two days is mere absurdity."

"Of course she isn't good enough for Bob, but for that fact there never was a girl who was," put in Cavendish.

"Affinity — rot!" this from Dick. "I never saw but one parallel case, and then the fellow called it luck."

"How was that?" asked Cavendish.

"Yes, go ahead and tell us about it," I begged, and one or two others added their pleas for a story.

"All right," Dick acquiesced, "I'm not in the humor, but you're all against me, so here goes.

"As some of you will remember, I acted as war correspondent for a prominent paper during the Spanish war. After that I spent a few years in Russia, where I got a fairly good grasp on the language. So, when the Russo-Japanese War broke out I was engaged by the San Francisco "Record Herald" as its representative in the field. My preference was to go with the Russian army, but the editor seemed to hold different ideas, and I was

ordered to Tokyo. I sailed at once, and much to my surprise, on my arrival I found awaiting me the following cablegram:

"Join Russian army quick. Look out for Williams of 'Enquirer' going via China."

"That last meant hustle; for Williams was the best war correspondent in the field, and the 'Enquirer' was the 'Record-Herald's' worst enemy. Obviously if I was to get a scoop on the 'Enquirer' I must beat Williams to the front. There was only one way to do it: to go by way of Corea, pass the Japanese lines, and run the risks of being taken for a spy by the Russians themselves, but I should save almost half the time that the more circuitous, though safer, route through China required.

"Upon inquiry at the Associated Press headquarters I learned that the Nagato-Maru, a Japanese transport, would sail the next day from Sakaiminnto for Hwang-ju, Corea. My map told me that Hwang-ju was about thirty miles distant, across the Bay of Corea, from Wi-ju, which I knew was held by Russia. The next thing was to secure a pass from the government; and this I did through the assistance of a friend in the Japanese War Department. By a prodigious and diplomatic dispensing of 'shugi' (tips) I got my baggage through the custom house in time to take the 'Kyuko Ressha' (express) across the island for Sakaiminnto.

"The next morning I boarded the Nagato, and the captain introduced me to four or five other correspondents who were going to join the Japanese army. What was my stupefaction to find among them a certain Reginald Williams of the San Francisco "Enquirer." He recognized me too, and laughed good naturedly, whereat we became very good friends, though each inwardly resolving to outdo the other in the race for news.

"The troops,—third regiment of Imperial Guards,—were aboard, and the ship was to sail in a couple of hours. We newspaper men were chatting on the quarter-deck while the last supplies were being hurriedly loaded when, looking towards shore I saw a woman in a Red Cross nurse's uniform come down the wharf and mount the gangplank. Come to say good-bye to her

sweetheart, I thought, and went on with the conversation. Suddenly we were interrupted by the harsh voice of the captain.

"'No, you can not go! Leave the ship instantly!'

"It is seldom the Japanese forgets to use politeness to a woman, especially in a public place, and when he does you may be sure the provocation is great.

"'But I tell you I must. It is of the highest importance. My—er, my father is dying in Corea and I must go to him,' she argued.

"We were all looking now, and as she came nearer I marvelled at her beauty. She was of medium height, not more than a year or two past twenty, and carried herself superbly. Her hair, under the nurse's cap was sunset gold, and its wavy masses furnished an admirable background for the flushed, earnest face, and the deep blue eyes which flashed fire at the fat, obstinate captain.

"'My orders read, 'no women except officers' wives, accompanying their husbands to act as nurses at the front.' Besides, there is not another woman on board.'

"'But, please, I am going to act as a nurse,' she pleaded with a most bewitching smile which, however, was quite lost on the captain.

"'You're not an officer's wife,' he growled.

"Just here she caught sight of me. Now I don't know what it is that makes every beggar turn to me for help, but it must be that I have a very benign countenance. At all events she recognized that quality or something akin to it in my face, for she came straight up to me and led me aside.

"'Is there a Richard Whitney on board, going to join the Russian army?' she asked in hurried tones. I started back in surprise, for I had kept my destination a secret, although of course Williams knew it.

"'I am he,' I replied, 'but how did you know my goal?'

"'Never mind, it will go no further,' she reassured me, 'but since I know your secret, you shall know mine.'

"'You flatter me, I am afraid,' I demurred.

"'I am Stephaine Strachski, temporarily of the Russian

secret service. I have important information which our army must receive without delay. No one else can be trusted with it, and — and you will make the captain take me, won't you?' As she said this last her voice broke, and I could see that she was no mere conscientious official, but a passionate patriot. I racked my brains for some means whereby I could persuade the Japanese, but it was useless.

"'I suppose you have tried money?' I asked.

"'Yes, to be sure,' somewhat impatiently.

"'I fear it is useless to approach him, but I will try.'

"'No use, Whitney,' said Williams who had just come up; then turning to Stephaine. 'There is just one way out of it.' She seemed greatly astonished at his interruption, but before I could introduce them he went on impetuously: 'You can go only as the wife of an officer. The captain has just acknowledged that he considers me of that rank. Will you marry me?'

"A charming blush mounted her fair cheeks. 'You are very, very good, but do you realize—?' She hesitated over these words as if at a loss for a fit answer.

"'There are only forty-five minutes left, and that allows no time for hesitation. Will you consent?' he almost implored.

"'Then, then for the sake of my country I consent,' she surrendered.

"'Whitney, get the regimental chaplain, quick!' ordered Williams.

"'But, man, you're crazy; you don't even know each other's names,' I objected.

"'If I didn't, her face is enough. Now hike!' and as I could not gainsay this I hiked.

"'There, on the quarter deck, amid the confusion of departure, the yelling crowd, the whistles, the curt orders of the officers, and the chug-chugging of the engine, in a cloister walled only by the balmy air of Japan and arched by an intermittent cloud of smoke from the stacks, with God's sunshine shedding a soft halo of divinity over all, the ceremony took place. I gave away the

bride, and a group of smiling, pitying war correspondents acted as ushers and bridesmaids at the same time."

* * * * *

Whitney paused. A chorus of "Go on; how did it end?" greeted him.

"On the voyage, which was uneventful, the couple seemed extremely fond of each other's company. On our arrival at Hwang-ju, Williams and I jointly chartered a junk to take us across the bay. We passed the Japanese patrol in the night, for up to that time no very severe restrictions had been put on the traffic of the small native craft. At dusk the next day the sluggish boat neared Wi-ju. As we approached the shore, a little to the east of the town, the pickets challenged us. I stood up in the bow and answered in Russian. Whether my appearance caused them to doubt our motives or what, I never knew, but they opened fire on us. The terror-stricken coolies who comprised the crew leapt into the shark-infested waters. Luckily the wind was blowing directly towards the shore, driving the junk on its course. When the craft beached we were surrounded by half a troup of yelling Cossacks. A lieutenant pushed to the front, and I demanded that we be taken to headquarters at once. After some parley aided by a little Geld, this was agreed to. As we disembarked Williams fell. When I helped him up he gasped:

"'I reckon the "Record-Herald" wins; one of those bullets found me!'

"At headquarters Gen. Mordovosk received us well. Williams went to the hospital, where Stephaine, after fulfilling her mission, would have no other than herself nurse him. His wound was not dangerous, but it laid him up for some time. When I went to bid them good-bye before leaving for the battle-field, Williams whispered: 'Did ever a man have such luck? she is a divine angel.'"

* * * * *

"Well," said one of the listeners, "that certainly was affinity."

"More like luck, I think," said I.

"And I consider it an example of irrational impetuosity," added Cavendish, cynically.

JIM

BY FRANZ NICCOLLS, '09

We were stopping that night at the forks of the Spencer, and while hunting for wood I ran across a small opening among the trees at the upper end of the clearing in which we were located. I surmised the meaning of the opening, but to make sure I made a closer inspection. Sure enough; I was right. It was the last tribute to one of the many woodsmen who, at various times, have sacrificed their lives in the interests of the Kennebec drives. There it stood! A small wooden cross, inscribed, "James McSillivay; May 2, 1904; drowned in Spencer Gut;" and below, "May 29." Upon returning to camp I mentioned the clearing to Floyd. "O, yes!" he said. "I was here when it happened." Then he told me about it.

"We had started way up on the Kibby, and were to drive as far as Dead River. We had a bunch of logs, and it kept increasing as we dropped down stream. They were small logs, eight or nine to a thousand feet, so we must have had in all seventy-five thousand logs.

"Still, we knew that after we reached Spencer Dam, which would take about three days, it would be easy, because below the dam it's all high banks, and the logs can't go floating into the woods whenever you turn your head. So we stopped growling about what Viles ought to have sent in the way of a crew, and fell to work. You notice I said we stopped growling; I can tell you there was cause for it. We had been obliged to loaf the day before the drive started, and I never heard so much kicking in a month as we turned out in that one day. Ferd Taylor about expressed our minds and at the same time his own opinion of the boss, when he said: 'If Viles had sent another man with a shovel to widen the stream we'd floated the mountains right down to him, so's he could pick out what lumber he wanted and have the mountains for scenery while he was doing it.'

"Ferd, Jim and myself were the jack-of-all-trades of the crew. We'd been picking up stray logs in the rear, but when we got near Spencer Dam we went ahead to get the boom logs

ready. After the drive was in we had to wait two days for more water, as word had been sent up that the dam at the Gut had been carried away by the force of the freshet. You know what the Gut's like in summer! Well, it's about forty times as bad in the spring; narrow, full of little eddies, and so crooked that there isn't a place in it where you can see two hundred feet in front of you unless you look up, and then all you can see is a narrow strip of blue that looks like a whiplash, it is so very narrow. The Gut is so crooked that Jim used to claim he'd seen a bird fly in between the cliffs and get lost. We weren't anxious to have a jam start there, and as there are at least three places where the Gut is narrower than the length of the logs we waited for more water. At the end of the second day the water had risen a foot, and we decided to start the next morning.

"We turned out mighty early, and just about daylight we hoisted the gates of the dam and at the same time opened the boom. For the next couple of hours we moved, and that was all. Then the logs commenced to straighten themselves out, and we went on down stream at a great rate, Ferd, Jim and myself again bringing up the rear, with the rest of the crew two or three miles ahead. We were keeping things humming, I can tell you, because we wanted to get the head of the drive past the Gut before night.

"We had lost most of our picks, and were riding single logs as we approached the Gut. Everybody agreed (there were nine of us now), to hit the left shore, so over we swung, and the head ones jumped, then stood in the dead water to help the others. Jim had slowed up and was waiting for us to get our logs out of the way, when his pick slipped from his hands into the water. His log gave a jump and started. As it went tearing by, fully ten feet away, Jim made a flying leap—and missed. It was nearly a month before we found him."

Floyd stopped abruptly and turned away. I did not break the silence that followed, as I knew now the meaning of that second date. It was a simple story he had told, yet what a number like it could be found in the Maine woods!

WITHOUT A RIDER

Clyde Park never looked so picturesque as it did on the last day of the races, when the loyal followers of the turf flocked to see the events of the day. The gay colored dresses and the highly colored grand stand decorated with flags and bunting was made more beautiful by the background of stately pines. The admirers of the horses walked back and forth from the grand stand to the betting booths. The next event was to be the famous Country Club Steeple Chase. The course over hill and dale, stone hurdles, and brush piles for a distance of a mile and a quarter, must be traversed twice, ere the horses finish. The last half mile was over an evenly rolled race track. Some of the best jumpers were entered,Grandpa, Hylas, Kumpshaw and Decameron, but the dark, long-limbed Decameron was the favorite.

As the bugle sounded the horses lined up ready for the start. In the grand stand could be heard ,"Pick your horse", "I'll give you the field," "Five to one on Grandpa," etc. A second or two and they were off. All cleared the first jump, with Decameron last. At the next he was third, but when they came to the Liverpool, the most dangerous of all the jumps and the one most feared by the jockeys, Decameron threw his rider. The favorite hesitated a second—two seconds; then was off, leaving his jockey

behind. At the next, he had caught up to the leaders. Once around and he was well placed. On the second round the loss of his driver told somewhat against him. He was over the last jump slightly in the rear and entered the race-track for the last half-mile dash, four lengths behind the leader.

As the seconds sped on, the crowd, on tiptoe cheering, saw their gallant favorite gaining stride by stride. Down the last hundred yards, with bridle flapping in the wind, without a guiding hand, he forges ahead, passing horse after horse, until, within ten yards of the finish, he passes his competitors and wins the race, one of the greatest tributes to dumb intelligence on record. He was cheered to the echo, and the tall pines that surrounded the club-house whispered softly yet distinctly their appreciation.

J. C., '09.

A HOLD-UP

One stinging cold day, as we three congenials were eagerly hurrying home from school to get the warm luucheon which we knew was awaiting us, being in great haste, we cut across the "corner lot", knowing that by so doing we should make up time. But lo! just as we were about to go down the steps we were stopped by a "gentleman in uniform", a policeman, who said, most politely, "Pardon me, young ladies, but I shall have to take your names. I suppose you know that people are not allowed to "cut 'cross-lots." "We haven't received our license yet," said the dark-haired companion. "But must we be muzzled, too?" cried the law-abiding member of the group. The guardian of the law refused to be jollied, however, and made us understand that he was really in earnest, for he took not only our names, but, to our horror, our addresses. After this, our first, "holdup" we laughingly went toward home in the straight and wide path of the streets.

When I reached the house I told my adventure, and was informed by a younger member of the household that if you had your name taken three times you could be arrested and carried

to the station-house. Did this frighten me? No! for this was my first offence; but I realized very truly the value of the old familiar quotation: "Haste makes waste." V. S., '09.

"HARD LUCK"

I don't think that teachers ought to have favorites. They should always treat one fellow the same as another; but some teachers favor one or two fellows in the class, and are always coming down on the others.

Mr. King is like that: he has always been down on me, and I can't see the reason, either. The other morning we were reading 'round in turn and he suddenly called: "Goodman, read the last sentence." Of course I didn't know it. Then he asked me if I knew what reign we were reading. I couldn't think whether it was Charles I. or James I., so I said Charles, and of course it was James. Then King said: "Bring me what you've got under your desk"; and when I brought up one of Harrison's white mice, dressed up in a pen-wiper, he made me stand for the rest of the period, and write the lesson out twice after school. I didn't mind the punishment so much, but why should I be singled out and dropped on, when there were plenty of the other fellows who weren't paying any more attention than I was; but of course King said nothing to them! I'm the only one he watches and comes down on, and it isn't fair.

It was the same thing the other night, when King was on duty in the dormitory. Harrison was doing feats of strength with one of the fire-buckets when his foot slipped (?) and he poured the lot of water down Reade's neck. That made Reade rather mad, and he threw a cake of soap at Harrison. It went wild and flew across the room and hit Larch in the funny-bone. Larch thought I did it and rushed over and banged me with a pillow. I wasn't going to stand for that; so I bombarded Harrison with young Markman's slippers. The first one took him in the back, but the second knocked a pitcher on the wash-stand and upset the whole business. I went over and

had begun to pick up a few microscopic pieces of a soap-dish when—along came King and gave me two hours.

Confound it,—why should I be singled out and pounced on? All the other fellows were just as much to blame as I was,—or if any one fellow was to singled out, why, it ought to have been Harrison, because he began it all with his feats of strength. I call it pretty hard "hard luck." Don't you? B. E. S., '10.

OHITIKA

BY IBRAHIM F. MORRISON, '07.

The day was fast drawing to its close. The sky was of that dull gray color which it assumes when it is about to begin to snow, and already it had begun. All was deathly still except for the hiss of the snow on the dry twigs and the far off baying of a hound. There in the depths of the calm gray forest stood an Indian, middle aged, square built, with sturdy nut-brown features. He was a picture as he stood there, alert, attentive, looking straight before him into the lengthening shadows of the wilderness. He clasped a rifle in both hands and stood ready as if quick action would sooner or later be the result of his watching.

The distant sounds became louder and then gradually died away. Ohitika turned, and as if satisfied, resumed his journey. Many days had he travelled, and many days had he been hunted by the white men. Once on the mighty St. Lawrence and he could escape them, but he had a long course before him.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed. On the next day he could cross the border into the land of safety. That night he lay down in the snow with a feeling that on the morrow he would be safe among friends. The day before, his store of provisions had been exhausted, but that mattered little to him. He only thought of safety and waited with impatience for the first faint glow in the eastern sky. At the first signs of dawn Ohitika arose and cast his ever faithful snow-shoes high into a lofty tree, for he would need them no more. His journey that day

would be short and could be easily made without them. He was soon on his way, and marching along with a firm, determined trudge to his destination, and it was by that steady tread that each step brought him nearer to his fate.

It was about noon of that day. The sun shone bright in the clear blue sky, and the air was dry and cold. Ohitika was descending a long, steep hill. Suddenly there was a clank of iron and he fell his full length in the snow, writhing in pain and anger. He crawled back a few paces and tugged at the heavy iron chain. It was fast. The great steel jaws of the bear trap closed ever tighter about his ankles. He was a prisoner. His only salvation was in hoping that someone might, by accident, pass that way. The day slowly dwindled into darkness. Ohitika sat gazing northward, toward his home, his friends and safety. Towards night a wolf came and sat near by, licking his hungry jaws and staring at Ohitika, who sat with his rifle across his knees in preparation for defence. All night the wolf watched him with glittering eyes, and towards morning slunk away to wander in search of food.

In the morning there came a little bird, a chick-a-dee, and he sat and flitted among the branches, now looking at Ohitika, now swinging upside down on the end of a limber twig; and as he flitted about he sang: "Ohitika, thou hast done wrong, and now thou shalt suffer for it."

The afternoon dragged slowly by, and the first signs of night began to show in the valley below. The wolf came as before, this time with a more hungry look, thinner flanks, and more deeply sunken eyes. He sat there and gazed steadily all night long at Ohitika. And in the morning the little bird came and sang, "Ohitika, thou hast killed one of thy kind; thou hast committed murder among the white men; now, death, in her turn, will overtake thee."

On the third day, as on the first, Ohitika sat there, ever silent, looking only to the north. The wolf came, licking his hungry jaws as before. At night he lay down to watch, and in the morning he was cold and stiff. Starvation sat proudly on his lean flanks and reached a long, icy hand towards the captive.

The little bird came again also and sang: "Ohitika, look to yon rising sun; today is the last thou shalt see of it; thou hast disobeyed God; He fails never to punish the evil-doer. Tonight death shall conquer."

Ohitika endured the pangs of hunger and cold in silence. His life was like a candle, which, almost burned to the end, flickers, first high, then low. Slowly his life melted away. As the crimson sunset cast its glow over the whole country, and as it faded into purple, then blue, and finally utter darkness, the candle faded with it. And when night came it went out!

The morning sun rose upon a different scene. Ohitika was still seated, looking toward the north; still holding his rifle on his knees. On the right stood the brother, on the left stood his aged father, and above him sat the little bird singing: "Ohitika, Ohitika, it was thy brother who set the trap; it was thy father who had him do it. But it was thy God who made thee cast away thy snow-shoes."

Some common answers to be used in recitations.

"Were you speaking to me?"
"I did n't hear your question."
"I don't understand; what do you mean?"
"I can't see the board from here."
"Why (in an injured tone), we didn't have that for today."
"That 's as far as I got."
"I was absent yesterday."
"I know it, but I can't express it in words."
"Beg your pardon, where 's the place?"
"Why (also in an injured tone), I studied the next chapter."
"Well, it depends."
"It varies."
"Why — um — er — ah!"
"Well, — ah."
"You mean — a — ?"
"Oh, yes, — er — why?" —Ex.

SLAMS

Heard recently; "He has asphyxiated his name." Pray, when is the funeral?

Mr. Case is rather free with his compliments. He told a respected member of the Senior class that he was not logically constituted."

In I French A—"Give me half of your friend." What! Are cannibals admitted in that class?

Miss Spaulding: "No cat has two tails. One cat has one tail more than no cat. Therefore one cat has three tails."

According to Glazier, Japan is no place for the American, because he must pay one dollar to go to the theatre, while the native gains admission for thirty cents.

"Ain't it funny," queried a little Freshman, "how our bad weather comes at such inopportune times that we fail to get any vacation out of it?" Yes; it is very evident that the weatherman has not favored us with many "no school" storms this winter.

Miss Baker (I Geom. 7): "Drop a line."
Mr. Case: "I would say, draw a line."
And he might have added: "If you don't somebody might think you are fishing."

We are informed by the French department that an "honnete garcon" is a boy who does not steal sugar. Doubtless a very desirable creature.

Pet phrases always to be found in stock in Room 19: 1, "I

can draw a million." 2, "The form of the question determines the form of the answer." 3, "Those who sit back and say 'I can't,' won't ever succeed. "4, "That's all we have time for today."

Mr. Packard at B. H. S. A. A. meeting: "Where is that guy, Lowman?" The question usually is, "Where is Johnny?"

Wonder if Wodell thought the members of the Debating Club are soft-headed when he said, "Kindly let that sink in."

Teacher: "Give me a short definition of graft."
Pupil: "It's a good thing you usually don't share."
That's just about the size of it.

Miss Page (who has just had her seat changed for whispering): "Come, Mary, let's raise the dickens so that she will change my seat again."
Katy did, but Mary didn't.

It is to be hoped that none of the Freshmen will ever "Missplace" the school pins which they recently bought.

Mr. Benshimol (at P. S. A. L. meeting): "As I recollect, Mr. Fox collected twenty-five dollars from the Brookline alumni."
Mr. Lowman: "He must have been a sly one." Well, cheer up; we have the banner, anyway.

Miss Frye: "Please don't tear that paper; it reminds me of the little girl who asked her mother not to tear the cloth because it made her teeth itch."

From a German paper: "Ich habe mein Leben auf das spiel gesetst." "I have risked my life sitting in a pail."

Who said class pipes? Sh—! We're too young. Wait till we get to college!

Mr. Snow: "The class may turn over." How long since has Mr. Snow been usurping the responsibilities of our athletic director? It would be an impressive sight, at any rate.

Young (in I Eng.): "Do you want the seminaries passed in today, Miss Spaulding?"

THE INDOOR MEET.

The annual meet, held in the Town Hall February 22nd, furnished good sport in almost every event. 1908 won the most points, having 26 to their credit; 1907 was second, with 17; while 1909 and 1910 each obtained 14. The highest individual score went to Stevens, '07, with 13 points; Seligman, '08, and Lally, '09, tied for second honors, with 6 apiece. Geo. Hann equalled the school record in the high jump, 5ft. 4in.; Mahoney, '07, received an injury to his arm in this event. Daniels easily defeated the field from 15 yards back of scratch in the 1000 yards.

Twenty-yard Dash, Freshmen: Won by R. Marston, '10; second, Ness: third, W. Nelson. Time, 3 s.

Twenty-yard Dash, open: Won by Marston, '10; second. D. Stevens '07; third, Seligman, '08. Time, 2 4-5 s.

Three hundred yard Run: Won by D. R. Stevens, '07; second, W. Howe, '09; third, S. Kraft, '10. Time, 46 3-5 s.

One thousand yard Run: Won by W. A. Daniels, '08 [owed 20 yards]; second, C. LeRoyer, '07 [15 yards]; third, Whitney, '10 [10 yards]. Time, 3 m., 21 s.

Potato Race, Freshmen: Won by Ainsworth; second, Silver; third, Stewart. Time, 16 4-5 s.

Potato Race, open: Won by D. Stevens, '07; second, Ness, '10; third, Meade, '09. Time, 16 3-5 s.

Running High Jump: Won by G. Hann, '08; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; second, A. Chandler, '10; 5 ft. 3 in.; third, H. Dunbar, '09; 5 ft. 3 in.

Three Standing Jumps: Won by Seligman, '08; second, S. Lally, '09; third, S. Blodgett, '07. Distance, 28ft. 7in.

Twenty-five-yard Hurdles: Won by W. Cady, '08; second, J. Lally, '09; third, A Chandler, '10. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

Class Relay Race. 1908 defeated 1907; 1909 defeated 1910. Finals, 1908 [Cady, White, Hann, Seligman], defeated 1909 [Howe, Meade, Collins, Lally]. Time, 3m. 32 2-5sec.

BASKET-BALL

B. H. S. VS. BOSTON COLLEGE PREP.

The fast game with Boston College Prep. showed clearly Brookline's lack of shooting ability. Daniels and Stevens played well for Brookline, while Guthrie played best for Boston.

B. C. P.	Goals	Fouls	B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Guthrie r. f.	5		l. g. White (Emerson)		
Sweeney l. f.	3	3	r. g. Stevens		
McManaman c.	1		c. Brown	1	
Murry r. g.			l. f. Kenrick	2	
Heath l. g.	3		r. f. Daniels	3	2

Score—B. C. P. 27; B. H. S. 14. Referee—Armstrong. Umpire—Clune. Timers—Dwyer and Seligman. Time—15 and 20 minute halves.

B. H. S. VS. BROOKLINE A. C.

After a string of four defeats, Brookline braced up and smashed its hoodoo Jan. 25. In a whirlwind game the Brookline Athletic Club was defeated 15 to 14. Daniels and Brown did some fast playing while High and Wright were effective for the A. C.

B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	B. A. C.	Goals	Fouls
Kenrick l. f.	1		r. g. Wright		
Daniels r. f.	2	3	l. g. Howe (Cady)		
Brown c.	2		c. High	3	
Emerson l. g.			r. f. Potter	1	
Stevens r. g.	1		l. f. Hann	3	

Score—B. H. S. 15; B. A. C. 14. Referee—Clune. Time 15 minute halves. Timer—Marshall. Attendance—60.

B. H. S. 2D VS. MEDFORD HIGH '08

The second team won a splendid contest from the heavy and experienced Medford '08 team by a 20 to 16 score. Victory looked dubious at the end of the first half. But good team work and accurate goal shooting in the second soon put the home team in a comfortable lead. Bouve and Rasmussen showed good form, and Morrison landed several neat shots.

B. H. S. VS. CANTON HIGH.

Saturday evening, Feb. 9, the basket-ball team took its second trip. The game at Canton was played on a slippery dance-hall floor, which proved the undoing of B. H. S., for Canton obtained a big lead in the first half. In the second half, however, B. H. S. got together and played circles around Canton,

scoring 13 points to our opponents' 3. Kenrick played a snappy game for B. H. S. The line-up:

Canton	Goals	Fouls	B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Cate l. f.	2		r. g. Stevens	2	1
Burt r. f.	3	2	l. g. Emerson		
Harrington c.	8		c. Brown	2	
Farwell l. g.			r. f. Clune		1
Titus r. g.	1		l. f. Kenrick	3	

Score—Canton 30; B. H. S. 16. Time—20 and 15 minute halves. Timer Sanford. Referee—Dane. Attendance—300.

B. H. S. VS. THE OLD BOYS.

On February 12th, Brookline played a team composed mostly of last year's men, and through dull, sleepy work in the first half, were once more taken into camp. Nobody excelled for Brookline; but Hatch proved that he still knows how to play the game, and as of yore was the whole thing for his team. The game was an exciting one, as the score was several times tied in the second half. Score: Old boys, 31; B. H. S., 27. Referee, High. Time, 20 minute halves. Attendance, 50. Timer, Sanford.

B. H. S. VS. WINCHESTER HIGH.

Brookline was defeated February 15th, at Winchester, by the largest score this season. Winchester's team-work and accurate goal shooting was the chief factor in our defeat. Kenrick played well, and Floyd was always to be found in the thick of the struggle. Score: Winchester, 43; B. H. S., 10. Time, 20 and 15 minute periods. Timer, MacMahan. Scorer, Sanford.

B. H. S. VS. ROCK RIDGE HALL.

Our defeat at the hands of Rock Ridge Hall, February 20th, was by no means a disgrace. B. H. S. played a fast game, and made matters hot for Rock Ridge throughout the contest. Clune and Stevens took the honors for Brookline. Rock Ridge has not been defeated this season. Score: Rock Ridge, 40; B. H. S., 27. Referee, Stone. Time, 20 minute halves. Timer, Scott. Attendance, 50.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 10, Malden High at Malden.
April 12, Roxbury Latin at Brookline.
April 16, Mechanics Arts at Brookline.
April 18, Noble and Greenough at Dexter Field.
April 19, Alumni at Brookline.
April 23, Winchester high at Winchester.
April 26, Volkman at Allston.
May 1, Waltham high at Waltham.
May 4, Gloucester high at Gloucester.
May 6, English high at Brookline.
May 11, Brockton high at Brockton.
May 15, Somerville high at Somerville.
May 17, *Newton high undecided.
May 21, Woburn high at Brookline.
May 24, *Cambridge Latin at Newton.
May 27, Roxbury high at Brookline,
May 30, *Newton high at Newton.
June 5, Dorchester high at Dorchester.
June 7, *Cambridge Latin at Newton.
June 11, Everett high at Everett.

*League games.

GRADUATE NOTES

"Bob" Andrews, B. H. S., '06, last year's editor of THE SAGAMORE, has had several clever sketches from his pen published in the Harvard Lampoon.

"Bill" O'Hearn, B. H. S. '06, has lifted Falkenberg's job, and is now playing the cymbals for the Tech. band. Hard luck, Percy! Bill told them that he was a member of the band at Brookline High. Yes; he used to carry the drum.

One of our boys, Niels Christenson, Jr., B. H. S., '94, is a state senator of South Carolina, and also editor of Beaufort Gazette, Beaufort, S. C.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Hurd to Andrew Eliot Ritchie, both of B. H. S., '97.

Charles Kickham, B. H. S., '04, met with an accident that nearly severed his right hand, and necessitating hospital treatment.

Society senior (to a store clerk) — "Have you any blue neckties to match my eyes?"

Clerk — "No, but we have some soft hats that, I think, will match your head." —Ex.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

HOORAY for 1910!

What's wrong with the Juniors?

"Affinity or luck, which?" is certainly to be considered one of the best stories that have appeared in THE SAGAMORE this year. It is full of unexpected situations, and is interesting from beginning to end.

"Jim" is a splendid example of development by exposition, and is very well done.

We wish you could help us a little more in the matter of "Slams." Surely something funny must happen in your classes once in a while. Write it on a scrap of paper and drop it into THE SAGAMORE box at recess.

NEWS NOTES

The school was delightfully entertained by Mrs. Packard, Friday morning, Jan. 25. Her piano selections were finely rendered and immensely enjoyed by everyone.

Two very pleasant and successful dances were given at the Riverdale Casino this last month. On February 1, the Mu Chapter, Tau Beta Beta, held sway, and everyone agreed that the girls proved that they knew how to manage a dance, and manage it well. The following week the Nu Chapter, Gamma Delta Psi, entertained their friends, who were many in number, and who evidently all enjoyed themselves, for the dancing continued until one a. m.

On Friday, Feb. 8th, we were given a surprise by Mr. Hitchcock, in the nature of a talk by Dr. Bronson, of St. Mark's M. E. church. He told us briefly about some of the religions of the world, including Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Brahminism and Buddhism. He said that Christianity was the greatest of them all, because it destroys nothing that is good in any other religion; teaches the whole truth; adapts itself to anything; and eventually everything must give way before it. "It is not a creed,

but the spirit and the life," he said, "which will graft better stock onto the stunted tree, that it may bear better fruit."

When we had gathered in the hall the following Monday, Mr. Hitchcock presented to us Dr. Barnes, a Grand Army veteran, who delivered a commemoration address on Abraham Lincoln. He said in part: "William of Orange, of the Sixteenth Century, Oliver Cromwell of the Seventeenth Century, George Washington, of the Eighteenth Century, Abraham Lincoln, of the Nineteenth Century; and the greatest of these was Abraham Lincoln."

THE DEBATING CLUB

GREAT interest was manifested in the fourth debate held by the club, February 7, 1907. Room 16 was taxed to its utmost capacity, and fully two-thirds of those present found that they had something that they wanted to say regarding the question under discussion. The subject was one that has been stirring the country considerably of late: "Resolved, That the President was not justified in disbanding the companies of the 25th infantry, stationed at Brownsville, Texas." The debate was hotly contested, and it was only after considerable deliberation that Mr. Hitchcock felt justified in awarding the victory to the negative, which was supported by MacMillan '07, and Thompson '09. Gallert '09, and Maloney '07, led the affirmative, and it was generally conceded that Gallert's speaking was the best of the day.

The fifth debate, February 21st, was on the subject: "Resolved, That the United States should intervene in the Congo." Glazier and Hewitt led the affirmative, while Morrison and Brown upheld the negative. The debate was a lengthy one, and it was mainly due to Glazier's rebuttal that Miss Marshall decided the contest for the affirmative. Brown proved himself to be a good speaker. Miss Spaulding made several criticisms that were right to the point, and which the club should take to heart, namely, regarding "mud-slinging" and length of speeches. The club now has twenty-nine enrolled members, while the attendance at this meeting was close upon fifty.

EXCHANGES

We gladly welcome two new exchanges this month — Ye Tatler and The Item (Dorchester), both of which are exceptionally attractive and entertaining, not only in appearance but in variety and choice of material. We heartily approve of an article or two in each number of a paper, that is not fiction but interesting information of things often unknown. A noticeable difference in the two papers, however, is that the Tatler contains a very good Exchange column, while the Item has none.

Enterprise, where is your Exchange column?

May we suggest to the Dansville High School Mirror and the Salem Advance that they speak to their publishers about the poor print. The print of the Advance is certainly the fault of the publisher. The Mirror's may be only a lack of proofreading.

The Vexillum so far has fulfilled our expectations in that it has continually improved from its first good number. We agree with your editorial on athletics and wish that more of the English spirit might be in our own American games. Our motto seems to be "Win at any cost"; that of our English friends, "Sport for sport's sake, and win if you can."

For bright, amusing locals, the Dayton High School Times surely comes off with flying colors, for she has tried (that is, more than most of us do), and has succeeded.

Other exchanges we gratefully acknowledge this month are: Cambridge Review, Dragon, Glazebrook-Rumford Bulletin, Penn Charter Magazine, E. H. S. Record, Recorder, Southern Workman, Trinity Tripod, Westminster Review, Williams Record.

Shooting and Fishing, a New York magazine, has been converted into Arms and the Man, a paper with a better cover, and of smaller size, but containing better material in stories, editorials, and articles of every day interest to the sportsman.

II Eng. C. Miss Ingram — "Whom do we always associate with Leander?"

Bright pupil — "Lulu!"

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Gretchen — Mother, in the milk pail was a dead mouse.

Mother — Well, hast thou it thereout taken?

Gretchen — No, I have the cat therein thrown. —Ex.

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Volume 13 APRIL, 1907 Number 6

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
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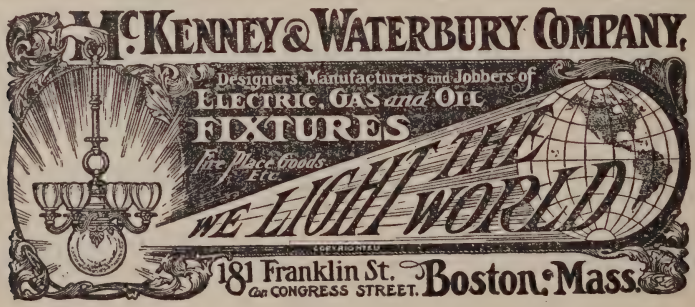


THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII APRIL, 1907 NUMBER 6

Editorials

SPRING IS HERE! The poet writeth of the greening grass and of the budding trees; the minstrel singeth of the birds and flowers; the newspaper chronicleth the appearance of the first robin. Once more papa sigheth over the bill for Easter millinery; once more the student searcheth out his straw hat that he may see whether it shall do for yet another season; and once again appeareth the youth with pumps upon his feet. Again we say "Spring is here!" Yea, verily. And even THE SAGAMORE displayeth green upon its cover.

WE want a new cover for our graduation number, and we want all of you who have any talent at all with the pen, pencil, or brush to submit designs. Have your design done in black ink on white paper proportional to the size of the cover. Make it not too elaborate: as a rule a simple design is more effective than a complex one; and have it embody the idea of graduation. The drawings must do done by May 15th.

FOR a while it looked very doubtful indeed whether or not we should have a crew this year. Work in the construction of the new Charles River Dam has made it temporarily impossible to use the B. A. A. or the Union Boat Club houses. At a meeting of the Interscholastic Rowing Association, however, it was voted to apply to the City of Boston for permission to moor floating houses in the river. This petition was granted, and thereby it became possible to provide for the annual interscholas-

tic races. There is an additional expense of sixty dollars to each school to pay for these boat-houses; but as the athletic association, in view of the splendid work of last year's boat, has already granted part of this amount to Capt. Le Royer, with proper support from the school, there is now nothing further in the way of our producing a second championship crew.

THE annual dramatics have been under way for some time, and at present writing it is expected that the performance will be given on the evening of April 18th. The play this year is more of a school affair than has been the usual custom, and the cast of characters includes representatives from all four classes of the school, and from the alumni. The play, of course a comedy, is presented in three acts and is guaranteed to produce a laugh on the average of once a minute, or your money will be refunded at the box-office (if you can find one). The mandolin club will perform between the acts, and the play will be followed by informal dancing. This is the social event of the season at the High School, and always fills the hall. So everybody come early, get a seat, and have a good time.

WHO will be next year's Editor? It is time for you to begin to think about it. The Faculty bases its selection in good part upon your English work, and upon the matter you submit for THE SAGAMORE during the year. Perhaps you think we are looking a long way ahead. Well, we are. But do you realize that so far only a very few from the class of 1908 have done any writing for THE SAGAMORE, and that there are only two more issues to be filled by the school? The last issue is the graduation number and belongs exclusively to 1907. Be alive, '08, or there may be a Junior Editor appointed.

THE subjects for the Murray Kay essays have been posted for some time. Here is another competition; true, not one of an athletic nature, but one of brains against brains, and one surely worth while striving for. The victor in this contest

should be as proud, or prouder, of his work than any athlete that ever won cup or medal. To achieve success in a battle of brains is an accomplishment many times greater than winning over an opponent by mere strength or force. En avant!

THE DEBATING CLUB

THE debating club held its seventh discussion of the year in Room 10, March 7th. The question was an interesting one: "Resolved, That the United States Navy should be materially increased at once." Kenney and Mahoney led the affirmative, while Hann and Phelan supported the negative. The majority of the speakers in expressing their opinions upheld the negative side of the subject, declaring that the time will come when there will be no need of a navy. But in point of argument Mr. Snow, the judge of the day, clearly demonstrated that the affirmative deserved the victory. Kenney and Kellogg were the best speakers at this meeting. Miss Johnson confined her criticisms principally to pronunciation and grammar.

The eighth debate was on the question: "Resolved, That the United States Senators should be elected by the people" The affirmative was supported by Wodell and Driscoll, the negative by Stern and MacMillan. Miss Moulton, acting as judge, awarded the palm to the affirmative; although the club vote favored the negative. Mr. Snow offered an entertaining criticism showing the similarity of geometry and debate. Stern and Wodell were the star speakers.

We all enjoyed Miss Maconichie's reading from Barrie's "A Window in Thrums." It was excellently done, and we hope to hear her again.

With baby-blue eyes, and a childlike expression,
Our angel, Bill Howe, plies his worthy profession,
The cute little pranks that he dotes on performing
Are merely amusing, and rarely(?) alarming.

A 'POSSUM HUNT

A TALE OF THE SOUTH

IT was going to be an old-time winter. There was no doubt about that. The frost had come early, and that meant persimmons, wild grapes, nuts, sugar cane, and last, but not least, 'possums. For miles and miles around, the level cotton-field sparkled with a new white covering in the early morning sun as it came up from behind the leafless rigid trees. The broken corn-stalks formed heaps of brown and silver which were trodden upon by horses, mules and cows in their eager search for food. Every morning the naughty gray squirrel might be seen in his bran new suit, with head cocked to one side looking happily down, from a pecan tree, at a crowd of little pickaninnies and a drove of "razor back hogs" who were in trouble as to which were entitled to the first few nuts, fallen during the preceding night. A flock of black wild ducks with bright green heads swam up the Yazoo to seek frogs and insects hidden under fallen logs along the low banks.

On a morning similar to the one I have just described word came that we were to meet at Mr. Talbot's for a much talked of 'possum hunt. The messenger was Cæsar, a kinky headed colored boy, poking along on an old white mule seemingly unimpressed by his important errand. Naturally this news caused great excitement among us boys, however. The day dragged slowly, but at last night came, just the night for a hunt, cold, brisk and bright as day. We were a jolly crowd of boys as we started out from Mr. Talbot's. Old Uncle Ned, a colored man who had hunted 'possums long before the war, helped make up our party. We never went hunting without Uncle Ned for he knew exactly where we could tree the best 'possums; or, failing in that, he could tell us some of the ghost stories he was fond of relating and believed in firmly.

After walking a mile we crossed a stream, the town limit, and entered the woods. The dogs had gone before and were barking as they ran, which was a sure sign they were on the track. We all followed blowing our horns loud enough to scare any 'possum, but who ever heard of a crowd of boys off for such sport without

horns? Jack was a good runner and kept close up with the dogs, but too much haste is always bad policy and so it proved with Jack. We saw him run down a small hill and jump into what seemed a pile of dry leaves, but alas! instead of the breaking and crackling of dried brush we heard an awful splash and we reached the top of the hill just in time to see Jack, dripping wet, crawl dejectedly up the bank. We boys quickly built a fire that he might dry his clothes, and in a short time we were ready to start again. During this exciting chase we had lost all track of Uncle Ned. Now we saw him on the other side of the stream, trying to quiet the hounds. He called over to us:

"Lor chilen, hur'y an' git over her'! dis her' 'possum nigh 'bout got 'way! Lorsy, hur'y! if it ain't two, as show you bo'n!"

We lost the remaining exclamations as we rushed about for a log or shallow place in the creek on which to cross. As we came up to Uncle Ned he seemed to be playing an exciting game of "Puss in the Corner" all by himself, for he ran back and forth between a big, hollow hickory and a pine sapling, shouting to the dogs:

"Sick 'em, Sport!" "Ketch 'em, Jeff!"

We quickly judged that a 'possum must be in each tree. Cæsar, who had followed us, made a dive for the hollow tree, and crawled into the big, black hole before we could drag him away. We all feared the dogs had treed a cub or panther, which had proven to be the case in many instances. Cæsar, however, was up the pine in a surprisingly short space of time for him. As our monkey-like climber neared the top of the swaying tree, the 'possum—for, sure enough, there he was—slowly swung to the next tree. This was very unexpected in the 'possum; for they always pretend they are asleep when nearly captured. We followed him with keen, anxious eyes, as he skilfully made his way from one tree to the other, until he reached the hickory. Here he slid cautiously down the hollow. Now we had them both in the same tree, much to our surprise and joy. As we took turns with the axe, the old tree fell quickly to the ground with a heavy crash. The 'possums had nestled close together, and now, according to their custom, remained perfectly quiet. As Uncle Ned

put them, without further difficulty, in his bag, a happy grin broke over his face, and he said:

"Lor' bles you all, ef we ain't got 'em now."

Soon we heard the hounds, on our right, barking furiously. We started in that direction, and thought it strange when we saw Uncle Ned and Cæsar suddenly stop. On coming nearer we saw that the dogs were in a graveyard. We boys hurried after the dogs, thinking Uncle Ned and Cæsar would follow. After trying every way to shake the 'possum out of an enormous large oak, which was impossible to climb, we slowly and sadly retreated, admitting our defeat, although not before we had called to Uncle Ned, more emphatically than politely, to bring the axe. Returning, we found Uncle Ned outside the cemetery, muttering some words to himself about "dat fool nigger boy, Cæsar, aint never gwine hav' no sense 'bout nut'in. Hit 'peared dreckly after you all wuz in de grav'yard dat he got so skeered; land, he seed sperits walkin' 'round up dar. I 'clar, befo' I cotch a grip on 'em, dat feller bust out hollerin', drap'ed de bag and teck to runnin'," he said, half apologetically.

We cheered Uncle Ned some by telling him that the 'possums in his bag were big, fat fellows, and would make a fine Sunday dinner, stuffed with chestnuts and baked with sweet potatoes.

This promising dinner was far from quieting Uncle Ned, however, for he still went on talking:

"I sho' rec'on to ketch dat boy, but I wuz tuk'en wid a mis'ry in meh sid', an' I had to tote de bag, so I jes waited for you 'uns."

We accepted the apology with a laugh, knowing well that Cæsar was not the only one who dared not enter a cemetery at night.

As it was growing late, we started back for Mr. Talbot's, hoping to tree another 'possom on the way. Walking along a small boggy path, we came to a cane-brake divided by the path we were traveling. The long, bushy canes were very thick and reached high above our heads. Stumbling along, we were obliged to feel our course, for it was growing darker and darker. When about half way through, our surroundings became more familiar,

and Uncle Ned was giving us one of the old-time "corn-field yells", when suddenly we heard the unearthly screams of a man and the low, angry growl of a wild beast, followed by a great commotion in the brake. We boys turned quickly toward the uproar, and just then Cæsar rushed out of the cane and fell prostrate at our feet. A big black bear followed him. When the bear saw us he made a wild rush for one of the hounds, which was barking fiercely at him. Before any of us could strike, he grabbed Sport in his front paws, and quicker than I can write poor old Sport fell limply to the ground. Jack, always cool, struck the weary animal a fierce blow on the head with his ax. The bear staggered a few steps, then fell dead a short distance from where Cæsar still lay trembling in the path. After attending to the cuts and scratches which we had received, and with Cæsar more scared than hurt, we once more started for Mr. Talbot's house, which we reached in the course of an hour.

As we neared the large, white house, we saw lights streaming from the broad windows. Our shouts brought the girls to the gallery. So we lingered, telling of the bear, the 'possums, and how Jack jumped into the creek,—when we heard the good old tune "Dixie." That sound could not be ignored; and the 'possum hunt, which had introduced us most unexpectedly to other game than 'possums, ended in merry dancing to the inspiring strains of Uncle Ned's fiddle, until the white light of the night faded into the gray of dawn. M. P. '08

Dr. Barnes, who recently spoke to us on Abraham Lincoln, has been appointed Department Chaplain of the Grand Army.

The Sagamore Board had pictures taken at the Jordan Studio, Saturday, March 9th.

NEWTON REVIEW, where have you disappeared? You haven't adorned our desk for two months.

PINKERTON CRITIC, to say the least, your cover is not neat with last year's month and date blotted out and this year's printed above.

A KNIGHT OF THE WILD

L. GORDON GLAZIER, '07

'WAY up in northern Luzon there is a little village that goes by the name of Calabanga. Calabanga is a typical Philippine town. The old Spanish mission, a small stone structure, is the center from which the life of the village radiates; and gathered around it are the thatch-roofed huts of the natives, elevated on bamboo poles to guard against invasion by tarantulas and reptiles, as well as by the razor-back hogs which run at large in great numbers. A few hundred yards to the west the muddy Balasig flows with seeming reluctance on its way to the China Sea. To the east rise some high, rocky hills. Whichever way one looks, the edge of the vast, intricate jungle shows a dirty green through the haze.

The tropical sun high overhead radiates a fierce, stifling heat. Other than the sentries posted around the town, not a sign of human life is visible, for the men of K company, 22d United States Infantry, are sleeping in the mission after a weary night's march. As for the natives, they have long since fled, at the heralded approach of the terrible Americanos.

Slowly, monotonously, Private Wallace paced his post, number seven, down by the river. It was a secluded spot, for jutting promontories of rock enclosed the little beach on both sides, effectively hiding it from the men on posts six and eight. He was intermittently grumbling, in true soldier fashion, at the fate which had led K company on this nerve and body-racking expedition, and wondering what Lieutenant Bowers would do now that the alleged nest of insurgents had turned out to be a deserted, peaceful village. Suddenly his soldier instincts of impending danger were aroused.

Across the river—about a hundred yards wide at this point,— a little brown man appeared carrying a dugout not much longer than his body. This he launched, and embarking in the frail thing he plied his double-end paddle in short lightning-like strokes. Wallace raised his "Krag" to his shoulder but as no more men appeared, and he reflected that there was no need to

raise an unnecessary alarm, he did not fire. The little canoe came straight toward him until within a short distance of the shore, when its occupant brought it to a stop. Depositing the paddle across his knees he held up his hands and grinned, to show that he was unarmed, while he ejaculated "Amingo". Then he pointed toward the shore. Wallace nodded consent, whereupon the boatman skilfully landed. As he stood up Wallace saw he was an Ilocan, not much over five feet in height, although his shoulders were very broad, and well developed muscles stood out all over his body. He wore the scanty attire of the boloman. From his little boat he took a long and narrow basket of native reedwork, and exhibited it to the sentinel's curious gaze. On it were attractively arrayed several varieties of tropical fruit.

Wallace was sorely tempted; the fruit looked luscious and he was very hungry. For a Spanish coin or two he knew the feast would be his. It was against orders, of course, but—he glanced cautiously around; then lowering his rifle, put his hand in his pocket for the money. Instantly the Ilocan drew a two-foot bolo from underneath the basket. With a lithe and powerful swing he was upon the soldier, and before the latter could cry out his head was nearly severed from his body by a strong swing of the keen-edged weapon.

Dropping his bolo, the savage ran noiselessly through the woods toward a hut on the edge of the village. As he approached he uttered a peculiar low, bird-like call, and in answer a girl appeared at the doorway. She was not tall, albeit exquisitely proportioned. Her pose revealed in every curve that she was a daughter of the wild, despite her semi-civilized attire.

A second she hesitated, then neglecting the ladder, leaped lightly to the ground. The two ran towards the river with all the grace and fleetness of deer. Suddenly the cry "Halt!", followed by the report of a rifle, broke the stillness, and a steel-jacketed bullet buried itself in a tree just behind them. The effect was instantaneous. The sergeant of the guard with the relief tumbled out of the mission, rifle in hand, and ran towards post six, from which the shot had sounded. The trumpeter sounded "To arms" and the suddenly awakened men fell into line.

Meanwhile the savages had reached the shore unscathed. The man launched the little canoe and imperatively ordered the girl to embark. Again she hesitated, for she knew it would carry but one,—but only for a moment. In an instant she was in the canoe, plying the paddle with the skill of an expert, and drew away from the shore just as the sergeant and his squad broke through the woods. The boloman had accomplished his purpose—he had rescued her from these "torturing, terrible Americanos", who, he had been told, ate their victims.

The sergeant took in the situation at a glance: the body of the sentry lying on the beach, the quickly departing canoe and its occupant, and the boloman diving into the river.

"Quick, boys, don't let the blamed hathen git away; don't you see what he's done to Wallace?"

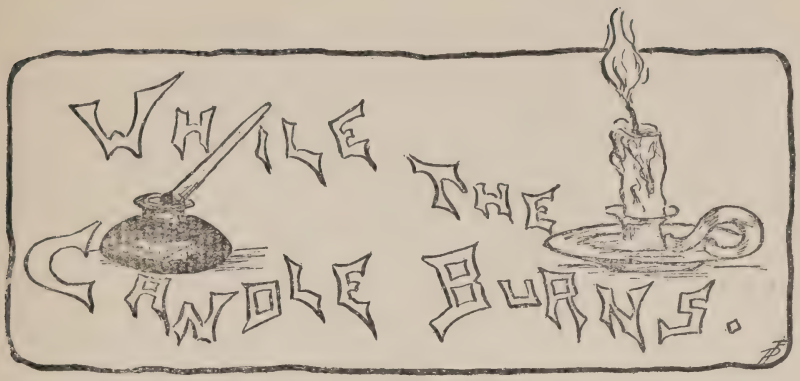
A dozen shots rang out and a bobbing head sank beneath the water. The knight of the forest had won his reward.

"I am afraid," said an actor when a cabbage came within an inch of his nose, "that someone has lost his head."

"Yes, they irrigate in Colorado by planting onions with potatoes. The onions make the potatoes' eyes water and water helps vegetation." (Get a hook and jerk him down.) —Ex.

Willie conquered higher math.
And then o'er learning's flowery path,
Rushed along at an awful rate.
Ain't he cute? he's only eight!

The Freshie burning his midnight oil,
The Junior going to some gay ball,
The Senior planning some teacher to foil,
Ah! but the Sophomore, best of all,
Sleeping the sleep of honest toil. —Ex.



AN EPISODE OF THE NORTHWEST

THE quiet, dismal night of Northwestern Canada was rapidly coming on, and a traveller was already beginning to pitch camp. That he was no novice at the occupation might readily be seen from the rapidity with which he pitched his square of canvas against an overhanging rock, and collected dry pine twigs for the fire, which was soon burning brightly. Then, having melted some snow in a small tin dipper over the fire, he unpacked his knapsack for his evening meal.

"Halt! who goes there?" He had barely begun to eat his supper, when, at the sudden crackling of a dry twig, he had snatched up his rifle. At the same time, a tall, magnificently proportioned Indian calmly walked up to the fire, and with the customary "How," spread out his hands to warm them at the blaze.

"Black Eagle hungry," he said in answer to a question directed to him. "Travel far, all day. No have fire."

The white man immediately set his knapsack before him. The Indian ate sparingly, then straightened up, and with a "Black Eagle no forget white brother," he was gone. Quite used to the ways of the Indian, the white man showed no surprise, and putting together his camp utensils, turned in for the night.

. . . . . .

"Here Hal, bring on the hash, we're almost starved." It was

Sergeant Norris of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, who, with a few of his men, had just entered.

"It's funny where that redskin Black Eagle went to," said the Sergeant, after having partaken of a generous amount of the "hash" referred to. "I thought him cornered or starved out, but he slipped off somehow, and probably by this time he's on his way north. By the way, Gordon, you didn't see anything of a big six foot buck last night, did you?"

"What did he do?" asked Gordon, our traveller of the night before, ignoring the Sergeant's question.

"Oh! he bored a neat little hole in Bad Pete's brain day before yesterday. It was all Pete's fault, he tried to run off with Black Eagle's squaw or something. Don't blame the redskin a bit, but then we've got to uphold the law, you know. But the chase is hopeless and,— Oh! going now? 'Yes?'—well, here's good luck to you on that prospecting trip."

Gordon had risen from the table, and after paying the innkeeper, put on his coat and went out.

. . . . . .

Five years had gone by and Leslie Gordon, as he pitched his camp under the same rock as on that night five years ago, thought of Black Eagle and how he had helped him. But what a difference there was now in his affairs. Then, he was starting out as a prospector, fairly well off, full of youthful buoyancy and hope; now, a sadder and wiser man, he was returniug home disappointed, to acknowledge his defeat. But physical weariness soon overcame his thoughts, and he turned in for the night.

When day broke the next morning, Gordon, on packing his things together, found a clear trail of moccasined feet in the soft snow, leading away from the camp through the woods. Near by, an arrow was cut in the bark of a tree, pointing in the direction of the trail. Following some impulse, he knew not what, Gordon hurriedly broke camp and started out in the direction indicated by the arrow. About noon he arrived at the end of his journey. On a small hillock the earth had been torn off, disclosing a mag-

nificent lead of gold-bearing quartz. With a cry of "Success!" Gordon threw himself forward. Black Eagle had remembered his white brother. G. C. K. '07

WHO KNOWS

'TWAS midnight! Darkness and a heavy fog rolled in over the city of London. The streets were deserted, for no one dared venture out in blackness so impenetrable as that on the night of September 20th, 1889. Even the east side was strangely quiet. There was no roar of crowded trams, no gay laughter nor animated talk as on other nights. The lights, the only cheerful objects, tried to pierce through the dense mist, but only succeeded in making tiny, wavering specks, ghost-like, on the empty streets.

The fog seemed thickest in Hackney Road, the lights here having entirely faded, and all was dark and drear. In one of the wretched doorways three sleeping street gamins were huddled closely together, trying to gain some warmth from the damp steps. Opposite them, a man stole stealthily along, bent on some guilty errand.

At the farther end of this short street stood a small, tumbled-down house, black with age, unoccupied; at least it had been unoccupied up to about seven o'clock, when the fog first set in; but for several hours a figure had been crouched, in a huddled mass, near a window on the second floor. Slowly and indistinctly, through the fog, could be heard the chimes of Westminster striking midnight. The creature raised its head, looked out into the fog and shiveringly drew back. A moment later the rickety stairs creaked under an unaccustomed weight, and a man of wretched appearance passed out the door and into the fog. He slowly staggered up the street, clinging to the damp houses. He had gone but a short distance when he stumbled and fell, his head striking sharply against a stone step. He lay stunned for a moment, raised himself slightly with an effort, and then fell back again, muttering: "I'se done my best, Patty; I'se done my best; 'twarn't much. Guess it's all over now; my work's done. Don't

think unkindly of me, Patty, I'se—" His head fell back, the hand gave one convulsed grasp, then all was over.

. . . . . .

Another drama had been enacted; another mystery stood unrevealed; and the great city still lay slumbering under its dense cloud of fog. M. C. P. '09.

MY WATERLOO

HAVING labored with the department of modern languages for no less than three happy years, naturally I had a very good opinion of my qualities as a linguist, and because I was inspired by this pride I experienced my greatest shame.

This is the story:

We spend the summer months in the Province of Quebec, and as the French-Canadian predominates there, I always have several excellent chances to show off my French, that would make my beloved instructor's heart swell with pride (if he could hear me). The only obstacles to my schemes to advertise my school and teacher were that not all the natives are French, and that those who do belong to that nation have been in America so long that their French has changed into a dialect, and when one speaks to them in pure French, like mine, they don't understand.

However, one day we had taken a rather long canoe trip, and had engaged a man and a wagon to meet us at the priest's boat-house in a certain little village, which was situated on a lake, to cart our canoe the three or four miles which separated us from home. We arrived in good time at the village, but were unable to pick out the particular boat-house for which we were seeking. Spying some little boys on the shore, we turned toward them, and I, in my proud haste, assumed the position of spokesman, and rushed blindly into the trap which lay open before me.

Airing my French with much pride, I asked: "Ou est le hangar a bateaux de Monsieur le pretre?" To which one of the urchins replied, with painful hesitation, after a moment of staring at me with mouth wide open, "We do speak not ze English, Monsieur!" O. A. '07.

CONCERT

BY THE LOCKER ROOM QUARTET—BENEFIT B. H. S. A. A.

Miss Sophia Brown, High Soprano (height 6 ft. 4in.)
Miss Curly Stevens, Alto (sometimes)
Mr. Buster Clune. Tenor (very rich quality)
Mr. Chick Floyd, Basso (slightly profundo)

I.—SELECTION. Mary's Lamb. Words and Music by Mr. Floyd. Rendered FF throughout.

"Mary had a little lamb
A-feeding by the well.
He ate a stick of dynamite
And blew her all to—little pieces!"

II.—CHANT. Down with King Alcohol. Ably led by Miss Stevens. Author unknown. Music composed on the spot by the Quartet.

"We're coming, we're coming, this brave little band!
On the right side of temp'rance we now take our stand.
We don't use tobacco because we do think
That those who do use it are liable to drink."
CHORUS: "Down with King Alcohol
A-a-a-men!"

III.—SONG AND DANCE. By Miss Brown and Mr. Clune.

"And he walked right in,
And he turned around,
And he walked right out again—"

Program at this point interrupted by a shower of shoes, sneakers, pieces of soap, snowballs, books, etc. Miss Brown, whose sensitive nature will not stand for such a display of enthusiasm, retires in disgust, and the quartet is forced to disband.

[To the Tune of Tammany.]

Geometry, Geometry,
First you draw the figure's base,
Then the whole 'darn' thing erase;
Geometry, Geometry,
D prime, A prime, R prime, N prime,
Geometry.

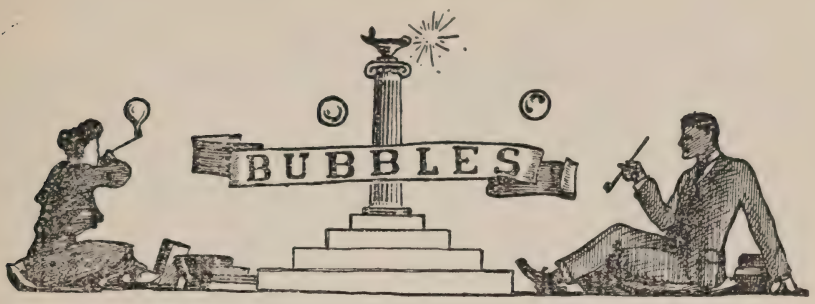
THE COMING OF SPRING

GRACE ALLEN, '07.

ON a sunbeam, dancing bright,
Speeds a fairy prince of might;
Far into the shady dell,
Answering to the silv'ry bell
Of the snowdrop, pure and white,
Rides he on his steed of light.
Through the forest, dark and drear,
Shedding forth a radiant cheer;
Hovering in the air above,
Soft he whispers of his love.
Then the little snowdrop sighs—
Lo! transformed her fair disguise;
For the great enchanter, Frost,
All his mystic power has lost;
And this monarch's wintry reign
By their love is rent in twain.
Now a queenly maiden fair,
Her only crown her sunlight hair,
Sparkling with gems of dazzling hues,
Gathered by fairies amidst the dews.
Forth she steps and greets her king,
While the birds, her heralds, sing,
And the flowers their tribute bring,
For on earth again 'tis Spring.

After spending the greater part of the rehearsal hunting stray couples who preferred the protecting shade of the blackboard to the glare of the footlights, the coach threw up his hands in disgust and remarked: "Say, what do you people think this is—Riverside?"

They tell us that a bachelor is forced to wear skirts in Korea, and cannot don trousers until he marries.



Mr. Lowman: "Hurry up, Kyle! For goodness' sake—you'll be slow getting into heaven some day."

Miss Spaulding (referring to Dante's Inferno): "Satan is really delightful." The class is noticeably pleased and a unanimous sigh of relief arises.

Mr. Brooks: "All Gaul is quartered into three parts." One might suggest that Mr. Brooks have a few private lessons with Professor Case.

Mr. Case: "Morrison, does 4 plus 3 equal 7?"

Morrison (after a moment's deliberation): "Ah - h, yes sir!"

Miss Marshall: "Has anyone a heart (Hart's History) that isn't in use?"

Miss Marshall, we direct you to the butcher shop.

Miss Adams revels in nautical terms. Speaking of a ship, she said it had "several stories underground." And we live on the coast! However, she may not be so much of a "landlubber" as some of us.

Gordon: "I just can't express it in English."

Dr. Roberts: "An explanation in Latin will suffice."

You can't beat the Doctor. Just put that in your bonnet!

Miss Adams: "Think it out on your feet."

It is customary to carry out that process in the head.

Given as theme subject: "Many are called but few are chosen."

Clune's paraphrase: "Many are cold but few are frozen."

You are right, John!

Miss Johnson: "Give me a definition of 'overture' ".
Niles: "An overture means a proposal."
Miss Johnson: "Very well; I accept Niles' proposal."
Oh how sudden!

Miss Liden (to noisy class): "If you wish to consider yourselves of the order of the lower animals, you may keep up that noise." The abatement was immediate.

Mr. Packard: "Our eyelashes are just like the gutter on a house." A beautiful simile.

Miss Turner (I Greek): "They washed the tents in bed." How lazy!

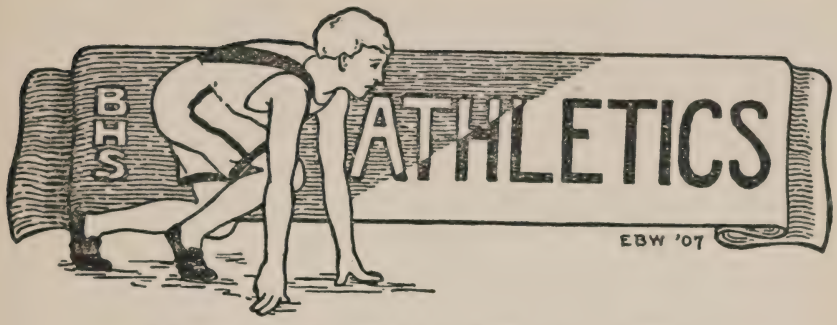
I English B. Teacher: "Why was Lycidas' bier watery?"
Treadwell (suddenly coming to life): "Oh! Why, beer is always wet."
On the same subject one of our shining students has culled this from his cranium: "We discover that pure food laws were not enforced until Milton's time, for Milton himself speaks of "watery bier."

Teacher to IV French pupil: "What's the matter?
Pupil (squirming): "There's something in my chair; I think it must be electricity." Now do you suppose it could have been a tack? See the point?

Miss Spaulding: —"What is the second person plural future of iubeo?"
Pupil: —"iu — iu —"
Miss Spaulding (in helpful mood): —"You baby!"—(iubebi.)

Floyd—Roman History—"The Commons' votes weren't worth—"
Miss Frye, impatiently—"Yes. Weren't worth a—what?"
Floyd—evidently embarassed—"Were n't worth a–er a—"
Miss Frye, hastily "Were n't worth anything! Go on!"

Verlieben—to fall in love with. Sich verloben—to be engaged to. Verheiraten—to marry. And Miss Adams says that the prefix ver gives a bad meaning to a word.



LOST—THE TRIANGULAR MEET

IN the Newton drill hall, Feb. 26, Brookline lost the track championship by eleven points. The meet was fast and exciting, and well managed; but Brookline could not expect to win with three stars out of the running on account of studies. It's a shame the fellows in this school have not spirit enough to stay in nights and study a little. Things started in well when Boyd won the 30-yard dash in the fast time of 3 4-5ths seconds; Newton got the other places. In the 300-yards dash a Cambridge and Newton runner boxed Boyd on the first corner, and before he could get out Porter had a safe lead, and won by three yards; time, 38 1-5th secs. Newton now led by one point, 9-8. In the high jump, Chandler and Dunbar did some plucky work, but Porter won at 5 feet 5 3-8ths inches, with Chandler second. In the 1000 yards run, Carey of Newton took the lead, with Mahoney second. Cooley trailed along in third place for a couple of laps. trying to keep in front of a Cambridge runner. On the fifth lap, Mahoney dropped to third, and Carey began to hit it up a little. The last two laps brought the grand stand to an uproar, but Cooley could not get by, and finished second; Mahoney third. In the 30-yard hurdles there was some exciting finishes. Cady won his trial heat, but lost the final by inches. Much praise was heard when Charlie Hann put the 12-pound shot far beyond the others, and Cady surprised himself and jolted Porter by winning second place from the latter. In the 600-yard dash, much hope

was pinned on K. White, but Mahoney set too stiff a pace for him and won, while Close, of Cambridge, got second; time, 1.26 2-5ths. This event decided the meet for Newton. Cady led off for Brookline in the relay race, but could not pass Porter, although he kept right behind him. S. White passed Burrage behind the grand stand, but struck the edge of the track on the third corner and fell, losing about ten yards, of which Lally made up five. Marston could not gain much on Tower. Table of points:

	Newton	Brookline	Cambridge Latin
30-yard dash,	4	5	0
30-yard hurdles,	6	3	0
300-yard dash,	5	3	1
600-yard dash,	6	0	3
1000-yard run,	6	3	0
High jump,	6	3	0
Shot put,	1	8	0
Relay race,	5	3	0
Totals,	39	28	4

RELAY RACE--B. H. S. VS. MALDEN HIGH.

In the annual school-boy meet, Brookline easily defeated Malden high, and, as the time proved, could have defeated most of the other teams there. Volkmann school smashed its own record to 3min. 11sec., and Brookline's time was second best, at 3m. 19sec. Seligman led off from the pole position, but after the first corner his opponent sprinted into the lead. Seligman was contented to act as trailer until the third lap, when he cut loose and opened a gap of twenty yards, which was not greatly increased. Cooley aud Daniels kept up a good pace all through, and Boyd did some pretty running. Distance, 1560 yards; time, Brookline 3m. 19sec., M. H. S. 3min. 27sec.

RELAY RACE—B. H. S. VS. STONE'S SCHOOL.

February 21, at the Lawrence Light Guard meet, Medford, the Brookline relay team defeated Stone's school by about half a lap. Seligman had the pole and got the first corner. For three laps he kept his opponent from passing him, and on the fourth let loose and gave Cooley about ten yards. The second man

tired, and Cooley gave Daniels about 15 yards, which he increased to 25. Boyd could have easily made the lead 35, but he slowed down on the last corner. This makes the fourth annual victory for Brookline at this meet.

BASKET BALL

On Friday, February 15, the III. Class girls' basket ball team met that of the IV. Class in a game which resulted in a victory for the freshmen. The teams were made up as follows:

1910—Misses Tucker and Head, goal; Misses Cooley and Driscoll (Rogers (capt.), guards; Misses McLaughlin, Douglass and Phillips, centres.

1909—Misses MacMillan and Demerritt (capt.), goals; Misses Studley and Webb, guards; Misses Swift, Newcomb (Smith) and Sweinfurth, centres.

Score—1910, 22: 1909, 5. Goals—Miss Tucker 6, Miss Head 4, Miss DeMerritt 2. Free goals—Miss Tucker 1, Miss Head 1, Miss DeMerritt 1.

On Wednesday, Feb. 20, 1908 defeated 1909 in a hard luck game for the Sophomores. The teams were very unevenly matched, the Juniors having every advantage, but the lower class played a good game considering the odds against them. The teams were made up as follows:

1908—Misses Cunniffe and Page (McCue) goals; Misses Johnson and McCue (Thielscher) guards; Misses Stephenson (capt.), Jacobs and Brennan centres.

1909—Misses MacMillan (Newcomb) and DeMerritt (capt.) goals; Misses Webb (MacMillan) and Studley, guards; Misses Swift, Moran (Horgan) and Smith (Sweinfurth) centres.

Score—1908, 42; 1909, 8. Goals—Miss Cunniffe 16, Miss Page 4, Miss McCue 1, Miss DeMerritt 3, Miss MacMillan 1.

The final games were played on Wednesday, Feb. 29, when the Juniors won over the Freshmen. A splendid game was played by 1908 in the first half, and although weakening slightly in the last half brought the score to 26-17 in their favor. Exceptionally good playing was done by 1910 during the entire game. The teams were made up as follows:

1908—Misses Cunniffe and Thielscher, goals; Misses Johnson and McCue guards; Misses Stephenson (capt.), Jacobs and Palmer, centres.

1910—Misses Tucker and Head, goals; Misses Rogers (capt.) (Driscoll) and Breck (Shephard), guards; Misses Shephard (Breck), Douglass (Daley) and Page, centres.

Score—1908. 26; 1910, 17. Goals—Miss Cunniffe 11, Miss Thielscher 2, Miss Tucker 4, Miss Head 3. Free goals—Miss Tucker 2, Miss Head 1.

There seems to have been no class spirit or loyalty among the majority of the girls of 1909, and in consequence the team was far below the standard.

It is hoped that the girls of this class will show interest enough to try for the team next season, and thus make victory possible.

B. H. S. VS. WELLESLEY HIGH

In the game with Wellesley, our opponents had their revenge for the walloping administered to them by the base ball team last spring. Brookline played very poorly, and was outclassed at all points of the game. Marshall was the star for Wellesley, while Emerson did best work for B. H. S.

WELLESLEY	Goals	Fouls	B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls
Sleeper, l.f.	2		r.g. Stevens	2	
Whitney, r.f.	3	2	Floyd		
Seagrave, c.	4		l.g. Emerson		
Marshall, l.g.	10		c. Brown		
Parker, r.g.	1		r.f. Clune	1	1
			l.f. Kenrick		

Score—Wellesley 42, B. H. S. 7. Referee—Lowman. Timer—Sanford. Attendance 100. Time 15 aud 20 minute halves.

B. H. S. VS. THAYER ACADEMY

Brookline wound up the season with a win over Thayer Academy. The play on the whole was rather dull and uninteresting, numerous fouls being called. Brookline's team play was a little better than usual, and the shooting was much more accurate. Kenrick and Clune played an excellent game, and A. Alden did some hard work for his team. Thayer gave an excellent example of school spirit, fully fifty rooters, boys and girls, following the team and doing their best to cheer it to victory.

B. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	THAYER	Goals	Fouls
Clune l.f	4	2	r.g. Crocker	1	
Kenrick r.f.	3		b.g. Remick		
Brown c.	1	3	c. Paul	1	
Emerson l.g.			r.f. V. Alden		
Stevens, r.g.	2		l.f. A. Alden	1	8
Floyd			Brennan		

Score—B. H. S. 25, Thayer Academy 14. Referee—Daniels. Umpire—Carson. Timer—Seligman. Time—15 and 20 minute halves.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

TWO more issues for you to fill! Make good use of your vacation.

Ahoy there, 1910! Nothing from you this month?

Glad to see the response to our request for "Slams." You might draw a new head-piece for that department. Label it Splinters, or Roasts, or something on that order.

"A 'Possum Hunt" is an interesting little tale and gives us a glimpse of life in South. Miss Allen's "The Coming of Spring" is quite a remarkable bit of verse.

Miss Warren has favored us with another "Athletics" cut.

NEWS NOTES

The Mandolin Club has been enjoying some pleasant afternoons. On March 3d Blodgett provided entertainment at his home, and on March 17th the Club met at Stevens'. The Club is working hard in preparation for the dramatics, and something good is promised. The officers are: leader, Sherwood Blodgett; manager, Robert McMillan.

The following men have been awarded a B for track work: Boyd, Cooley, Hann, Cady, Seligman, Daniels. The basket-ball men to receive letters are Kenrick, Clune, Stevens, Brown, Emerson and Floyd. The team had their pictures taken March 13th, and Kenrick '08 was elected captain for next year.

Brown University has extended an invitation to the boys of the Senior Class to attend their annual Senior Banquet.

The Lincoln School defeated the Freshman 10 to 6 in the odd game of the basket-ball series.

On March 12th, Professor Arlo Bates, the well-known author and M. I. T. professor, kindly entertained III. English A with a short talk on the value of books. The class enjoyed his talk immensely.

EXCHANGES

THE literary representatives of the different schools seem to us to have improved this month (March), insomuch that all, without exception, have profited by the friendly criticisms of other exchanges, or perhaps from their own experience. They have rectified former mistakes, worked with a little more care, and as a result have published a paper better in every way. Of the old exchanges, those to be particularly commended are THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW and THE PENN CHARTER MAGAZINE. Your stories this month are good, PENN CHARTER; and REVIEW, not only is the cover of your anniversary number artistic, but the contents are interesting to all.

Now for a word about some new acquaintances. Perhaps the best is THE TOTEM, because it comes from the high school in Juneau, Alaska, and may well be patterned after by papers not so far from home. Their example may be followed in more ways than one: First, they publish but two numbers, that they may do justice to each one; then, too, the cover is unique in design and appropriate; the material also is good. May we offer one suggestion, however: that is, not to combine the editorial and the exchange columns.

Another welcome paper is the RED AND BLUE. The cover is neat, the cuts clever, and the material well arranged. But may we ask, what is the point of the introduction to the exchange article? Possibly, by not having seen the previous numbers, we are unable to get the thread of the story, or it may be we are particularly dense. The criticisms, nevertheless, show thought, and ought to be helpful.

In the Everett CRIMSON AND BLUE we noticed an article entitled "Trouble to Come," which we urge all '07 classes in English to read. It expresses our ideas exactly. If the teachers of English wish to know what we think about certain choice bits of literature, may we suggest their reading that, instead of asking us to write themes about our ideas.

"Days that Were," in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, is very

good indeed, but why not, in a paper for young people, look forward instead of backward?

The other exchanges which we are glad to acknowledge and hope to see again soon, are: Dean Academy Megaphone, Tripod, Advance, P. H. S. Argosy, E. H. S. Record, Saugus High School Advocate, Clarion, K. C. H. S. Oracle, Pingry Record, A. H. S. Tidings, Williams Record, Trinity Tripod, Jabberwock Dragon, Southern Workman, Helios, Panorama, Wesleyan Argus, Dorchester Item, and P. H. S. Item.

GRADUATE NOTES

Hayes Knapp, ex-B. H. S. '07, is at work in the linen business.

It is claimed that J. P. Schlemm, ex-'07, is also chasing the almighty dollar.

Carl E. Lincoln, B. H. S. '04, is a candidate for pitcher on Dexter's team.

Sullivan Sargent, B. H. S. '06, is out for the Harvard Freshman crew. Good luck, Sully!

W. D. Thompson, B. H. S. '03, ran on the Harvard '07 relay team in the B. A. A. Intercollegiate.

Florence Wyman, ex-B. H. S. '08, held a reception at her home recently, the occasion being her birthday.

Ashley Adams, ex-B. H. S. '09, has made his V at Volkman. He now holds the school record for the high jump.

Arthur Jones, B. H. S. '05, Horace Taylor, B. H. S. '03, and Schlemm, ex-'07, ran for the Brookline A. C. in the Cambridgeport Gym. meet.

Visitations of the stork. Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rollins on the birth of a daughter, who receives the name of Barbara. Mrs. Rollins was Helen Gooding, B. H. S. '02.

To Mr. and Mrs. Earle Potter on the birth of a son, Richard Eglee Potter. Mrs. Potter was Elvira Eglee, B. H. S. '02, and Mr. Potter graduated with the class of B. H. S. '00.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor Floyd on the birth of a son, John Taylor Floyd, Jr. Mr. Floyd was of B. H. S. '98.

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Volume 13 MAY, 1907 Number 7

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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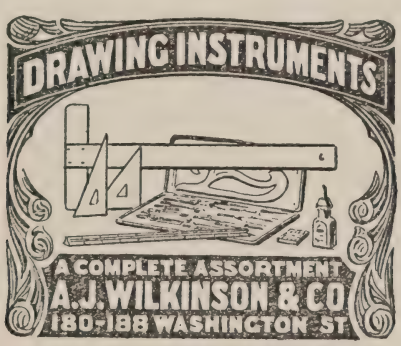

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII MAY, 1907 NUMBER 7

Editorials

NOW that the base-ball season is on it seems as though something should be done to keep the crowds out of the way of the players. At every game we are forced to pay six dollars for police to keep spectators out from underneath the players' feet; and even then, onlookers keep crowding up on the first and third base lines. Just this very fact has caused Coach Lowman to fill two-thirds of the schedule with games away from home. There was a time, two years ago, when a corps of boys was picked from the classes of the school, decorated with red ribbons, and delegated, under the command of a chief, to keep the crowd behind the lines at the football games. And this plan worked very successfully. There is no reason why such a guard could not again be organized, and in conjunction with the police keep the onlookers in their proper place and give the players a chance.

WE are deeply grateful to Eugene Allen, B. H. S. '04, and we greatly admire his display of loyalty to the school in coaching our track team this spring. This means a good deal of extra work for Mr. Allen, and we are very fortunate in being able to have his services. If a few of our other noble alumni would show half as much spirit once in a while their services would be greatly appreciated.

THE busiest time of the year is coming now. Prize-speaking time is near, the Senior dance comes May 10, Class-Day and Graduation are not far off. Outdoors, we have base ball, track, rowing, golf and tennis, and we learn that the girls are or-

ganizing a field hockey team. Surely everybody should be able to have some share in all these good times. But don't neglect the studies! It is pretty hard to buckle down at this time of the year, but better a few hours now than a few weeks next summer or a few months next year. Keep up with the procession!

THE DEBATING CLUB

AS a climax to a year of great achievement, the Debating Club held its last debate in Room 16, Thursday, April 11. The seniors took upon themselves the difficult task of opposing the whole school, upholding, as their side, the negative of the question: "Resolved, That the government of the municipal district of Boston shall be vested in a board of seven men, with full legislative and executive powers." Glazier, Kenney and Stevens composed the Senior team, while Stern, Gallert and Blake successfully defended the affirmative for the school. Stern presented his arguments in a clear and finished manner, which enabled the audience to reach a definite conclusion. Glazier offered his arguments in a forcible manner, which carried a large amount of conviction with it; but through all the rebuttals there ran a current of indefiniteness that kept the audience at sea most of the time. As a successful debate, however, none better has been seen in school in two years, all the speakers showing an ease and fluency in their bearing and speech worthy of great commendation. Stevens showed evidence of a future speaker of distinction, while Kenney demonstrated his cleverness in bringing out the weak points of the opposition and calling to mind concrete examples in his statements that were particularly effective. Blake and Gallert aided materially in the victory for their side, which was given the decision by vote of both audience and judges. President Hann was chairman, while Messrs. Case, Snow and Miller acted as judges. G. L. T. '07.

The last meeting of the year was held Thursday, April 18th, and the officers for the season of 1907-8 were elected. Newton Stern '09 will act as president, Eugene Floyd '09 as vice-president, and George Hann '08 as secretary.

THE HAZING OF "BOB" STERLING

BURNETT FLETCHER BRENNAN, '10

ROBERT STERLING was a freshman at Brookfield High School, a smiling, bland and urbane freshman; "fresh as a daisy," as the superior sophomores were wont to say; and strong as Hercules, as his admiring fellow-freshmen often proudly proclaimed.

He was of slight, wiry built, and very strong; but so exceedingly quick on his feet and so filled with sand and a desire to do his best on all occasions that the third day out for the football team, in mid-season, he won a regular position at right end over Bullard of the sophomore class. And there he played a remarkable game for the rest of the year; his plucky work helping not a little to land the championship to Brookfield High.

Now to have their star end-rush taken off the football team, and a freshman put in his place, was enough to annoy any respectable sophomore class; but when, late in December, the annual freshman-sophomore track meet arrived, and Sterling, by good, steady work in the mile run and high jump, won the large silver cup for his class, then, many of the sophomores were entirely exasperated, and three of their number, namely, Scott, Mansford, and Smith, vowed vengeance upon him.

Meeting that night at Smith's house, for four hours they proposed, suggested, debated, and pooh-poohed different plans, until finally, just as the clock in the old town hall was striking twelve, Smith submitted an idea that instantly met with the hearty approval of his friends; and when they parted that night the faces of all three wore smiles of happy, expectant self-complacency.

Next day, at recess, Sterling having to take a special Latin examination at the close of that period, had taken himself off to a very remote part of the school grounds to prepare his lessons. The place where he was ensconced was hidden from the path, which led from the school to the athletic field, by a hedge of tall lilac bushes, so that, without being observed, he clearly heard the conversation of three boys walking along the path.

"Sure Sterling is in tonight?" asked Smith.

"Yes," replied Mansford, "his kid brother told me that he always stays at home and studies Tuesdays,—great force of character, eh, fellows?

"Um— marvelous," said Scott, "but by the way, how are we going to get in?"

"Oh, that's simple enough," answered Mansford. "We will climb up the veranda post to the roof under his window, and then clamber in; nothing easier!"

They then passed on out of hearing, leaving our hero with a puzzled expression on his face, which was succeeded by a frown; and then, as a full understanding of what the three sophomores had said made its way into his fertile brain, a happy, contented look, such as the Spartans wore when going into battle, stole into his large blue eyes, and rising, he walked slowly back to the High school building.

About nine o'clock that night three figures emerged from Mansford's house, turned up Rondeau avenue, and halted near the large, old-fashioned, gray stone house where the Sterlings had lived ever since the time when Richard Sterling came over from England in his own ship. These boys had no end of bundles, robes and other articles with them, for what purpose it was impossible to imagine.

"His room seems well lighted up," remarked Mansford. "Guess he's grinding hard."

"Yes," replied Smith, gleefully, "He's certainly at home. Will you fellows do me the honor to wait down here while I ascend this post and see in which part of the room he is located?"

He climbed upward, and a few seconds later whispered down to his friends: "He seems to be sitting at a desk in the corner of the room nearest the window. I can't see him, but his shadow appears quite distinct.

"Good!" Scott answered. "Shall we come up?"

"Yes," replied Smith, "but be careful and not make a noise."

The two boys quickly joined Smith outside Sterling's window, and there they sat, or rather crouched, for full five minutes, watching his shadow on the opposite wall. At last Mansford broke the silence by the whispered inquiry: "Is the window un-

locked?" Smith tried it softly, and answered: "Of all the good luck this is the best! Unlocked, as I'm alive."

"What do you say; all ready, boys?" inquired Scott. "Then up with it and in we go." And so saying, so done. Into the room tumbled the three vengeful sophomores, only to be met by a quiet, elderly man, with a flowing white beard, who, rising slowly from his chair, said: "What do you mean, sirs, by disturbing me in this unaccountable manner?

Smith looked at Scott; Scott glanced at Mansford; Mansford stared at Smith; then they all gazed blankly at each other, each one anxiously expecting one of the other two to make some reply. Mansford finally broke up the embarrassing silence by stammering out: "Well——er—er—we—thought—that——er—we——would get Bob to come out for the hockey team."

"Why, as I understand, Robert has been practising daily with the candidates for that team,—at least that's what he told me.

"Oh, don't let Dick jolly you, sir," broke in Smith. "We didn't come for that at all. Our purpose was to ask him to come to Scott's house tomorrow evening at eight o'clock, for there is to be a meeting of the sophomore boys there."

"I thought Robert was a freshman," replied the old gentleman dryly. "What in the world can a member of the fourth class be doing at a sophomore gathering?"

For some moments there was silence in the room, the intruders being all at sea as to what was best to say. Scott then tried his hand at something plausible, and managed to straighten out matters fairly well by saying: "Mr. Sterling, the walk here in the cold has evidently affected the intellects of Dick and Bill. I will explain the true state of affairs. You see, it's like this. When we three chaps came out tonight we didn't have anything particular to do, so we thought we would come down and see Bob; and because we wanted to be a surprise party and not disturb any of the folks we decided to climb in at his window, seeing that he was probably awake and studying hard; and that is how we came to be here."

"Ah, I see," replied the old gentleman. "Well, boys, how would you like to spend the evening?"

"Any way you may suggest," said Mansford. "But where has Bob gone, please?"

"Oh, that is a secret for the time being," replied Mr. Sterling, with a twinkle in his eye. "You see, lads, he lets me into about all his secrets, and I am forced to keep them. Let's go up to the billiard room and play for a while, and then have a lunch, and perhaps by that time Robert may come in."

With this remark the old gentleman arose and conducted the boys to the handsomely appointed billiard room, and there, until about half-past ten, they enjoyed themselves with the merry and jovial host, who, by the way, won every game; in fact, his playing was remarkable, and the defeats administered to the boys would have been extremely annoying but for the geniality of the host. As the clock chimed the half-hour Mr. Sterling said: "Just wait a moment, boys, while I go down and tell Old Joe, the butler, to prepare a lunch for us."

The supposed Mr. Sterling left the room, and running down stairs with an agility that betrayed his years to be other than had been presupposed by his looks, dashed into the parlor where his father was looking over some law papers, and exclaimed as he threw off his disguise: "It's all right, Dad; I have fooled them completely up to now."

"You're a wonder, Bob," answered his father, smiling; "are they ready to come down now?"

"Yes, sir, as soon as I tell Joe to get the lunch ready. Then you and I will go up-stairs together and invite them down."

This was done; and when father and son entered the room the three sophomores, forgetting their intentions towards Bob, in turn seized his proffered hand, shaking it gladly, while Mansford said: "I think this is about the best ending to this escapade that could be possible;" and turning to Smith and Scott, he asked "What do you think about it, fellows?"

"Agreed," cried both together.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Sterling, "Our little repast is ready; let us go down and partake of it."

The party descended to the large, oak-paneled dining room,

and there had an enjoyable lunch, consisting of ice cream, cake and other dainties.

After lunch Bob showed his newly-made friends all over the house, and treated them right royally the rest of the evening; and it was not until near midnight that they parted, with many friendly words.

Thus ended the enmity between the two lower classes of Brookfield high school; for next day the three boys told their classmates the whole story.

GRADUATE NOTES

IT is pleasing to note the names of F. H. Lahee and Horace Taylor, both of B. H. S. '03, among the list of those who graduate with honor from Harvard this year. Both boys have attained either an A or a B in each of the nine courses, and at no time have they fallen below a C. Brookline has scholars as well as athletes.

Capt. "Dunnie" Dexter, of Harvard, B. H. S. '03, opened the base ball season with a home run in his first time at bat.

An engagement of interest is that of Miss Mildred Adsetts Pope, B. H. S. '00, to Edward Wynne Moore, Yale '06.

The engagement is also announced of Miss Natalie Bond, B. H. S. '05, to Brooke E. Ulman, B. H. S. '04.

Carl E. Lincoln, B. H. S. '04, has recovered from a severe attack of appendicitis. Lincoln, until taken ill, was a promising candidate for Harvard's battery.

Among the cast for the vaudeville entertainment given by the Sewall Dramatic Club, we noted the familiar names of Dana Sylvester, B. H. S. '03, and Miss Alice Bishop, B. H. S. '05.

"Pop" Wetherell, B. H. S. '04, who performed so excellently in our recent dramatics, has been acting for four different dramatic clubs at the same time. Going some!

If anything with feathers on is a bird, what is a woman with an ostrich hat?

It depends on who has the hat.—Ex.

FREDDY

IN TWO PARTS — PART ONE

VACATION! How good it seemed. I grinned with diabolical delight at the perspiring expressman as he piled one more trunk on his sky-scraping truck. Outside it was sweltering. I didn't care. One more day, I thought, and then— I was awakened from my dream by the telephone.

"Hello," I answered, shifting the desk instrument to suit my convenience.

"Hello! this you, Bob?"

"Yes," I replied, recognizing Chester Todd's voice.

"Say, Bob, what have you got for tomorrow night? I have two seats for——"

"Chuck it, Chet," I interrupted, "I'm booked for camp tomorrow morning, on the day boat."

"Thanks; that's all I wanted to know. Fact is, I haven't any seats. I was only getting some information. Now, listen! You remember Viola Dunster! Well, her father has built a new cottage at Lakefront, the nearest stop to Moose Island. Vi. is giving a sort of opening shindig, and has asked me. I am also, by way of payment, invited to take a little cousin of hers down to the place. We were going on the day boat tomorrow, too; but I am suddenly called to New York, and er—"

"And you want to place the child on my hands," I finished for him. "Well, I guess you don't."

"Hold on! Don't be pig-headed, Bob. Freddy won't bite you."

"What's his name?"

"Freddy Dodge."

"How old is he?"

"Wait a moment and I'll ask."

I heard him address some person in the room, and then he said: "Freddy is a little more than twelve."

"Twelve! That's not so bad, you want to remember——"

"Oh, drop it, Bob. I remember that you're getting to be the crankiest old bach—"

"Don't speak the word, dear boy," I interrupted again. "Well, I guess that, perhaps, for once—"

"Good! I have your word?"

"Yep."

"Excellent! You'll like Freddy, I'm sure. No backing out, now."

"I won't back out," I answered, "but I assume no liabilities for accident."

"O. K. I'll bring Freddy around at boat time. Thanks, old man," and he rang off with a laugh which seemed to me very unpleasant.

As I entered the freight house the next morning there was a certain vague feeling of doubt which weighed upon my light spirits. The boat was already docked, and I hastened to arrange for my baggage. Then, mentally blessing all children, I began to hunt for Chet, who presently stepped up and slapped me on the back.

"'Morning," he said, with that same, sickening laugh; "come over and meet Freddy."

Still laughing, he led me through the mess of freight, and suddenly stopped before a full-grown young lady. Freddy was a girl, and a pretty big girl for twelve years.

"Freddy, this is Mr. Jackson; Miss Dodge, Bob," I heard him say, and I bowed mechanically. Then, coming a little closer, he whispered, "No backsliding."

I clenched my hands. Chet was still grinning with evil delight. He knew that I did not exactly relish the company of the opposite sex. It was a plot. I wouldn't stand for it! In my helplessness I murmured, "Shall we go aboard?"

We passed into the main saloon, where I got a chance to speak with Chet alone. I was mad all over.

"Look here!" I began, "what does this mean? You said she was a boy!"

"I did not."

"You said she was twelve."

"A little more than twelve," corrected Chet, and then continued: "Now, don't be foolish, Bob. I know your aversions,

but it simply couldn't be helped, for they need her at the house party. She's not a bad sort of girl, Bobby; she's mighty good to look at, and if I hadn't met Vi.—"

"Cut it, Chet." I thought a moment before continuing. "I suppose I'm stung, so I'll show you that I can adapt myself to circumstances. I'll land her at Lakefront for you, right side up with care. Look out! Here she comes!"

A very awkward silence was relieved by the "all-ashore" cry, and I was left to my own resources. Trying to look cheerful, I found some chairs and we sat down. "Freddy" had donned a wrap of some sort, and a bright red Tam O'Shanter sat jauntily on her head. We were not very talkative, and in desperation I sought an excuse to leave her, if only for a moment. My eye encountered Batty. Batty is a little red-headed bootblack who seemed to me to have been built with the boat. Excusing myself I approached him. He recognized me instantly, and, stretching his grimy paw toward me he said:

"Howdy do, Mr. Jackson. I tot you'd come dis trip. Yes-sir, Mister Dudly went down day afore yisterday. Shine? A'right, sir." And then, closing one eye, he jerked his head in the direction of my charge. I made believe I did not notice him, but he hit my ankle with his brush and repeated the motion with a raising of his eyebrows.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Who—who's de skirt?" he whispered.

"That is my friend, Miss Dodge," I laughed, "I'll introduce you later." For Batty had to know every one; it was his business.

He worked away in silence. "Say," he suddenly broke out, "she's all to de mustard, aint she?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Aw, git wise; Who? Why de goddess. Say, Bean, yer aint been usin' her roughly, have yer?"

"What do you mean?" I said, beginning to get angry.

"Well, yer aint over lovin'."

"Batty, shut up! I never saw the girl before this morning." My wrath was rising.

"Straight goods? I tot—I was hopin'—say, Bean, you're slow!" was his reply.

I wanted to throw the kid overboard, but instead I took him over to the chairs.

"Miss Dodge," I said, "this is Batty, bootblack-in-chief of the Eastern Steamship Company."

She laughed as she put forth one little foot and Batty began his work. The job was soon finished, and as I paid him he whispered:

"Say, Bean, I cud do dat all day fer nuttin'."

"The Child" caught him whispering, and asked me what he said.

"Oh, nothing," I replied.

"Please tell me," she begged.

"Well, since you insist, he said he could shine your shoes all day."

"Gracious! Is that a compliment?"

"I'm afraid so; but that's not all. Guess what he called you?"

"Couldn't."

"De goddess," I replied, copying the little fellow the best I could. "And furthermore, he thought you were, that we were—"

"Running away?" she laughed.

"Right you are. He has such queer ideas."

And we both laughed again.

There was no denying it; Batty had certainly broken the ice. We discussed every possible topic, so that the time went very quickly. I began to reason with myself, that there was no harm in knowing the girl, and it would please the boys. At last we steamed into Lakefront. Here another difficulty met me. Although there was a crowd of people to meet "the Child", not a soul from the camp put in an appearance for me. As the row to camp and the "Hotel" was not very appealing to a person of my nature, I was very glad to accept Mrs. Dunster's invitation to remain at the cottage until the boys should come over in the launch.

The new house was certainly very attractive and the young

people, most of whom I knew, were a jolly crowd. We had an excellent supper, and then spent the evening in the large living room. While the boys organized an impromptu mandolin club, the girls brought in some marshmallows, toasted them on long hat-pins at the open fire-place and passed them around. Everyone became fairly stuck-up, and I did my share by sitting on three which someone had conveniently placed on my chair. By the time good-nights were said I began to wish the launch would never come.

The next morning a fishing party had been proposed, but it did not appeal to me. I met Miss Dodge at breakfast and she confided in me that she too was against the sport.

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"Sh!" she whispered; "I heard Vi. say something about a blueberry patch over near the cove. I'm awfully fond of blueberries. Here comes Reggy"; and then to the new arrival at the table: "'Morning, sleepy-head; it's half-past nine."

"Good morning, Frederica, and a good morning for fishing, too," said Reggy Dunster, the brother of our hostess.

According to the unwritten law of house parties, the visitors had been paired off, and "the child" had fallen to Reggy. I moved off to the sitting-room, but could easily see through the portieres. She evidently did not care a great deal for Reggy, while the latter, I thought, showed his admiration a little too openly. The girl seemed almost uncomfortable, and as they rose from the meal and passed out I thought I saw an appeal for aid in her glance.

Lighting a meditative pipe on the subject, I reasoned it out. There was absolutely no reason to make her visit a failure because people did not see things. I determined to act. At this point in my meditations Vi. appeared in the doorway.

"Why Bob, I thought you had gone with the others," she said.

I answered her question with another. "Vi., we're pretty old friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, but what on earth—?"

"Well, let me ask you a question which is a little bit personal.

Why do you poke that little brother of yours on Miss Dodge when anyone can see—"

She interrupted me hastily. "Look here, Robert Jackson; are you giving this affair or am I? I suppose you'd like her yourself."

I thrust my hands deep into my pockets and strode out of the house. I thought I heard Vi. laugh as I went down the path but that did not increase my admiration for her. I kept on and suddenly discovered a newly cut path in the woods. I was sure it had not been there last summer. For fifteen minutes it led me through the dense spruces and then suddenly came out on a hillside. In the distance I could see the cove, blue and dancing. And then I realized I was in the blueberry patch. I had hardly taken another step when a pink figure in a gigantic pink sun-bonnet came out from behind a tall bush.

I almost gasped at the sight and stood there like an idiot.

"Mr. Jackson, did you follow me here?" she said in an accusing tone.

"I? Miss Dodge, I assure you—"

"Honestly?"

"Upon my honor, Miss Dodge, I had no idea."

"Very well, I believe you. Since you are here you may pick some for me. I do so want to get a quart. Aunt Mandy (she's Vi.'s cook) says that if I pick a quart she'll make me a pie. But I eat them almost as fast as I pick them. You're not afraid of getting your hands blue?"

"Goodness, no," I replied.

Before we knew it the measure was completely filled; and as it was very warm I sat down on the grass and she seated herself on a fallen log. I thought I had better tell her about my conversation with Vi. "Do you know—" I began and then paused.

"Know what?" she asked.

"Oh nothing. I was only thinking if—" I could not go on.

"Yes, of what?"

"If you were—were—" I went to pieces.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

BASE BALL

B. H. S. VS. ROXBURY LATIN SCHOOL

April 12th, Brookline opened her base-ball season by defeating Roxbury Latin 11 to 9, on the campus. Brown and Phelan did the battery work for B. H. S., and performed in good style. For so early in the season, Brown pitched a remarkably good game. But three of last year's men were in the line-up, and all of these three, Captain Clune, Charlie Hann and Brown, put up a good article of ball, both at the bat and in the field. Among the new men, McPhee '10, Eliot '09, and Emerson '10, all did brilliant work.

B. H. S. VS. WINCHESTER HIGH

April 23rd, Brookline was defeated at Winchester, 3 to 2. Our inability to hit the ball was the cause of our defeat. The score in detail:

WINCHESTER HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Howe, lf	3	0	0	0	1
Grant, s	2	1	0	1	1
Wingate, 3b	3	0	0	2	1
Parker, 2b	4	2	2	2	0
Thompson, c	4	1	16	1	0
MacPhee, 1b	4	1	8	0	0
Atherton, cf	4	1	1	0	0
E. Mason, rf	2	0	0	0	0
H. Mason, cf	2	1	0	0	0
Caulfield, p	3	2	0	3	0
Totals	31	9	27	9	3

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Elliott, 2b	4	0	1	2	0
Donahue, lf	3	0	2	1	0
Clune, cf	3	0	3	0	0
Hann, 1b	4	0	7	1	0
McPhee, ss	2	0	0	1	1
Gallert, c	1	0	3	0	0
Phelan, c	3	0	4	0	0
Carr, p	1	0	0	2	0
Brown, p	3	1	0	3	0
Slocum, rf	2	0	1	0	0
Lyons 3b	2	0	2	1	0
Totals	28	1	24	11	1

Runs, Grant, Parker, Thompson, Brown, Slocum; Sacrifice hits, Grant, Wingate, Donahue, Lyons; Stolen bases, McPhee, Brown, Atherton, Elliott, Parker; First base on balls, by Caulfield 6, by Carr 2; Double plays, Brown to Hann to Lyons; Passed ball, Thompson; Balk, Carr; Hit by pitched ball, Elliott; Time, 1h.50m; Umpires, Leduc and Kelley.

B. H. S. VS. MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL

Brookline outplayed Mechanic Arts, April 16th, and won out by a score of 11 to 6. Clune and Hann batted best, the latter obtaining the first three-base hit of the season. Slocum and Carr were the slab artists, the first showing good headwork and a steady delivery. Phelan played well, while Mills and Turner did best work for M. A. H. S.

B. H. S. VS. NOBLE AND GREENOUGH SCHOOL

At Dexter Field, Longwood, Brookline won its third game, defeating Noble and Greenough 7 to 5. Brookline had a number of second-string men in the game, but these were good enough to land a win. McPhee carried off the batting honors with four hits. Carr and O'Laughlin did the pitching, while Gallert acted as backstop. Clune did well for B. H. S., and Heald for Noble. Score:

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Elliott, 2b	4	1	2	6	1
Donahue, lf	5	0	3	0	0
Clune, cf	4	2	3	0	0
C. Haun, 1b	3	0	8	0	0
McPhee, ss	5	4	0	0	0
Lyons, 3b	4	1	0	1	3
Gallert, c	5	0	10	0	0
Johnson, rf	4	3	0	0	0
O'Laughlin, p	2	0	0	1	0
Stewart, rf	1	0	1	0	0
Barr, p	3	0	0	1	0
Totals	40	11	27	9	4

NOBLE AND GREENOUGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Heald, ss	5	2	2	2	4
Sweetser, c	5	1	3	4	0
Minot, 1b	4	1	13	0	0
Lawrence, cf	5	2	4	0	0
Kelley lf	5	1	2	0	0
Wighton, rf	5	1	1	0	0
S. Minot, 2b	5	3	1	3	1
Cunningham, 3	4	2	0	4	2
Viles, p	3	0	1	0	0
Totals	41	13	27	13	7

Runs—Hann, McPhee, Lyons, Gallert (2), Johnson, Heald, Sweetser Lawrence, Minot, Cunningham; two-base hits, Johnson, McPhee, Kelley; sacrifice hits, Lyons, Gallert; stolen bases, McPhee, Heald, Minot (2), S. Minot; bases on balls, Viles 5, O'Laughlin; struck out, by Viles 3, by O'Laughlin 7, by Carr 4; umpire, Kelley; scorer, Malone; time, 1h.40m; attendance 200.

B. H. S. VS. ALUMNI

April 19th, our team received its first defeat. In a twelve-inning game the Alumni turned the trick, 4 to 3. The game was hotly contested, as the score shows, and the boys did some remarkable playing against the old stars. Captain Clune was not

with the team, which may, in some measure, account for its defeat, for his timely hitting was much needed. Score:

ALUMNI	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Hill, c	6	1	12	3	1
Kimball, ss	5	1	4	5	0
Aechtler, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Jones, 1b	4	1	15	0	2
Shine, p	6	0	0	6	1
Carlisle, 3b	6	0	0	2	1
Gaffey, 2b	6	2	3	3	0
O'Hearn, lf	2	0	1	0	0
Carmody, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Totals,	41	5	36	19	5

B. H. S.	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Elliott, 2b	5	0	1	2	1
Donahue, lf	3	0	1	0	0
Brown, p	5	3	1	3	1
Hann, 1b	4	1	10	0	0
McPhee, ss	5	2	4	3	1
Lyons, 3b	2	0	4	2	1
Phelan, c	6	0	10	2	1
Johnson, lf	3	0	1	0	0
Emerson, rf	4	0	4	0	1
Stuart, cf	1	0	0	0	1
Totals,	38	0	36	12	7

THE CREW

The crew has been on the river since April 3, and is developing good form and oarsmanship. The race for the championship this year will be harder than ever, as several other crews have from two to three veterans in their boats. At the present the first crew is composed of LeRoyer (stroke), Howe (3), Cooley (2), Robart (bow), Faxon (cox.).

EXTRA! 6.45 P. M.

SHIPWRECK

TWO TUGBOATS SWAMPED WITH ALL HANDS ON BOARD.

[Exclusive Dispatch to THE SAGAMORE.]

Monday, April 22nd, the two B. H. S. crews left the boat house in a heavy sou'wester. The boats kept shipping water, and after riding the seas for fifteen minutes the first boat began to settle, and Coxswain Faxon steered for the wall and hollered, "Go for it!" It was too late, however, and the boat went down with all hands on board. The hands, however, came up again, together with a few feet and other things, and all struck out for shore. Every one was saved, and Coxswain Faxon received a Carnegie medal for sticking by the ship 'till all the others had left. Faxon seemed to be awfully stuck on the ship. The second crew met the same fate, but they got out and walked ashore on the mud flats.

FINDING THE NORTH POLE

YOU are stretched out in a Morris chair, before a comfortable wood fire, the glow of which is the only light in the room. You are feeling drowsy, your pipe has gone out, your eyes blink lazily at the embers, and close. Then a funny thing happens. You know you fell asleep, in front of your own wood fire, and yet here you are racing through the air in some sort of a winged contrivance that you never saw before. And above you is standing an old grey-bearded man with a scythe. Why, it is Father Time! Sure enough! He is mumbling to himself, "Nineteen eighteen, nineteen nineteen. And they have'nt found it yet. Simple matter, too. Nineteen twenty. How time flies!" You put up your hand to scratch your ear, and—for goodess sake, what is that? Surely you didn't own a beard a minute ago. You look perplexedly at Father Time. He is still muttering. "Twenty-four, twenty-five. Slow people down there. Ought to have had it long ago. Nineteen twenty-six!" Can it be possible that he is checking off the years as they go! Again you pass your hand over your head. There is no hair. You are bald headed! Even your hand is gnarled and bony. Your beard is as long as Father Time's, and still "Thirty thirty-one! There's Peary. Give it up again. Thirty-two." You are frantic; you must do something. Here are the

best years of your life passing by in a few seconds. You struggle to rise. Oh how the exertion pains you—rheumatism, I suppose. And how cold you are. "Nineteen thirty-eight, thirty-nine!" The uncanny voice rings in your ear. You crawl to the edge of the car, and peer over. A thousand feet below you see a vast stretch of ice fields. How can you escape from this terrible predicament. You turn around and you see Father Time leering at you. "Forty-five, forty-six." Why, already you are eighty-six years old. Again you look despairingly over the edge of the vessel. "Fifty; nineteen fifty-one!" Father Time begins to whet his scythe, and always you hear his monotonous sing-song "Fifty-four, fifty-five!" He begins to move toward you "Fifty-nine, nineteen sixty! Most time for him to go. Sixty-one! Getting pretty old. Sixty-two!" You watch him despairingly as he approaches. Suddenly he raises his scythe. "Sixty-five! Too old for any use, now! Nineteen—" It is too much. With a shriek you leap over the rail of the car! Down, down, down! Or is it the earth coming up? An enormous pinnacle of ice is rushing toward you. Can this be the pole? What else could Father Time have been talking about in this desolate, frozen region? You are headed straight for it. It is the end. What a horrible—

And then you awake. Oh, what a relief! But it was mighty realistic while it lasted. X.

THAT HAT

WELL, you see it happened this way. Mother said: "Now Jim, you can't wear one of those monkey caps any longer. You go down to —— and get yourself a derby. Just think; you sixteen, and still wearing a cap!"

"But, mother," I broke in.

"Now don't 'but me any buts.' Just go ahead and do as I say," she replied.

Well, anyway, the result was that that afternoon I had a derby on my head. It seemed to me that everybody was looking at me, or, to be exact, at the hat. Everywhere I went I'm

sure the people stared at me; and besides, I 'm quite certain that I never met so many people in my life.

It happened to be a brisk, windy day, and while I was waiting at Boylston street—the object of all people's stares—what should happen but the blooming thing falls off. I tried to snatch it, but it evaded my grasp and was soon speeding down the street. I followed it, bent on getting possession of my goods.

Now that hat seemed to have brains; but heaven knows it did n't get them from my head, for now it dodged the wheels of a passing team, now it had evaded the feet of some horses, and now it was racing a cab.

I was gaining, when what does that hat do but roll under the wheels of a car! I gave up all hope, and I was sure I had seen the last of my new acquaintance. But no, there it was on the other side of the street, reposing in a mud-puddle.

Now was my time. I ran to it; but, alas, in my eagerness I had overlooked a banana peel—why don't Moran and O'Meara enforce those rules?—and the result was that my derby, or rather what was left of it, was not the only occupant of that mud-puddle.

S. S. W., '08.

A NIGHT-GOWN ALOFT

OR, READY FOR A SWIM

IMAGINE yourself in the cabin of a small boat with two tricky companions, who have hoisted your sleeping apparel to the top of the mast just when you want to wear it, almost breaking their faces laughing at your helpless predicament, and you will soon think it an amusing scene, although you are the victim and it takes some time to see it that way. You could beg for your gown all night; but they would never accommodate you, for they have more mischief planned. They intend that you shall attempt to secure it yourself, and then, at an unexpected moment, they will quietly inform you that "the water is bully" and gently assist you.

C. H. '07.

THE CAMP-FIRE

Against the blackness of the night
It stood out sharp and clear,
A mass of fiery, leaping flames,
That glanced now there, now here.

It lighted up the hemlock tree
With a thousand glitt'ring sparks;
And on the waters of the lake
It left its broad flame-marks.

When from the brightness of the flames
The darkness fell away,
It left a little space of light
As bright as if 'twere day.

Within that little space of light
We sat, a silent group;
Watching the burning old pine knots
And the sparks as they upward troop.

We watched the dancing, changing flames,
Red with the pine-tree's sap;
We heard the crackle and the hiss,
The wood's protesting snap.

We saw the flic'ring shadows cast
Upon the grassy ground;
We saw the ever-changing light
That varied all around.

And over us it seemed as if
The night had set apart
Yet hemmed around this little spot
That we might not depart.

So there we sat, warmed by the flames,
Protected by the night,
Until the dying embers left
To us but feeble light.

And when they, too, had flickered low,
And coldness crept around,
We rose; and then with last "good-nights"
We parted, homeward bound.

Anna Eveleth Holman, '09.

THE DRAMATICS—BACHELOR HALL

ONCE more the Annual Dramatics have come—and went. The play this year was a pronounced success, and Shailer Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity to hold the large attendance. A few moments after eight the curtain was rung up amidst great applause, and disclosed Vere Lee (Louis Keegan) "an amateur actor, and author of 'The Fatal Shot,'" painting a moon. From this moment to the end of the play, there was not a dull moment, and the audience laughed, and laughed, and laughed. Carl Wetherell (how could the school get along without him?) had the house going all the time. His innumerable, mirth-provoking predicaments as Congressman Myrtleton, and his inimitable acting of the part kept everybody on edge throughout the performance.

Silas Jervis and Elisha Bassett, the deacons (Brown and Hay respectively), were irresistable, and their first appearance brought forth such prolonged laughter and applause as to hold up the act for at least five minutes. And who would ever have thought that Sophie would make a deacon? Well; never mind! he was, and a corker. And young Hay, with his high-pitched drawl and his happy faculty for hearing wrong, rendered his part so perfectly that he made one continuous hit throughout the evening.

Pinkerton Holmes, our amateur detective, alias Wesley Reynolds! How faithfully he did "keep on the track!" And how many trials and tribulations he did encounter in his search for that missing hair. And then to have Jasper (Stevens), the colored—very much so—butler at Bachelor Hall, solve the mystery with a white rug! That was the last straw.

O'Rourke, the cop! Can you ever forget him? He was a winner! "If ever ye are in throuble, sind for me! It takes the loikes av me to handle wan of thim!" What matter if his chest was a little bit lop-sided? It all came out in the wash, and a lot more beside. Niccolls, you're all right!

And last, but not least, our hero, Ensign Jack Meredith; acting under sealed orders of Rear-Admiral March. There

wasn't anything much could phase him, and he was right there with the goods all the time.

But the ladies, bless 'em! Well, they "baffled description!" Betty Vance, the heroine (Dot Nesbitt), carried her very difficult part through splendidly, without a break, and brought forth great applause and—did anyone say flowers?

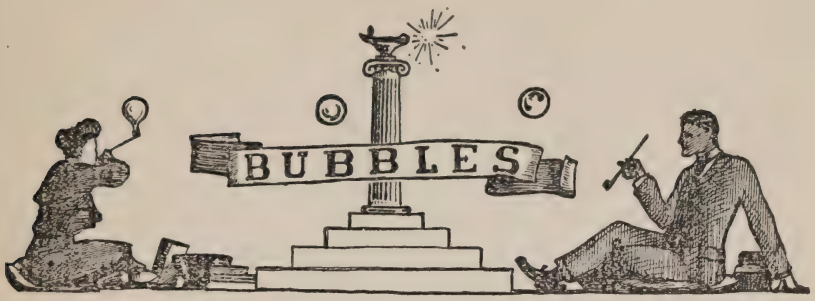
Polly Reynolds! wasn't she a queen? Well, one or two of us thought so, anyway, and her first appearance on the stage was a decided success. As an amateur actress, Miss Mory played her part to perfection.

And, ha! That fond mother with dramatic aspirations. "Why, I could speak 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star' at the age of two!" And scornful! O no, not a bit. Mrs. Van Styne (Kathleen Page) fairly withered up our down-trodden detective, and displayed real dramatic ability, while her daughter, Claire, "Who had not," had the house at her feet at every appearance. Miss Baxter, we hope you will get over your aversion to the stage, and that we shall see you again as a "bright star in the theatrical firmament."

To Mr. Walter H. Dugan, that very excellent coach, and to Mr. Brooks, belongs the real credit for the success of the production, as without them the grand affair could not have been accomplished. And to Newell Thompson belongs the credit of managing the show so smoothly. He was everywhere, all the time, and when anyone needed anything he had it for the asking. As stage manager, he, together with Carl Whittier, rendered great assistance to the actors. Miss Coon, also, was a great help at the rehearsals, and did her best to keep the actors on the right lines and at the right entrances.

The mandolin club, under the leadership of Sher. Blodgett, showed great improvement over their last performance, and rendered several difficult pieces remarkably well. "Throw down that key" brought down the house.

Teacher: How much time did you spend on the lesson?
Pupil: I don't know; I was asleep most of the time.



Miss Liden to industrious pupil: "How is that example coming out?" Pupil—"It has n't come!"

Mr. Packard (II. Math.)—"No. 31 comes next. Let's see; I gave that to some young lady, didn't I?"

Reid (waving his hand)—"You gave that to me, Mr. Packard!"

Stage whisper from the back row—"Johnny must have meant some old woman."

Extracts—"Noah's wife," wrote a scholar (presumably a freshman) on an examination paper, "was Joan of Arc!"

"Lava," explained another, "is what the barber puts on your face."

"A blizzard," declared a third, "is part of the inside of a fowl."

Who is that gentleman in the corner of the wash-room sousing his head with soapsuds and water? That is Jasper. What is he saying? He is using profane language. Why does he claw his face so frantically? He is trying to get his make-up off. Will it ever come off? We do not know. Neither does Jasper.

Miss Frye—"To whom is the lesson of the poem addressed? Does it apply to you?"

Elliott—"Yes m'm."

Miss Frye—"Do you really think it does? Please read the line of address."

Elliott (reading from poem)—"From hence, ye beauties, undeceived! Know one false step is ne'er retrieved."

EXCHANGES

EDITED BY HELEN SLAGLE '07

ONE fault to be found with not a few of our exchanges is that nowhere in them is the reader told by what schools they are published, or where the schools are. Frequently the only way to find out whether the paper comes from Texas or California, Galveston or San Francisco, is to look in the advertisements. This is not the way to do; for surely you are not ashamed of your school or your city, are you?

DEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL BULLETIN, where are your stories this month?

NEWTON REVIEW, your ghost story is very much like one that we recently read in the Strand Magazine. Your paper this month, however, is much more entertaining than usual.

Another new exchange, new at least to us, is the MAGPIE. It contains illustrated stories, and even caricatures; there is also a variety of well arranged material. We hope to see it again.

ARTISAN, your first attempt at a school paper is greatly to be commended; for you show the right spirit in the way you go at the work, and in your selection and arrangement of material. You have high standards of your own and you hold them up to the school. May you continue the good work and make a success of your paper.

Once more the RED AND GRAY comes to us, this time even better than before. Its moral standard seems higher; and the whole paper is interspersed with short poems, some of which are very good. Do you think, however, that a book review is quite necessary for a school paper? Is it read enough to pay for the time spent in writing it?

With thanks we acknowledge the return of the following old acquaintances: Cambridge Review, Clarion, Crimson and Blue, Dragon, Enterprise, Megaphone, Newton Review, Penn Charter Magazine, P. H. S. Argosy, Pingry Record, Pinkerton Critic, Salem Advance, Southern Workman, Trinity Tripod, Wesleyan Argos, and Williams Record.

NEWS NOTES

THE fly-casting of F. A. Niccolls, Jr., the Brookline high school boy, at the recent Sportsmen's show, excited wonder and praise all along from the old timers. This boy has shown himself to be an expert at the rod and reel, and his work for distance and accuracy was rather remarkable, considering his years.—Boston Herald.

Miss Dorothy Nesbitt '07, gave a delightful dance at her home, April 12, the occasion being her birthday.

The following hockey men were awarded letters: Cady, Niles, Young, Zanck, Howe, Slocum, Whittier, and Andrews.

A number of B. H. S. boys took part in the recent Y. M. C. A. minstrels presented at the Town Hall; prominent among them being John Clune '07.

The mandolin club passed a pleasant evening at Robert MacMillan's during vacation. Mr. Lansing of Boston very kindly coached the club for their admirable performance on the evening of the dramatics.

Gentlemen's night of the Vici Club was a grand success, Miss Mildred Mason '07 kindly opening her house for the entertainment. A noticeable disappearance and startling re-appearance of club pins was a result.

Friday, April 12, Mr. Lowman delivered a stirring talk to the boys on the evils of professionalism and on the growing indifference to our school athletics. Mr. Packard also gave some good advice, and offered the astonishing information that the girls were doing more to support our athletics than the boys. Come, you tightwads! pay your quarters!

"BILL SIDES"

Though tiny of stature, and ever so young,
"Bill Sides" is a marvel at every strange tongue;
He finds it so hard to keep still in his seat,
That he squirms and he wiggles and pounds his small feet.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

SOMETHING from every class this month.

Next number—last chance for stories.

Remember that Graduation Cover! We want a good one. Due May 15th. Last call!

We tried to have the basket ball picture for you last month, but we didn't give the printer time enough. Better late than never!

"Freddy," our continued story—how do you like the first instalment? Looks good, doesn't it?

More "Bubbles," please. Or are the witty ones all departed?

He failed in Latin, flunked in Chem.;
They heard him softly hiss:
"I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss."

A SOFT VOICE

'Tis said a soft answer turneth away wrath,
But surely faileth in our English class.
A soft answer giveth a "D,"
So raise your voice or "23." —Ex.

"Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay."—Editor.

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Volume 13 JUNE, 1907 Number 8

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Residence of W. B. Sears, erected 1821 by Dea. Elijah Corey; south-west corner Washington and Beacon Streets, Brookline, Mass. At his death, May, 1859, his daughter, Mrs. Dr. B. Sears [Elizabeth Corey Sears] inherited Corey Hill Homestead. At her death, it reverted to her sons, Capt. W. B. Sears, Capt. Edw. H. Sears, [who died in August, 1886], and Lt. Robert D. Sears [who died in May, 1904]. Capt. W. B. Sears attended Brookline High School, Walnut street, 1844.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII JUNE, 1907 NUMBER 8

Editorials

THE crowded condition which now exists in this school is a matter that will have to be remedied very soon. Conditions which force German recitations to be held in the Physics room and Commercial Arithmetic in the machine room of the Manual Training building are certainly not desirable. And notwithstanding these difficulties we have, here in the High School, a Kindergarten! This would seem absurb even if we had more space than was necessary, but when, as in the present case, we absolutely must have more room in order to properly hold our recitations, it would seem that a great wrong was being done, not only to the scholars, but more especially to the teachers of the school. Let us take the case of the Physics lecture room, for instance. The instructor wishes to set up several pieces of apparatus for discussion during the recitation of his class. He goes to the lecture room to prepare his apparatus and finds a German recitation in progress. He will either have to disturb this class, or let his own class go without the experiments. If the Kindergarten room could be utilized for a recitation room, as was intended when the plans for the building were made, this one difficulty at least would be overcome. If the school keeps on growing as it has in the past, the building must be enlarged or an annex of some kind provided. We have our new gymnasium, one of the finest in the country, and it does not appear as though our intellectual accommodations should be so wofully lacking.

HAS Lilac Day been forgotten in the stir and bustle of the last two years? As yet we have seen no signs of prepar-

ation for this erstwhile very pleasant occasion. Are the Freshman classes, then, no more to have "a day of their own"? Lest the present Fourth class should be unaware of the cause of this article, be it here explained that, up to two years ago, the Freshman classes had a "day" on which they held public exercises by virtue of their own talent. These exercises were held in the enclosure in the rear of the school, when the surrounding lilac bushes were in bloom. Hence the name "Lilac Day." The program was varied from year to year; sometimes there was music, and a May-pole dance by the girls, or gymnastics by the boys, followed by a basket-ball game, recitations and divers other forms of entertainment. Refreshments were usually served, and the whole scene, with the white dresses and duck trousers in pleasing contrast against the delicate color of the lilacs, was one long to be remembered. Let us hope that in the years to come this very pleasing event will not again be omitted, for surely it has not been forgotten.

LILAC DAY brings to mind another suggestion. Why should not each class have some occasion which they may distinctly call their own? Events like the Senior Dance and Class Day certainly give an added interest to school life and help along school spirit wonderfully. This would not necessarily mean increasing the present number of social occasions, except to the extent of reviving Lilac Day. For the Sophomores have their annual reception to the Freshmen and dance, and the Seniors have more than their share with the Senior Social, Senior Dance, Class Day and Commencement. All that would be required to provide each class with a function, would be to put the present Senior Social into the hands of the Juniors and allow them to prepare the entertainment. Why not?

The ones who think our jokes are poor
Would straightway change their views,
Could they compare the ones we print
With those that we refuse.

FREDDY

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

"HERE he is!" some one shouted just behind us, and Reggy with some of the boys came up on the run.

"Excuse me for troubling you," said Reggy, with a real "dagger" look, "but the men from the island are waiting for you at the wharf. They were unable to meet you yesterday on account of an accident to the launch."

"Thank you," I said icily. The boys were smirking and whispering together. I rose stiffly.

"Au revoir," I said to the pink sun-bonnet.

When I reached the house again, I was lucky enough to find the porter, so I gave him my traps, and started for the wharf. Reggy was there ahead of me, however, holding a conversation with Ted Randall. I could easily guess what they were talking about, and I wanted to punch Reggy's head. My appearance interrupted them.

"Hello, Bob, old man," said Ted, nearly shaking my hand off.

"Hello Ted. Hello boys! Glad to be here? Well I should snicker. All aboard! Turn on the juice, Fatty," and we pulled out. The fellows all seemed to look at me queerly, but nothing happened until we got back to camp and I had my duds stowed away.

Fatty, Ted and Wally dropped in to inquire after my "health."

"Is it true, Bob?" asked Fatty, after a pause. "Is it straight?"

"Is what true, idiot?"

"Well, the Lakefront Trumpet said—and, besides, Reggy just told Ted that he found—any way, if it's true, Bob, we want to offer you our—" He stopped to dodge a shoe which I threw at him with remarkably good aim.

"Shut up, Fatty Leminster," I yelled. "It's a lie! Do you hear! A lie! You leave Reggy Dunster to me. If I find out who's at the bottom of this absurdity I'll make feathers fly." I

was thoroughly mad. I raved at the Lakefront Trumpet and Reggy Dunster, and then at myself. Good Heavens! What would the girl think! I must see her as soon as possible and explain.

I ate very little luncheon. I felt uncomfortable and sulky. The boys noticed all, but said nothing. I tried to reason it out in my bunk. I had hardly known this girl a day, and yet everywhere I went she was thrust in my face. I was not permitted to forget her a moment. Fatty came in once and murmured something about "having the symptoms," but I hustled him out in short order. Before I knew it we were at supper.

"Who goes for the mail tonight?" I asked.

"It's Fred's turn," answered Fatty.

"It is not! I went day before yesterday. Dick, it's yours."

"'T isn't! I tell you Fatty hasn't gone for a whole week."

"Children! Children! Stop it! I'll go," I said, and made good my word.

I was returning with the letters when I met the crowd from Dunster's in the road, and I singled out Miss Dodge immediately. We both wanted to speak, but there were remarks about being late, and the party moved on. I turned and looked back, and caught Miss Dodge doing the same. With a peculiar motion she dropped something white. I waited until they had made the turn in the road, and then ran back and picked it up. I was rewarded. This was scrawled across a candy bag:

> "Ride at ten, tomorrow. Will get lost Benson Crossing. State road east."

I got back to camp somehow, but I simply couldn't sleep. The big pink sun-bonnet or the tam-o'-shanter ever loomed up before me.

The next morning, much to the surprise of the boys, I was up early, and was soon seated astride my little mare. I reached the east road long before ten and, dismounting, waited. I had almost given up hope, when I heard a rider approaching. It was she.

"Is n't it dreadful!" she said, after her greeting.

"The paper? Yes. But you mustn't mind a little country paper like the Trumpet. I saw Mr. Jones, the editor, and he claims he printed it on good authority."

"It is very—embarrassing."

"Forget it," I advised, "there's not the slightest truth in it."

"No; of course not," she replied, looking at me sideways, "there's nothing in it; but—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, Mr. Jackson! won't you finish what you were saying when—when we were interrupted yesterday!"

"Yes," I laughed, and then added: "Some time."

"But why not now?"

"It—it was a little bit personal."

"Oh, I see. Isn't it a lovely morning?"

The question did not seem to call for an answer, so we rode on in silence. Suddenly it came to me what was going on in my companion's mind. It was up to me to explain immediately. I was opening my mouth to do so when fate intervened again, for we could hear the party ahead laughing and chatting.

"Quick!" I said, "Down that lane! You can strike the road again a little farther on. I'll hold them here until you reach the town road, and then join you," and she was gone.

The ponies came into view, and I was discovered.

"Howdy, Bob!" said Vi., riding up. "Seen anything of Freddy? We've lost her."

"That's sad," I remarked drily. "How should I see her? I've been out on the point." All of which was quite true.

"Well, I thought I'd ask you, although I might have known that you would have brought her along if you found her roaming around the land."

Then Reggy came along. I saw him study the tracks in the mud a moment, and then look at me searchingly. I felt like a thief being cross-examined, and I know I must have looked guilty. Without any hesitation he rode up closer and whispered: "Don't butt in."

I wanted to knock him off his pony, but to do that meant to disclose myself.

"By-the-by, Bob," continued Vi., "please extend an invitation to our show on Friday to the boys, will you? And now help us find the lost sheep."

"Sorry," I replied, "but I must get back to the village, for the boys are waiting for some grub that I've got in the launch. Thanks for the invite; we'll all be there."

They passed on.

"Friday; and today is Tuesday, I thought. Three days!"

. . . . . .

Friday evening came at last, and we all piled into the launch and landed at Dunster's without serious mishap. The sketch was bright and entertaining, and very well done considering the circumstances. Immediately afterward I sought out Miss Dodge. There was already a string of R's on her dance order, which I deftly turned into B's. At the fourth extra I suggested that we might sit it out, and I led the way to an arbor in a vegetable garden.

"Look at those watermelons!" she exclaimed.

"I've looked at them long enough; I'm going to eat one," I said, and began to cut one with a pocket-knife.

"Here you are, Fred—er, I mean Miss Dodge." I handed her a huge pyramid of melon.

"Freddy, if you like," she answered. "Everyone calls me Freddy. I like it; it's so boyish and—different."

"Then, I'm Bob."

"Agreed! Now, before we discuss the weather, I want you to do me the favor of finishing what you have already twice begun."

"Well," I said, slowly and thoughtfully, "it was this. I told Vi. that you were uncomfortably situated."

"Oh!"

"Am I right?"

"You are. What did she say?"

"She reminded me that she was running her own affairs."

"How horrid! What then?"

"That's all; only I'd like to help you if I could."

"Oh, Bob," she said, suddenly rising, "you're blind! Can't

you see that it's all planned? The forced trip down here; the breaking of your launch; Reggy; the Trumpet; when they found us in the blueberry field; and—and—everything. Can't you see? Don't you see what they're trying to do?"

I was beginning to see.

"By Jove! Freddy, I believe you're right—" I had to stop; I was in the presence of ladies.

"Well, now that I have enlightened you, what is to be done?" she asked.

I thought hard. Suddenly an idea came to me.

"Freddy, what do you say if we—" I paused, fearing—

"What?" she urged.

"If we tell those brutes that we are—of course, we're not—and just fool them at their own game?" I bravely finished.

"Good for you, Bob! I'll do it! Of course there need be no promises or anything; but—er, haven't you got an old ring or—"

"Here! Take this one!" I said, pulling off my little signet. "And now, let's go back to the house and fire the first shot against the enemy."

But we did not have to go that far. Before we were out of the garden we were surrounded by a crowd of crazy people, who yelled and danced around us like lunatics, but I didn't care. I don't believe I even blushed.

. . . . . .

Well, that's about all there is to this little story. Oh, but come to think of it, there is one more incident that might be stated. About a month afterward I received a call from Mr. Jones, editor of the Lakefront Trumpet. In reply to my question as to the object of his call, he said:

"Mr. Jackson, twice my paper has printed an announcement of your engagement, and twice it has been forced to contradict that statement. Will you kindly inform me as to the true nature of the affair?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones," I replied; "you may print another announcement, and I will confirm it with my signature. Have a cigar!"

—Yelsellew Namgiles, '08.

A MATCH IN GASOLENE

"SAY, Lindsley, going over to the mainland this morning?"

"Yes; anything I can do for you—that is, anything but getting lobsters? I draw the line at that. Last time I got some for Marion for a beach party, and as I was getting into the boat, in which there were two ladies, the confounded things slipped out of the paper. One of them landed on the nearest lady's hat, another in the lap of the other lady, and the rest went overboard."

"That was quite an adventure, but you are welcome to that kind. I mean to steer clear of that sort of trouble. No, I don't want any lobsters; I prefer the native species. All I want is another sweater, and I don't see how that can get you into difficulties."

"What in time do you do with all your sweaters? This is only the fourth one I've got you this week."

"Um—ah!—well, you see they wear out pretty quick."

"That's a flimsy explanation. I remember now of having seen a pretty good imitation of the last one I got, on Marion."

"Well, it may be your eyesight and it may be—"

"Yes, it may be, old fellow; but never mind, I guess I dare attempt that."

"All right, thanks in advance; so long, then, till later."

Lindsley walked leisurely down to the shore and gazed around in vain for the sight of a boat. "Evidently someone has kindly relieved me of my sailboat, and there doesn't seem to be a drop of gasolene in the motor-boat. Well, here's a pleasant prospect. I suppose I shall have to go over with Cap'n Crawford again, though his boat doesn't bring me exactly pleasant memories."

The journey over was uneventful enough; but after Lindsley had finished his shopping and was in possession of various articles he returned to the boat and groaned aloud as he saw a young lady seated in it. "I suppose I shall manage to spill this gasolene over her," he thought. "I'll have to be careful or Capt. Crawford will be suing me for spoiling his business."

But he got in safely and heaved a sigh of relief as he set the can of gasolene down beside him. Having thus safely disposed of that, his most dangerous commodity, he had time to observe his fair companion, who happened to be observing him with no little amusement. He grew hot and then cold under her amused scrutiny, and wondered if he had forgotten his necktie or if anything was the matter with his wearing apparel.

Gradually, however, he forgot his discomfiture in his interest in the scenery, which started and ended at one point—the girl. After all, she was very young, barely out of her teens, or perhaps she was still in them; and she was—well, far from homely.

She, also, seemed to be interested in the scenery. Their gaze would travel around and invariably meet at the same point from which they had started. But Lindsley was roused from his observations of the——scenery by the appearance of the captain, and the fact that the boat had slowed down and come to a standstill.

"Sorry, Mr. Lindsley, but there is something the matter with the engine, and it may take us an hour to fix it. If you are in a hurry, why maybe you would be willing to take the dory and row my other passenger to the island."

"Why surely, if Miss—"

"Drayton," the girl put in.

"—Is willing and in a hurry to reach the island."

"I am in no special hurry, but I think a row would be rather pleasanter than waiting here an hour; that is, if Mr. Lindsley doesn't mind the row."

"Glad of the exercise," Lindsley replied hastily, afraid that his golden opportunity would be snatched away.

After Miss Drayton had got into the dory Lindsley and the gasolene attemped to enter, but Lindsley, who was not noted for his grace, had his worst fears realized—he boat gave a lurch and Lindsley stumbled, overturning the gasolene, the greater part of which came down in a shower on Miss Drayton. Poor Lindsley stood aghast at this new and far worse mishap, expecting a shower of reproaches from the recipient.

But as Miss Drayton shook a little of the gasolene from her

skirt, she laughingly asked: "Are you trying to anoint me with oil, or did you think I was in need of a cleanser? Whatever may be your intention, I prefer a different kind of treatment, and a little warning beforehand."

"I'm extremely sorry, Miss Drayton," began Lindsley, miserably; but she cut him short by saying: "Don't mention it again; accidents will happen, you know, and perhaps it has helped to break the ice."

"Perhaps it has," Lindsley agreed, smiling.

It certainly had. When they reached the pier they felt like old friends, and Lindsley said, earnestly: "I hope, since you are going to be here all summer, and you are unacquainted, that you will let me introduce you to 'the crowd.' I hope you will like us, and we certainly will try to give you a good time and a good opinion of the East.

"I am sure I shall like you all, and already I am perfectly in love with the East, though of course it isn't quite so nice as the West."

"Never mind," Lindsley replied, laughing. "That's quite a good concession for any one who has been in the East only a week. I really have great hope of making you see the East through our eyes before the end of the summer."

Two months later, Lindsley and Miss Drayton were sitting idly, side by side, after a hard set of tennis, in which Lindsley had won out after an eleven to nine set—for the western girl was seldom beaten, and any one who played against her had to fight for victory.

"Dorothy," Lindsley said, suddenly, "I never had a better comrade than you have been this summer."

"Do you baptize all your acquaintances with gasolene before becoming friends with them?" Dorothy asked, mischievously.

"Play fair, Dorothy! You, yourself, told me to let bygones be bygones, and now you are raking up my dark past," Lindsley replied. "I want to confide in you, but will you first promise that you will give me your honest opinion?"

"If I can, though it is a great strain upon my constitution to be honest."

"Dorothy, stop teasing me. I'm not joking, and I want you to give me your serious attention."

"I have too little of that to spare, Harry, but I'll give you anything else you want."

"Really, Dorothy?"

Dorothy flushed, or was it only the rosy color in her cheeks from playing tennis? Then she said quickly, "Go on, Harry; you must hurry, because I am going on an auto ride with Graydon at four."

"Hang Graydon," muttered Lindsley, but he commenced nevertheless. "Two months ago, just before you came into my life, I was informed by my mother that she and an old schoolmate of hers who married into a very rich family, had rigged up a match. This woman, a Mrs. Goodwin, has a daughter a little younger than I, whom my mother wishes me to marry. This girl, who has your name by the way—"

"You seem to resent her having my name," broke in the girl, "There are many Dorothys in the world, you know."

"Yes, but only one for me," said Lindsley.

"To be sure," replied Dorothy, quickly, "only the one your mother has chosen for you."

He accepted this rebuke with a grimace, knowing he well deserved it for presuming on so short an acquaintance.

"Well, as I was saying, this girl is to be thrust upon me. She is coming next week to visit my sister, and incidentally to give me a chance to fall in love with her. All this must be accomplished in a small space of time, as we are allowed just two weeks to become engaged."

Lindsley paused, and there was deep silence as he gazed out across the water. "Well, I don't see that you can do anything about it," said Dorothy's clear voice. "Cheer up; she may not be very bad."

"Very bad! that's a comforting remark," replied Lindsley, contemptuously. "Rich girls are always prunes, anyway!"

"If you don't want my advice, don't ask it," Dorothy said, briefly. "Why don't you ask your sister, anyway?"

"Oh, she's too much absorbed in other fellows to be interested in her brother," Lindsley replied, gloomily.

. . . . . .

"Four o'clock," said Graydon, appearing on the scene.

The next evening Lindsley came rushing down to Mrs. Lee's bungalow, where Dorothy was staying.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," Dorothy said, smiling, as he came up to the piazza. "Mrs. Lee is in the house."

"Dorothy, you tease, I came to inform you that you are going sailing with me this evening."

"Your coolness is astonishing, sir. Suppose I have another engagement?"

"It's frightfully warm out of doors, and if I am cool I am at least a novelty. If you have another engagement, unless it is very urgent, it could be broken."

"Well," Dorothy said, "for the sake of old acquaintance and the chilly reception you gave me when we first met, I will consider it."

"Say! that sweater looks familiar. Wonder where I've seen it before! Oh, yes, that is sweater number four," thought Graydon.

They walked slowly along the moonlit beach, neither breaking the silence, which seemed perfectly in keeping with their thoughts. It was beautiful out on the water. There was just enough wind to make sailing enjoyable, and not enough to make it necessary to give one's whole attention to the boat, so that Lindsley was able to bestow a good share of his attention in another quarter.

Dorothy seemed strangely silent to Lindsley. He had never seen her in this mood before. Finally she spoke: "Harry, I have an awful confession to make, and you may find it hard to forgive me." She paused and gazed intently at the path of light the moon made on the dark water.

"Hurry, Dorothy, I'm getting curious. Have you forged a

check, or are you engaged to some villain, or—" He paused abruptly. "Good heavens! you 're not—"

She bowed her head mutely, but there was laughter in her voice as she said: "Yes, I am the 'prune.'"

"Ye gods and little fishes!" was all Lindsley could ejaculate.

Deep silence. Then: "Can you forgive me, Harry? It was the only thing to do; otherwise both you and I would have been on our good behavior, and I should have missed that delightful gasolene episode (groan from Lindsley). Knowing our mothers' plans for us, that inevitable proposal would have hung over our heads like the sword of Damocles."

"Well, I guess it was as hard on you as on me. It never occurred to me that you also might object to being used as a means of carrying out maternal desires," Lindsley said slowly, but brightening, he added, "I guess I can stand it if you can. It always pays to be obliging, you know. Besides, there is only one Dorothy in the world for me, and she is, to be sure, the one my mother has chosen for me."

"You are making fun of me. That was intended to squelch you. I didn't think that you could bring back my own words to me when you knew. But if you think I would marry a man whom I should feel was always confiding in pretty girls that his wife was a prune, you are much mistaken."

"Dorothy, how can you?"

"O, I am capable of most anything; even getting engaged to a villain, or, to what is worse, a blunderer."

"Here's your chance!"

"Well, to please our relations,——"

But the moon was covered by a cloud just then, so none ever knew how it ended. I. W., '10

"WALTER."

Sing a song of six pence,
Cocoa on the shelf,
Ham, or egg, or chicken?
"Yes, sah, help yo'self!"
Hey dere you! You done fo'get to gib me a nickel!

BASE BALL

B. H. S. VS. NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Newton 4, Brookline 2! So the score reads, but the score does not at all tell the story of the game. How for five innings Brookline battled against Newton's older and much more experienced team, scoring two runs, making not an error, not allowing a Newton man to reach first base. How, in the sixth inning, the fatal sixth, with two men out in short order, the umpire called a Newton man safe at first; a man that every one, even Newton people, admitted was easily out. How, after this, Newton galloped in with four runs, and then, in the succeeding innings, was unable to score another run against Brookline's game up-hill fight against fate. The Boston Herald, in commenting on the game, sums it up in one brief sentence: Newton High was very lucky in her first league game with Brookline! The much-heralded Bradford, Brookline found to be an easy mark, while Brown held Newton puzzled throughout the game. Phelan and Clune also played clean-cut ball.

NEWTON HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3	4	1	0	2	0
Ely, ss	4	1	2	1	2
O'Neil, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Desmond, lf	4	0	1	0	0
Donahue, 2	3	0	2	1	2
McCourt, rf	3	0	3	1	1
Porter, c	3	0	8	1	0
Ryan, 1	3	1	9	0	1
Bradford, p	3	0	1	3	0
Totals,	31	3	28	9	6

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelan, c	5	1	9	8	1
Elliott, 2b	3	0	1	1	0
Clune, lf	4	2	1	0	0
Hann, 1b	4	0	11	0	0
McPhee, ss	4	0	1	0	0
Gallert, rf	4	1	0	0	0
Brown, p	3	0	1	4	0
Dooley, 3b	4	0	1	2	2
Donahue, cf	4	1	2	0	0
Totals,	35	5	27	11	3

Innings,.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High School,	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	— 4
Brookline High School,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	— 2

Runs—Eaton, Ely, O'Neil, Ryan, Clune, Phelan. Two-base hit, F. Donahue. Sacrifice hits, Elliott, Brown. Stolen bases, Eaton, O'Neil, Ryan. Struck out, by Bradford 4, by Brown 9. Double play, McCourt to Ely. Passed ball, Phelan. Time, 2h. 5m. Umpires, Kelly and Curran. Attendance, 500.

B. H. S. VS. VOLKMANN SCHOOL.

Brookline defeated Volkmann at Allston, April 26, in a game replete with heavy hitting, Brookline getting a home run, a three-bagger, a two-bagger, and plenty of singles. Captain Clune and Charlie Hann played well for us.

B. H. S. VS. SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline played the strong Somerville team on May 15, and although it played an errorless game and held Somerville down to three runs, B. H. S. was defeated. For Brookline, Phelan, Clune and Elliott excelled. The score:

SOMERVILLE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
McLaughlin, s	4	0	1	0	1
Hooper, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Bowlby, c	3	1	11	2	0
Sharry, 2	3	0	1	0	1
Wheeler, cf	3	0	0	1	0
Mahoney, lf	3	1	0	0	0
Garland, 3	2	1	0	2	0
Mitchell, 1	3	2	9	0	0
Munroe, p	3	1	4	7	0
Totals	28	6	27	12	2

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelan, c	4	2	9	0	0
Elliott, 2b	3	0	2	2	0
Clune, cf	4	1	3	0	0
Hann, 1b	4	0	10	2	0
McPhee, ss	3	0	0	1	0
Gallert, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Dooley, 3	3	0	0	0	0
Donahue, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Carr, p	1	0	0	0	0
Brown, p	2	0	0	2	0
Totals	30	3	24	7	0

Runs, Bowlby, Mahoney, Sharry; home run, Bowlby; struck out, by Munroe 10, by Brown 7, by Carr 2; hit by pitched ball, Bowlby; time, 1h. 35m; attendance 250.

B. H. S. VS. WOBURN HIGH SCHOOL.

May 21st, Brookline played a fast, snappy game with Woburn High, and was returned victor by the small score of 2 to 1. Brookline expected a "cinch," and ran up against a tough proposition, which accounts for the low score. Elliott played best for B. H. S.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline,	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—2
Woburn,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

B. H. S. VS. WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline defeated Waltham, at Waltham, by the close score of 3 to 2. The team played well together and merited victory. Phelan and Elliott were Brookline stars.

B. H. S.	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Donahue, lf	5	1	1	0	0
Elliott, 2b	5	1	1	1	0
Clune, cf	5	2	1	0	0
Hann, 1b	5	0	13	1	0
McPhee, ss	4	0	0	1	1
Brown, p	4	0	1	8	1
Phelan, c	4	1	8	4	0
Stewart, rf	2	1	0	0	0
Kenrick, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Bigelow, 3b	1	0	0	0	0
Lyons, 3b	3	1	2	0	1
Totals	40	7	27	15	3

WALTHAM HIGH	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Fraim, ss	4	2	0	0	2
M. Grierson, c	4	0	11	1	0
Marsh, 3b	4	2	1	2	0
P. Grierson, 2b	4	0	3	2	2
McCabe, lf	4	3	1	0	0
Daly, rf	4	0	0	0	0
Sanderson, 1b	4	0	9	0	0
Leavitt, cf	2	0	0	0	1
Archibald, cf	2	0	2	0	0
Larner, p	3	0	0	5	0
Totals	35	7	27	10	5

B. H. S. VS. ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

In a sensational ninth inning finish, Brookline lost to English High on the campus, May 7th. Brown played a heady game, but wretched support was the trouble. The score was 5 to 2.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
English High	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	—5
Brookline	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

THE CREW

The Crew was defeated at Middlesex by three feet, but rowed a very creditable race considering the fact that both LeRoyer and Howe are out of the going. The time was very close to the record for the course. B. H. S. rowed as follows: Slocnm (stroke), Daniels (3), Cooley (2), Robart (bow), Faxon (coxswain).

VICTORY!

BROOKLINE 42—DUAL MEET—NEWTON 30.

BROOKLINE defeated her dearest enemy, Newton High School, in their first annual out-door meet, after a long, hard struggle. Captain Boyd started the crowd going by winning his heat, and later, the final heat in the one hundred yards dash in the fast time of 10 2-5s., considering the poor condition of the track. In the mile run, a pretty race between Cooley and Whitney '10, was witnessed, Whitney winning in the remarkable time of 4m. 54 2-5s., with Cooley second and Newton in the distance. Score, 14 to 4, for Brookline.

In the 880 yards run, Brookline again obtained first and second places, Daniels running a heady race. In the broad jump, Marston obtained third, Newton getting the other places; Brookline 23, Newton 13.

In the 220 yard dash, Boyd romped in far ahead of the field, never being headed. The shot-put was a foregone conclusion, and Charlie Hann easily won, at only 39 feet 1-2 inch. The high jump resulted in a tie, at 5 feet 4 inches, between Captain Porter and Chandler. Tower, of Newton, closed the meet by winning the 440 yards dash in an easy manner and good time. Score, B. H. S. 42, Newton 30.

The meet was a great victory for Coach Allen's methods. May we have many more. The summary:

One hundred yards dash—Won by Boyd, Brookline; Tower, Newton, second; Seligman, Brookline, third. Time, 16 2-5s.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—Won by Boyd, Brookline; Dudley, Newton, second; Seligman, Brookline, third. Time—23s.

Four hundred and forty yards dash—Won by Tower, Newton; White, Brookline, second; Daniels, Brookline, third. Time—54 3-5s.

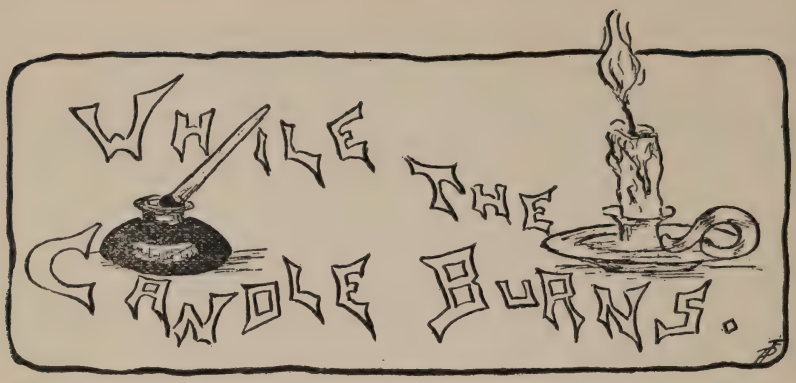
Eight hundred and eighty yards run—Won by Daniels, Brookline; White, Brookline, second; R. Mahoney, Newton, third. Time—2m. 11s.

Mile run—Won by Whitney, Brookline; Cooley, Brookline, second; D. Mahoney, Newton, third. Time—4m. 54 2-5s.

Broad jump—Won by Chandler, Newton, 19ft. 3in.; Mandell, Newton, second. 19ft.; Marston, Brookline, third, 18ft. 9in.

High jump—Tie between Porter of Newton and Chandler of Brookline, height 5ft. 4in.; Tower, Newton, third, 5ft. 3in.

Shot put—Won by Hann, Brookline, 39ft. 1-2in.; Porter, Newton, second, 38ft. 7 1-2in.; Keating, Newton, third, 37ft. 8 1-2in.



LAZINESS THE GREAT MOTIVE POWER OF CIVILIZATION

IT all started with old man Quartz-Arrow-Head's inordinate laziness, and it is this humble cave dweller that we have to thank for the innumerable blessings of civilization. As can be seen from the hyphens in his name, Quartz-Arrow-Head was no common individual, but a leader of society at Stonehenge; or his wife was—which is all the same thing, since the gender of "society" is feminine. It was said that she was responsible for the hyphens; but then that is another story.

Now Quartz-Arrow-Head happened to be Mayor of Stonehenge, by virtue of his skill in hunting the massaqueske-ox; and by way of fulfilling his office he was organizing the spring hunt. (It was his principal duty to provide his people with food.)

The Mayor was sorely troubled by a strike of the Spear-makers' Union. Then too the contractors who were supplying the material for the weapons were not fulfilling specified requirements as to quality. Quartz-Arrow-Head thought his troubles would drive him to the padded cave. Moreover, Mrs. Quartz-Arrow-Head was considerately—and lovingly—urging her lord to make haste; else, she said, "you men won't be home in time for my "Bridge Pebble party. (A game much in vogue at that time, wherein the losers tore out the winners' hair by the handful.)

The recipient of this advice remarked that it was too bad people had to hunt for game instead of having it come into the cave yard of its own accord, anyhow. Then, feeling much relieved in mind, he laid himself down on his soft coal bed, the most luxurious in the community, and courted Sleep. She was wary, however, and as the great Mayor tossed and turned, vainly endeavoring to catch the elusive sprite, he could not get out of his head the remark he had made to his wife. He considered it a very witty one, for after all this hunting business was a wearing and arduous job. Happy thought! Why not capture some of the young of the massaqueske-ox, keep it in an enclosure of stones, and when the grass had fattened it sufficiently, then to kill it without a hunt?

The next day, when the hunt started and Quartz-Arrow-Head told of his plan there was great merriment. The older men looked at each other significantly, and nodded and smiled as men will when one of their number has lost his head. The younger set laughed outright, but indulgently since he was mayor. The plan succeeded, and the men now relieved of the duty of hunting, turned their attention to other matters, each of which was a step towards civilization.

Just think what would not have happened if Quartz-Arrow-Head had not been so lazy. L. G. G. '07.

THE WHITE SQUALL

OUTSIDE, the wind blew furiously and sung and whistled in the rigging; but in the cabin of the Wasaka as she was hung to three anchors, conditions were much different. Sheltered from the wind and driving rain, seven well contented and comfortable young persons were discussing the subject of the "white squall." After a heated argument we referred our case to the captain, who related the following narrative:

"I was serving as foremast hand on the good ship "Flying Cloud" when I got a very forcible illustration of the dreaded "white squall." We were three days out and driving along with the wind aft and a press of canvas. Astern and to wind'ard was

another schooner of a smaller type, also driving under an extremely heavy press of sail. We were all watching the little schooner and had begun to speculate as to how long she could carry her sail. While we were watching her, much interested and paying but little attention to our own vessel, suddenly a strange thing happened, a thing which most of us had never witnessed before. The water around us was suddenly lashed into foam by a terrific squall of wind and the heavily laden spars began to buckle and strain in a most alarming manner. We were so surprised that for an instant not a man moved; then, as we hesitated, the captain sprang aft with the ship's axe and attacked the mizzen stays with strong blows. All this time we were rushing through the water at a terrific clip and the bow was being slowly forced under water by the pressure of the wind aft. Just as the mizzen shrouds parted, the water began to come over the bow. In another minute we should have gone under, but at the crucial moment the mizzen-mast fell and dragged with it the mainmast.

"We were saved, but in a pitiable condition. Only the foremast remained. As the excitement calmed down we looked around for our companion, the little schooner; but to our horror, she was nowhere to be seen. We were stupefied, and dumb with amazement, we stood staring about in vain. At last the captain, who was beside me, breathed indistinctly: 'Sailed under'."

There was a silence in the cabin of the Wasaka; outside, the wind shrieked fiercely in the rigging and the water rushed by her sides with a boiling hiss. No one spoke, but the feeling in all the seven hearts was the same—dread of the "white squall."

H. C., '09.

A PRAIRIE FIRE

"WHOA! Steady there, Scrap," came from a lusty-limbed young fellow of eighteen or so, "wait until I get a drink for us both." And dismounting from his horse, he drew a cup from his kit, and descended to a brooklet that ran, rippling, through the vast expanse of prarie-land. He was a sunburned, healthy-looking lad, toughened by the many hardships

to which he had been exposed. Well developed for his age, he was as fine a horseman as there was on his father's ranch. As for his horse, it may be said that he was a perfect embodiment of all that a horse may be: clean-limbed and with a fine head, as he stood silhouetted against the fast-setting sun. His young master approached with a gourd filled with water, and laid it on the ground; whereupon the horse, as thirsty as his master, lost no time in consuming it. The boy, looking toward the west, which was fast sinking into twilight, noticed a thin red line extending along the horizon. Thinking it but the last glow of the sunset, he paid no attention to the fact that this thin red line was slowly, but perceptibly increasing. His horse having finished drinking, he took the gourd to the stream and washed it.

On coming back, he glanced again at the west and saw that that which he had thought to be the setting of the sun was—oh what dread those words carried to his mind, a prairie fire! With quickening pulse he looked again at what was now a broad crimson wave. Tightening the girth he leapt into the saddle and was off.

The heat of the day had subsided, and in its place came a quiet coolness. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky, and all the world had seemed at peace, were it not for that ominous, consuming red thing.

The lad sat his horse in a tense, crouching position. The crackle of the flames could now be heard—it was a race for life. To the river, thought the boy; and then he realized, with a sinking heart, how far from it he was.

The horse, although a thorough-bred, was beginning to feel the effects of the terrific pace. Behind them the fire was fast rolling across the prairie. Even now it was close by, and although the lad pushed his steed to his utmost it gained on them steadily. The heat was intense, and the horse was covered with sweat and foam. The boy could hear nothing save the roar of the flames and the pounding of hoofs.

The fire was about to envelop the horse and his rider when —splash! they plunged into the river and the noble animal swam wearily across. On gaining the bank the boy looked back to gaze on the black, unsightly waste. Then he rode silently homeward.

THE KID'S QUARTER

THE Kid was sauntering down Washington Street towards the village, the proud possessor of a big silver quarter that his newly arrived uncle had just given him.

Now the Kid was an imaginative little chap, and the fact of his being so awfully rich made him swell with pride, and responsibility besides; as he walked along, sweet visions of possessing the numerous articles which a man of money could obtain were fast forming shapes in his mind.

Then he remembered that a quarter was only 25 cents and before he had reached the emporium of news and knick-knacks, his would-be purchases had dwindled down to a pocket knife and a new spring top.

It was impossible to determine between these two articles; because, when he had resolved on the pocket knife, the vision of the good times he could have spinning the top loomed up before him. It was impossible to come to a decision.

Throwing his morals to the winds, therefore he resolved to rely on chance as a discourager of hesitancy; and, flipping the bright coin up into the air, he cried out, "Heads for the knife, tails for the top. Two out of three."

The coin come down, rolled around, and turned up heads. Once for the knife. Again he flipped it up, and this time it came down, rolled around, and turned up tails. A tie. The next must decide the matter.

With nervous hesitancy he threw it up a third time; again it come down, rolled around, and——rolled right into an unsuspected sewer hole.

Crash! the vision of pleasure had vanished, the enormous bubble had broken; and the Kid walked home a poor man, with disappointment and tear stains on his face.

I. E., '09.

A ball struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the bawl immediately came out of his mouth.—Ex.

A WILD WOODS EXPERIENCE

THE first inkling I had of his approach was a slight rustling behind me. Turning around, I saw my first, and last, bear, the object of a search which had lasted for over a week. About all of my courage oozed out of me through my finger tips, but enough of it was left to enable me to make a dash for a small sapling, in which I sought temporary shelter, while my prey—with emphasis on the "my"—rooted among my provisions. The anger which I felt against the beast was inexpressible; and when, after scattering most of my possessions towards the four winds of the earth, he ambled leisurely away, I jumped down, collected my mighty rifle out of the chaos and pursued him, bravely, rashly. I found him sitting down—he must have been tired, poor creature—in a little clearing.

Climbing up into a tree—not for security; heavens, no!—but merely to get a better shot, I took aim and pulled the trigger. A deafening roar, and Bruin fell in his tracks without a struggle,—at least that is what all really good hunting stories say. Proudly I walked up to him, and noticing a strap on one of his hind legs, I supposed that he had escaped from a trap, and conceited in this belief, felt all the prouder at being instrumental in slaying so ferocious a creature.

On my way back to camp I heard another noise in the brush, and, expectant of more glory in the hunting line, I prepared myself for the onslaught; but all in vain; for it was merely a villainous Italian, with a long strap in one hand and a large stick in the other.

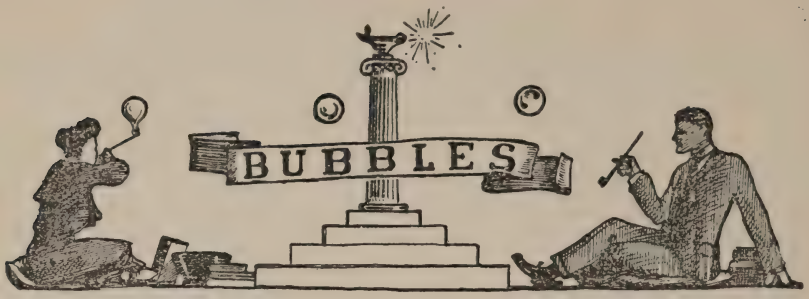
"Did you see a bear?" he questioned, not at all astonished at my sudden appearance.

"No," said I, "not a trace."

He looked at me surprisedly, but passed on whistling. When he was out of sight, I hastened back to my camp, packed my tent like the Arabs, and silently stole away.

N. B. In case any one does n't see the point—it was his bear.

O. A., '07.



COACH ALLEN—"You ought to try the running broad jump."

Brown—"Substitute a running broad smile and I will be tempted to compete."

We 'll bet on you, Gene!

"Mr. Packard (recalling his earlier successes in the glare of the footlights, before the hook was instituted as an instrument of disapprobation)—"The smell of this bi-carbonite of potash reminds me of rotten eggs."

II Commercial Arithmetic. Daniels—"In that third example there is two-thirds of a man left over."

Brown—"He isn't all there, is he?"

Phelan (in back of the room)—"He's a dead one."

Teacher (I Chemistry A)—"What is hard water?"

Pupil—"Ice."

Teacher—"How is hard water softened?"

(From the rear of the room)—"Take it to Thaw in the Tombs."

Teacher—"What is hard boiled ice?"

Pupil—"The residue left after boiling water without burning it."

What wits those Seniors are? ? ? ? ? ?

The patient teacher trying to get a pupil to name the 'rhetorical device' interrogation, asked him the following question—"What do you put after a question?"

Pupil—"An answer."

Miss Frye—"Hold on to your brains. Don't lose them or pack them away in camphor."

Pupil—"Why, Miss Frye, are our brains apart from us?"

Miss Frye—"Sometimes."

Another from Miss Frye—" 'Everyone' is singular."

How about the Siamese twins?

Daniels (at jumping standards): "How many inches in four feet?"

Small boy: "Forty-eight."

Daniels: "Oh, yes."

Notice seen in Room 20—Girls out for the sophomore marble team please report in room 16a, at 1.30, to receive ammunition and to appoint a cheer leader. I. Elliott, capt., J. L. Keegan, mgr., E. B. Floyd, treas.

I. English Exam.: "What events in Franklin's boyhood led one to expect such a devel.? Trace the devel. of Franklin's character."

Rather startling at first glance.

"BUG."

There's a chap in this school named Brown
Who has a face which bears many a frown.
He grins all the time,
With expressions sublime,
You'd think that he'd fall in and drown.

Miss Ingram: "Who wrote the legend of Sleepy Hollow?"

Charlie L.: "Rip Van Winkle."

Miss Ingram: "Do you know what carried me to Tarrytown?" (meaning what she went to see).

Excited Pupil: "A tally-ho!"

Question—Can a fellow keep two girls on a string at the same time?

Answer—Sure! Until one gets wise. —Ex.

"GET BUSY"

Wake up, ye sluggards!
Don't dream your whole lives through,
Find something good to do—
Get busy!

O, hear, ye students!
Don't just "skin" through on "C,"
That's not the way to be—
Get busy!

Work hard, ye athletes!
Always victorious,
And for your school and us—
Get busy!

Come forth, ye "rooters!"
Turn out to every game,
Staunch support adds to our fame,
Get busy!

Hark all, ye scholars!
If you are working hard,
Think how I toil—poor bard—
(And) Get busy!

List ye, great editors!
Accept my poet (?) lore,
And for The Sagamore—
Get busy!

S. T. G., '10

And with what did Samson kill the thirty-two Philistines?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

No answer.

Finally, he pointed to his jaw and said "What is this?"

Suddenly Johnny jumped up at the suggestion and said "I know, teacher; the jaw-bone of an ass."

GRADUATE NOTES

EDITED BY GEORGE L. TREADWELL, '07

Rita Baker, whose scholarship and winsomeness gained her many warm friends among the faculty and students while she was in High school, died lately after much suffering. Her loss is felt keenly by all those who knew her; and her sudden demise came as a distinct shock to those in her graduating class.

George Otis, B. H. S., '05, captain of football team '05, has returned from far-away Arizona to attend the wedding of his sister, and will make an extended visit. George is employed in the Old Dominion mines, and is reported as doing finely.

Francis Bradley, a graduate of the Brookline High School, has for some time been the trusted head of the Armand Steel Plate Works of Midvale, Pa.

George Delano, B. H. S., '0, is making good, in convincing style, on the strong Harvard '10 base ball team, while Ralph Marshall, B. H. S. '06, is receiving much praise in the newspapers for his good work on the same nine.

Miss Grace Kellogg, B. H. S. '04, has gained another honor having recently been appointed editor-in-chief of the Smith College Monthly. Miss Kellogg edited THE SAGAMORE in her senior year at B. H. S.

Charles Robinson, B. H. S. '06, was among the cast for the recent Tech. show, "William, Willie and Bill."

Gordon Sampson, B. H. S. '06, is playing lacrosse on the Harvard '10 team.

Leonard Pritchett, B. H. S. 1903, is at present playing on the Harvard Baseball team, of which D. Dexter, also of the Brookline High School, is captain.

Little stems in Latin,
  Little roots in Math.,
Make the jolly Juniors
  Tread a thorny path.

NEWS NOTES

MAY 10th, one of the most successful Senior dances in the history of the school was held in Shailer Hall. The stage was prettily decorated with palms, and above shone resplendent the blazing numerals '07. About one hundred and fifty couples were present, and the dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

Captain Boyd obtained third place in the 100 yards dash at the Harvard interscholastic meet.

The Mandolin Club has elected George B. Roberts, '08, leader for next year, and Harold Reid, '08, as manager.

A dramatic club has been formed in the interests of the school. Any one participating in any of the B. H. S. theatricals is eligible for membership.

A mass meeting for the first Newton game was held in the hall Thursday, May 16th, at the close of school. Captain Clune, Dr. Roberts, Brown, Mr. Lowman, and several others made rousing speeches, and ten minutes of enthusiastic cheering, under the leadership of Wright and Stevens, followed.

"Hunny "Faxon, '08, was elected captain of the crew after LeRoyer's resignation. LeRoyer, although out of the boat, has been steadily coaching the crew.

The Senior Class Gun Club, under such efficient leaders as Clune, Kyle, Treadwell, Kenney and Cooley, is progressing finely.

We are glad to see tennis again coming into favor. May we have many more school tournaments!

"'10."

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Something's stopped the clock!
Do you think it is
A Freshman's phiz,
Or merely a temporal shock?

There is a "horse"-thief in Room 12. The stolen animal is now, however, in the hands of the authorities, and there is some doubt as to whether it will be returned to its owner.—Ex.

EXCHANGES

THERE are two kinds of stories in which nearly every school paper indulges—those in which the writer suddenly awakes to find he has been only dreaming, and those in which the adventures of a trip to Mars are told. Both kinds are becoming monotonous and have now ceased to be original, however original may be the style in which they are treated.

This month the VEXILLUM prints some very humorous letters under the title, "Correspondence of a Freshman." We fear though, that there is even more truth than wit in them: a "word to the wise," et cetera. Along this same line of thought are some editorials in the Dorchester ITEM which are well worth reading.

In the DRAGON is a carefully and humorously compiled "Dictionary of Proper Names" and of words used in conversation of the youth of today.

ADVANCE, inasmuch as we criticised you last month, let us commend you for the poetry which appeared in the last issue.

Even at this late day we are glad to welcome a new exchange, the RED AND WHITE (Elizabeth, N. J.), but where are its jokes and news notes? And why not more and better stories?

The following exchanges we acknowledge, with thanks:

Artisan, Advance, A. H. S. Tidings, Crimson and Blue, Cambridge Review, Dragon, Enterprise, L. C. H. S. Gazette, Item, Jabberwock, Newton Review, Penn Charter Magazine, Red and White, Saugus High School Advocate, Trinity Tripod, Southern Workman, Vexillum, Wesleyan Argus, Williams Record.

Mr. Dugan, at a "Bachelor Hall" rehearsal, as Stevens backs into the blackboard and knocks it over with a crash: "Huh! Brookline is getting to be a cheap place to live in; board is coming down!" And then: "Jasper seems to be especially interested. I suppose because it's blackboard!" Mr. Dugan, we take our hat off to you.

AT THE EDITOR'S DESK

THE end is not far off.

All to the good! Who? 1910!

What is that old saying about "minds lightly turning to thoughts of love in the springtime?" There must be some ground for it, for we lately have been overwhelmed with romances, good, bad and indifferent. Our two samples which appear in this issue, must certainly be classed among the good. "Freddy," with its many abrupt situations, is certainly very entertaining, and "A Match in Gasolene" is remarkable Fourth Class work.

Never be a clam. If you must be anything of the kind, be a turtle; then you will have a little snap about you.

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THE CLASS OF 1907

Volume 13 GRADUATION, JUNE, 1907 Number 9

Graduation Number

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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Price Twenty Cents.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—
WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

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Address of Welcome

At the Class Day Exercises, June 7, 1907
by the President, Charles Hann, Jr.

FRIENDS:

It falls to me, as president of what we all like to consider one of the distinguished classes which have completed their course in this grand old school, to welcome you to our Class Day exercises.

Presidents of former classes have all expressed the pleasure which it gave them to extend this welcome, and it may seem strange if I strike the wrong note and say "it grieves me" to do so; but when I say that, I mean that I have enjoyed my four years' sojourn here among my teachers and classmates so much, that it really grieves me to think and to know that a few days more will separate us all from those whom we have come to love.

I hope, however (turning to the class), that we may come across each other occasionally, and that we may all become great men and women, thereby shedding lustre upon our Brookline High School.

Now, in behalf of the class of 1907, I bid you all a most cordial welcome, and hope that you will be graciously pleased with our efforts to entertain you.

IVY ODE

BY DUNCAN WRIGHT

WE, the class of 1907, are gathered here to-day to give to Mother Earth this tender sprig of ivy. Just as it is cut from the protecting parent and is planted here to begin its life alone, so we, young, hopeful, and enthusiastic, leave this school, our Alma Mater, where for four years we have been so ably guided and instructed, to begin our growth in the new and broader fields of life.

May this, the symbol of our future careers, climb higher and higher each year; and so may we, the Class of 1907, by true and earnest endeavors, climb to the height, which to each one of us means success.

CLASS HISTORY

BY LLOYD C. COOLEY

IN September, 1903, the class of 1907 entered Brookline High School with one hundred thirty-one girls and boys. We had been members of banner classes in the grammar schools, and we looked forward to our first year in the High School with much enthusiasm.

At the first class meeting, Charles Hann was elected president, Gladys Wells vice-president, Elizabeth Young secretary, and Daniel Sharp, Treasurer.

The question of a class pin brought up an idea which had been agitated before we entered the school, namely, that there should be one style of pin for the whole school, each class pin to be distinguished by its class numerals placed upon the school pin. With characteristic energy our class started the little gold seal, which every class has, since then, adopted.

At that time the school was assisting a worthy young negro, Anthony D. Watson, through Hampton Institute, and we all paid our quarters. Indeed one of the first questions that the Freshman hears, is "Got a quarter?"

Our girls excelled in their studies and the boys in athletics. In fact, the history of the class is full of accounts of giant intellects and star athletes, although now it would seem that the stars have most all faded away to other schools, or gone into business.

Our sole representative on the football field during our first year was Charles Hann, who played regularly at right guard.

On the basket ball teams were Schlemn and Barrett Davison; and Kimball was a star on the champion hockey team.

In the annual handicap meet, held on Washington's birthday, in the Town Hall, the Seniors got 23 points to our 22, which was an excellent showing in itself. In addition to this success, Davison, Schlemm, Treadwell, and Sharp also won the class relay races. These men, at different times, also ran on the school relay team, which was undefeated the entire season, and which defeated Newton for the first time in years.

During the winter we had much success socially with leap year sleigh-ride parties, dances, etc., a few of us even appearing at the Senior dance; but with the advent of spring, we again began athletic activity. On the base-ball team were Kimball, Jones, and Hann, and in the annual outdoor meet we almost made a record for large scores, with 57 points against 34 for the Seniors.

May 31 we held our Lilac Day festival, the second of those functions to be held in this school, and it was a beautiful success. In the Pentathlon, or field day contests, 1907 was well in the lead with a total of 320.1 points against the Juniors, 299.1 points.

Excelling in studies, and athletics, we also shone in the realm of humor, as shown by THE SAGAMORE:

Why is Room 13 like the key of G? Guess again, it has one sharp.

In algebra, one of the Freshmen was accused of the following:—

Teacher—"What letter shall we eliminate first?"

Freshman—"U."

And in French the following was perpetrated:

Pupil (translating)—He claimed to have killed two immense crocodiles by means of electricity.

Teacher—Shocking.

It was also said of us—" 'Twas a chilly day for Freshy when Snow came down."

That was about enough for us.

Only a few of us were caught napping in our final examinations, and we joyfully started our vacations, to return the following September well fitted to begin our work as Sophomores, or "wise-fools."

We returned without nineteen of our former classmates, including five valuable athletes and several scholars. We re-elected the same officers as the year before, except that Helen Slagle was made secretary. On THE SAGAMORE board we had Charles Hann as class editor, Helen Slagle and Lloyd Cooley, associate editors, the latter in charge of the athletic columns.

By way of maintaining our reputations for originality, we tendered a reception to the entering class, 1908, which included music by two of the girls, a sleight-of-hand entertainment by Sherwood Blodgett, and a dance, in which all participated.

Hann, Sharp, Jones, Daniels, and Thurlow played on the football team, which finished its season by scoring on Newton. On the hockey team, which won three championships, were Kimball and Jones. In the Town Hall meet, '07 won, with 37 points, of which Captain Schlemm contributed 15. One day our class basket ball team defeated the school team, and thereafter there were several changes made in the line-up of the big team.

While the boys were distinguishing themselves in athletics, the girls were shining socially. Several organized a club, which gave a sleigh party, ending at Frances Carver's; and Agnes Ward gave a brilliant dance at the Riverdale Casino. Small wonder that a French teacher advised us to cultivate a liking for the feminine! That last was the only hit in THE SAGAMORE except the suggestion that the dullest pupil in the class be nicknamed "Corns," because he was at the foot; but it is a fact that the name was never bestowed because nobody knew which one was lowest. As a tribute, one of the boys was called a daisy young fellow. A particularly romantic incident occurred over the borrowing of a Latin book. The youthful knight refused to return her book until she told him that she loved him. Nobody knows what really happened, except that the book was finally returned.

Our dramatic talent early appeared, when Sharp, Trunkett

and Cooley took part in the annual dramatics, the play being "My Lord in Livery."

The spring track work was a repetition of the work of the previous spring. Treadwell, Daniels and Schlemm were on the team which won the Brown interscholastic championship. The class won the Pentathlon Championship again, with 323.7 points, Schlemm winning the Directors' Cup. We ran away with the outdoor meet, in which Schlemm made 25 points, and the rest of the team 29. Dick Kimball was captain of a champion golf team, and played on the base ball team with Jones, Hann, Aechtler, Clune and High.

Most of us passed the final exams., and spent happy vacations; but those who did not, had the pleasure of other examinations in September. When we returned to school we were welcomed as Juniors by Mr. Hitchcock, our new principal, and work was begun at once in preparation for "prelims." Among the twenty-seven who were missing from our ranks were Sharp, High, Toppan, and Daniels (who was taken sick while on the football team). Pitkin, Aechtler, and the Young brothers were the newcomers, and soon proved valuable additions.

For class officers we elected Charles Hann president, Helen Slagle vice-president, Marion Baxter secretary, and Cooley treasurer. On THE SAGAMORE board we were represented by the same editors as the previous year.

We had Pitkin, Hann, Kimball, Aechtler, Andrews and Moss on the football team, which distinguished itself by defeating Newton, and almost winning a championship.

On the hockey team were Jones, Andrews, Aechtler and Young. Kimball was out with a football injury; but the team won the championship again. Treadwell was manager.

The track team under Capt. Schlemm won the first triangular meet with Cambridge Latin and Newton; Wright, Treadwell and Blodgett each fitting in a third place. Our class teams also won the indoor meet with thirty-nine points, and the outdoor meet with 43 1-3 points, and in class basket-ball we won the championship by the well directed efforts of Clune, Morrison, Fred Young, Wright, Phelan and Capt. Stevens.

To wind up the athletic honors of the year, the crew won the championship in record-breaking time, 5 minutes, 28 seconds, with LeRoyer stroke.

The annual dramatics, made up of two plays, and selections by the Glee and Mandolin clubs, were a great success, financially and socially. Dorothy Nesbitt, Joyce Knowlton, and Cooley were in plays, and a majority of the two clubs were '07 fellows.

Elizabeth Warren won the medal in Junior physics, and Frances Perry the medal in Junior mathematics.

Under the new rules, several of our members were registered as Juniors because of one condition, so the class did little more than fill Room 10 on its return in the fall of 1906. As Seniors, our class has held many offices, and has been overloaded with responsibilities. Kyle was manager of the football team, and made a financial success for the season; Cooley was manager of the track team and vice-president of the athletic association; Wright managed THE SAGAMORE with unusual success, also the basket ball team; and McMahon had charge of the base ball team, with Clune as captain; Hann, besides being elected president of the athletic association, was re-elected class president; the other class officers were Dorothy Nesbitt vice-president, Helen Wright secretary, Cooley treasurer.

Donald Stevens was editor-in-chief of THE SAGAMORE, and achieved marked success in turning out a very interesting paper. Elizabeth Warren, the artist of the class, designed a new cover for THE SAGAMORE and furnished many illustrations besides.

The first term was marked by several exciting events. The December SAGAMORE issued an extra, containing an account of a School burglary, and of the entrance and the exit of a prodigy, nicknamed Thomas B. Macaulay, Junior.

In the algebra class, two or three song-birds appeared, and often began the recitation with harmonious humming.

The Debating Club, formed last year, was taken up energetically by the Seniors and strongly established in the lower classes, with the result that many hotly contested debates took place during the winter, although no outside challenges were accepted.

Of this club Hann was president, Gordon Glazier vice-president, and Stevens secretary-treasurer.

The third and last innovation which the class introduced was the Senior Social, given at the end of the fall term. Although the Social was not intended originally to make money, about forty dollars was raised, half of which was given to the Senior dance committee.

Although practically all our star athletes were gone, a few new ones appeared, who did well. Carl White, Morrison, Clune, Stevens, Andrews, and Moss played on the football team; on the hockey team were Fred Young, Andrews, and Whittier. The indoor relay team had a successful season, and on the track team in the triangular meet we were represented by Hann and Cooley. Stevens, Clune and Morrison played on the basket ball team.

In February we had our last mid-year exams., and began thinking about graduation, with its attendant festivities.

The annual dramatics, "Bachelor Hall," were a great success, the representatives from '07 being Dorothy Nesbitt, Marion Baxter, Viola Mory, Beatrice Coon, Sherwood Blodgett, and Donald Stevens. On the Mandolin Club, which had an entertaining part in the program, were Stevens, Whittier, Wright, MacMillan (manager, and Blodgett (director).

On May 10 we gave a Senior dance, which was one of the most successful ever given. Dorothy Nesbitt was chairman of the committee, and was assisted by Agnes Ward, Daisy Young, Duncan Wright, and Cooley, who held the funds.

In prize speaking were Helen Slagle, Marion Baxter, and Donald Stevens, who won the boys' prize.

A Toast to Brookline

Here's to the school we are proud to own,
Hail her with joyous song!
May never a blot stain the red and the blue,
Telling of fear or of wrong.
May every blessing and joy be hers—
Forever uphold her name.
So fill up your glass and drink to her now—
To her glory and lasting fame!
Pledge her with glasses all sparkling and bright,
Pledge her while hearts beat fast;
Drink with a smile for the years to come
And a sigh for the years that are past.
And as the years speed swiftly by,
Let us fix our aims more fast,
That the goal we set before us here
Will be our goal at the last.

CLASS ORATION

"BE STRONG!"

BY DONALD R. STEVENS

CLASS DAY! What a wealth of meaning the words have for us! During four years the walls of this old building have shielded us and watched us. Now, within the short space of two weeks we are to say farewell!

Three times have we beheld other class days in this hall! Three times have we cheered and applauded other graduating classes! But not until today have we given a thought to our own commencement. Suddenly it looms upon us with significance; we feel the import of the occasion. No more shall we gather together here for our "Friday mornings," for our mass meetings, for our socials, dances, dramatics, and the many other good times that we have enjoyed. We, who as friends and classmates, have worked and played together for these four years, are about to be separated—separated from each other, from our instructors, and from our school.

But let us leave these solemn thoughts! Let us look into the future! These four years were as but a preliminary heat in Life's great contest. Shall we lie upon our oars after finishing this, our first race? Shall we stand and think upon this, our first achievement? Never!

"Be Strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it! 'Tis God's gift."

We must make one success lead to another. We must prove ourselves of some worth in the world.

Many of us will enter college. If we have done our work in Brookline High School conscientiously, there will be new triumphs awaiting us in the higher institutions, as there will be new oppor-

tunities. Be it in the class room, or on the athletic field, if we keep high ideals always in view; if we are always strong in mind and body good fortune will surely await us. It may be that not all of us will obtain scholarships or win letters; but if we feel that we are doing our best, if we are working earnestly for our ideals, this will be success. For, as is said of Robert Louis Stevenson: "All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have time to sign it."

Others among us will enter into the real struggle of life without a college course; and here, too, successes await the diligent worker. In the office, or at the machine, a conscientious man will obtain his reward. He may not reach the heights of a Vanderbilt, or an Edison, but it is sure that his life will not be an obscure one.

But will our course in college, business, or whatever race we enter, always be free from troubles and trials, from disappointments and defeated hopes? Fortunately not; for in that case our success would be assured, and we should not need our motto, "Be Strong," and the world would be flooded with ambitionless people, because everything desired could be obtained without labor or trouble.

The path to victory will not be an easy one. It will be hard and stony, and there will be times in our upward toiling when we shall stop, panting and perspiring; and doubts will come to us, misgivings as to whether the path will ever end, whether we have chosen the right one, and whether the reward is worth the pain. 'T is then that we shall need our motto! 'T is then we must "Be Strong!" When reverses come in business, when temptations arise before us, when sickness interrupts our college course, when another man wins our place on the team, when we have done our best and have been deprived of our reward, perhaps, by the fault of another, then

"Be Strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song."

These are the times that will prove our worth. These are the times when grit and determination will count. For if we can triumph over our first reverses, each new trial will prove a lesser one.

And if, having lived up to our ideals, we at last achieve our ambition, with what pride may we then look back over our career and consider the obstacles overcome. With what pity may we look upon the thousands who have toiled and failed to reach their ambitions, who are even now giving up the struggle and resigning themselves to a life of indifference to success and achievement. And how much happier if, having achieved success, we shall have achieved it honorably, by our own strength rather than by having some sinecure thrust upon us, when we dare not call our name our own, and fear a loss of office at any moment! By our own strength, did I say? If we are strong enough to reach our ambition let us remember that it was here, in Brookline High School, that we received our first assistance toward this end. Let us remember that were it not for the time which our teachers here have spent upon us, were it not for the earnest encouragement which they have given us during these four years, were it not for the interest with which they have tried to develop our best qualities and have borne with our many faults; in short, were it not for their generous, exceedingly generous, labor in our behalf, we should never have gained the good fortune that we now enjoy.

Class of Nineteen Hundred Seven! We have made a good record during our four years here. Our history shows this. We have held high ideals, and we have tried to live up to them. As we go out from Brookline High School let us ever keep our standard equally high. In our college, in our business, in whatever position we may find ourselves, let our motto ever remain: "BE STRONG!"

Class Day
Officers

IN the year 1923, as I was floating through the aerial regions of Massachusetts in my 200-mile-an-hour airship, I chanced to look down upon Brookline, and saw a number of baby-carriages, with some charming babies therein, being pushed up Clinton Road. Noticing a shadowy form behind a tree close to the approaching parade, I suspected that something was about to happen, so I motioned to Carl Whittier to descend—he always was trustworthy and obedient when a boy—and followed behind the procession on the low speed. As the first carriage drew near the hiding form, suddenly it sprang forward, grasped the baby and dashed up the road, while all the nurses stood petrified with amazement. No second glance was needed to show me that it was Oliver, who even in the High School used to be a "cradle-snatcher." Quickly we overtook him. Carl reached over, seized him by the neck, pulled him aboard, and "Ollie" let go his hold on the "cradle." Then Oliver said, "Let's forget the 'cradle' and fly to Providence."

. . . . . .

When I recovered my senses (being a very emotional person I had seen fit to faint at the critical moment when we had reached Oliver), I was standing beside him and saying "I will," to a colored minister. Notwithstanding the fact that he "laughed himself black in the face," I easily recognized Donald Stevens.

"I thought it would be so nice to have one of our old schoolmates officiate," Ollie explained to me, "and you see Don was the only member of the class who entered the ministry."

I asked him if he had heard from any of those who used to make the welkin ring in Room 10.

"Well, ah jes' reckon you kin guess so!" he replied. "Fo' de Lawd sake, ain' yu done heerd 'bout Marse Cooley an' dat young flippety-gibbet Missie Coon, what he am always been a-chasin' of? Yaas, ma'm, golly, he done cotched her at las'. Yaas ma'm, he was a-helping her over a puddle one day, an' golly, one of dose pumps ob hern come off! Marse Lloyd he done picked it up, an' he says, 'Beetrice,' says he, 'ah done swar to goodnes' I won't giv' back dis yere pump till yer says 'yes.' An' Missie Beetrice she jes' stan' dar on one foot lak a amputated rooster—an—an—golly, she done got her pump back!"

"Well, well," I said, "I was wondering whether Lloyd ever would have spunk enough to pop the question."

As we walked out of the church, accompanied by the sound of sweet music, we heard a voice singing a solo, and when the words, "He walked right in and he turned around, and he walked right out again," broke upon our ears, we thought once more of those happy days when John Clune used to lead the trio in the physics period.

"Although this is a fine town and all that," Oliver remarked, "let's do something really exciting. I know what we'll do! We'll spend our honeymoon at Wonderland, for I've heard that a number of the old crowd are at present assisting the management at that bizarre place."

"Agreed!" said I. "A trip to Wonderland would make me happier than anything else in the world."

So, when we had aroused Carl from sleep by putting a tack in his seat and causing him to roll over on it, we started for Boston.

We made up our minds to go to Revere in a very ordinary manner, for, now that we were married and knew we must economize, we realized that we could not afford to run our machine ad libitum, radium having gone up in price; so we stuck to Mother Earth for a while.

Just as we were walking down to the ferry, Johnny Gursenheiser dashed by, madly pursued by Charlotte Hudnut. I made a flying leap, caught her, and asked her if she was faint through pursuing, and what the matter was.

MANDOLIN CLUB, 1907

"He has promised to marry me! He has promised to marry me!" she muttered wildly. Then I let her go, sympathizing with her, for I remembered how fond all the girls were of John when we were pupils in the High School.

But this happy couple were not the only classmates whom we were to see on the boat, for, glancing around, I saw in a corner a group of solemn looking women, one of whom held aloft a red standard, bearing in green letters the words:

> We Stand for Women's Rights
> and the Taxation of Bachelors

Of course, five of the group were Louise Crevolyn, Mary Lyons, Alice Shields, Natalie Little, and Antoinette Gregory.

"Even in school they used to hate boys," Oliver said, "so it's not to be wondered at that they now have joined the Single Woman's League."

Noticing that Antoinette stood somewhat apart from the group, I asked her what the trouble was. She answered: "Long ago, when I was in the High School, I realized what a menace to happiness a monopoly is, and ever since then I have spent my life in opposing this particular monopoly." Hardly were the words out of her mouth when a splash was heard, and rushing to the side of the boat we were just in time to catch the echo of Emil Untersee's last words: "Thus endeth that monopoly!"

Sobered by this tragic culmination of a brilliant career, we had left the boat and were hastening toward the train, when whom should we see but Helen Slagle, elbowing her way through the crowd. She told us that although she was president of Wellesley, she was taking a day off in order to be able to explain graphically to her young charges the evils of enjoyment.

"By the way," Helen said, "did you know that Atherton Kyle has just started a tailoring establishment at 23 Rue des Fabriques, Paris, and that his styles have been adopted by all the nobility of Europe? His word on fashions is law, nearly as

much so as when he used to come to school wearing one brown shoe and one black one."

"And what is my old rival journalist, George Treadwell, doing now?" Oliver inquired.

"We all prophesied a great future for him, and it's come true. He's editor of the Treadwell American, which used to be run by Hearst. And so far as success goes, I can't go beyond saying that it is more interesting than the sporting page of the Brookline Press ever was, even in its palmiest days, and it is just as capable of sustaining its statements—and that's saying a good deal." At this point Helen saw a person who looked like a schoolgirl, and rushed off to ask her what college she intended to attend.

Knowing that Helen was now lost to us, being engrossed in this all-absorbing subject, we boarded the train and found to our surprise James McMahon taking up the fares. As Olly noticed that he conscientiously slipped every fifth nickel into his pocket, he magnanimously gave him two counterfeit five-centers, which he had been attempting to dispose of for months.

"It's a great business," James whispered to Olly, "I'm already worth nearly a million."

Just then the train stopped abruptly, and after a brief interval a limp form was brought into the car. In reply to the request for help, made by our capable conductor, who should step forward but Helen Driscoll. She announced that she could easily care for anybody. Her valuable services were accepted, and as she knelt beside the motionless form I saw his lips quiver, and heard the voice of Robert McMillan, saying, "Tell father and mother—sorry I was bad;" and he continued to mutter to himself for a few minutes, when he regained consciousness and asked for some Latin prose to write at sight.

When we heard the request we knew that he must be entirely recovered, for he had gained a great name as a professor of Latin at Harvard. Thinking that Helen was overworked, we asked her why Marion Baxter had not joined in her study of nursing.

"Dear Marion, still thinking of the poor, has followed out

her ideals, and has started a fresh air fund to take the poor children of "N'Yawk into the subway," she informed us.

Just then the strident voice of our conductor was heard shouting: "All out for Wonderland!"

Arriving at the park we saw what we thought to be a woodchuck, but which proved to be Ganong, industriously digging his way underneath the fence.

"I suppose he thinks that there is a base ball game going on inside," Olly observed to me, "for he's the boy that went to ten league games on a fence ticket, issued by that sagacious body known as the Athletic Association."

"All aboard for the tour of Wonderland! Come into the merry Oldsmobile! Only ten cents!" We heard this cry as we entered the enclosure.

"Well, I declare!" I said. "Observe who's present! Fred and Kenneth Young!"

They saw us, too, and invited us to jump in, observing carelessly that we should be allowed to ride free. "And there's Ruth Faxon, who is the woman champion of the world at putting the 16-pound shot. Her record is seven feet nine and one-half inches," said Fred.

After duly greeting Ruth, I asked her if she had heard about Frances Perry. On receiving an answer in the negative, I told her that it was reported that she was conducting the columns of "Advice to the lovelorn" in the Transcript, and that she had already mended fifty or sixty hearts.

"But what about Dot Taylor? They used to say that she was rather good at hearts, herself."

"Why, she and Agnes Ward had a most desperate struggle over the heart of the treasurer of the B. and A. Dot got him; and, as a result, Agnes has given up the world and resolved to live a solitary life. However, from the present outlook, it does not seem as if she will carry out her plan. Dot is making her capture toe the mark, and never fails to remind him to 'hurry up,' for his road still holds the record for tardiness."

"And Helen Wright?" Oliver asked, in a tone that was a trifle too solicitous.

"Haven't you heard what a hit she's making nowadays as private secretary to Charles Hann, who is the president of the Brookline Republican Club? Poor Charlie! As usual, he forgot the very first speech that he had to make. Most people think that Helen wrote it, and that he didn't have time to learn it, being busy instructing his supporters as to the proper way to stuff a ballot box. However, he never got caught doing that at school, so I don't believe it."

"Where's Joyce Knowlton?"

"Oh! let me tell you about her. It's really quite pathetic. Joyce, who, like Oliver, always had a fondness for robbing the cradle, started off for an automobile ride during a supper dance with a junior in the High School, and hasn't been heard from since."

"Sad! Sad!" I murmured. Then, after a decent interval of silence, I asked after Josephine Baker.

"Why, there she is; right up above you, on the tight rope!" Ruth exclaimed, and, glancing upward, we saw her waltzing along, closely followed by a shadow, which we guessed to be Mildred Mason.

"What if they should fall!" I exclaimed, in a frightened voice.

"O, they're all right," a person near assured me. "George Kenney, the strong man of America, who subsists entirely on grape-nuts, follows them along on the ground in order to catch them if they should tumble."

"Why, Duncan!" Olly said, as he turned around. "Where did you—"

But just then Mildred slipped, and uttering a terrible scream, fell off the rope.

As Duncan had predicted, George ran towards her as she fell, and, catching her, tossed her up again to the rope with such ease that I was convinced that the whole affair was a "put-up job." I didn't dare to say so, though, lest I should hurt Duncan's feelings, thinking that if his knowledge had any relation to it, he must be manager of the park. But to make sure, I asked him if he was associated with the management.

"No," he replied; "I have spent my whole time organizing exclusive theatre parties. And, did you know," he added in a proud tone, "that I've only had fifteen of them broken up by the police in the past two years."

"That's an enviable record," said Olly, in a reminiscent tone, and chuckled to himself; so I inferred that he must, at some time, have been one of Duncan's patrons.

Then we heard a voice shout out: "Treadwell's Boston American; all about the murder!" Immediately Olly drew a penny from his pocket, and motioning to the boy who had been exercising his vocal organs to approach, he dropped the money into the outstretched hand of Charlesworth Levey. The first thing in the American that caught my eye was the following announcement, in large type:

> "Miss Olive Mason wins greater fame. Latest novel, 'Always Five Minutes Too Late, and the Excuses thereof.' Great Success."

On another page appeared Charlie Newton's picture. Underneath it I read:

> "Mr. Charles Newton, whose engagement to the Duchess of Aspinwall Avenue was recently announced, is at present instructing classes in manners and morals."

When I called Olly's attention to this illustrated article, he said that even in the High School Charlie used to be celebrated for his proficiency in "wool-pulling"; in fact, manners so made the man that even one of the faculty called Newton "Lord Chesterfield."

Tucked away in one corner I noticed a paragraph about the disappearance of Patrice Butler, who had lately been an instructor of swimming at the Brookline tank. One day, while she was disporting herself at the deep end, she was called down by the mermaids at the bottom, and has never been seen since she had

accepted their invitation. Her place, however, has been filled, even to overflowing, by the Misses M. C. and M. R. Kelly, who come highly recommended.

"Poor Patrice," I sighed. "She was so young I'm afraid that she always paid too much attention to the mere phantasies of life."

As the sight-seeing auto was now well filled, we put aside the paper and listened to Fred Young, as, in a deep voice, especially trained for such work, he proceeded, as the car moved along, to call out the many points of interest.

"Here, on the right," he told us, "you see the Palace Theatre, in which Miss Daisy Young, the famous prima donna, will sing her original song, entitled, 'You're the Only One, until Another takes Your Place;' very respectfully dedicated to all those whose places have been taken. In this same theatre, Miss Viola Mory will give a rendering of Faust, and carry on all the parts simultaneously. Later in the evening, Mr. St. Clair A. Wodell, assisted by Miss Hester Wilkinson, will appear in the one-act farce, "The Smash of the Mary Jane," a most amusing skit by L. Gordon Glazier."

"Well, he's the last person that I thought would go into the operetta writing business," Olly whispered to Duncan.

"Why, he won his spurs in light comedy production last fall," he answered, "when his 'Standard Dictionary' was put on the market. You know he always intended to make that sort of thing his life work."

Fred continued: "At ten o'clock this evening, in the yellow pavilion, Miss Grace Allen will recite her moving and pathetic poem, 'Where the Heart Lies, the Lungs are nearby.' No one who has heard her has failed to burst into tears and flee from the park, thinking of that tombstone on the hillside which marks the resting spot of Thomas J. Meow, the family cat. On the left, the curious may watch Sherwood Blodgett, the prestidigitateur, perform feats. All those who do not wish their feet to perform had better tie their shoestrings with a double knot. In the next pa-

vilion, Miss Marguerite Turner, renowned as the only student of Greek while in the High School who abhorred the use of a "trot," claims to be able to prepare candidates for Harvard in one half an hour. Farther on may be seen Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Mahoney (nee Kathleen Unkles), the only married couple who have ever lived together for seven years without quarreling. Jealous rivals claim that Mr. Mahoney is deaf, and Mrs. Mahoney dumb; but this statement is an entire falsehood. Owing to the large number desirous of seeing this strange spectacle, you must wait your turn to get a ticket."

Thinking that we ought to buy some tickets, as the sight would undoubtedly have a good effect upon us, we alighted, and, after bidding Fred and Kenneth "good-bye," we started for the entrance.

As there was a large line ahead of us, we decided to wait, and seeing another crowd at our left, we hastened toward it. We were not astonished to find our old classmate, Howard Moss, debating with Ibrahim Morrison on the evils of cigarette smoking. Howard said that he was an example of a boy who had never bought a cigarette, but had smoked them all his life. He was declared the winner.

In a bungalow near by, Helen Mossman was delivering a lecture, entitled, "If a boy sits on a tack does it make him smart?" In her large and distinguished audience we noticed Mary Gibbons, Effie Beverley, and Mary McMahon, listening intently. They told us that they had just been rescued from the Cannibal Isles by Stanley Phelan, Francis Driscoll and Charles Hewitt, who were taking a pleasure trip in Phelan's yacht, which had been bought from the profits of the Boston Americans last season, on whose team he had filled the position of catcher. They informed us that on the return trip they had run across Jessie Ness, who had become the wife of a Hindu prince. She had taught all the heathen to speak English, in a manner that would do credit to any of the Brookline High School English classes. She was assisted by Winifred Jones and Hazel Little, both of whom were there as missionaries.

Hearing the wings of our airship, we hurried out to find Beatrice Babcock talking to Whittier. She told us that she was now the principal of the B. H. S., Mr. Hitchcock having retired. "And have you heard," she said, "that Elizabeth Warren has been awarded the Grand Prix, at Paris, for the best plaster cast that has been offered this year?"

As it was getting late, we jumped into our airship, waved good-bye to all our friends, and sped away into that great unknown future which is called Life.

Class Song

Words by Grace Miriam Allen, '07
Music by Helen Slagle, '07

"Hark! hear the call, to battle all,
For none may miss the strife.
Give all your might for truth and right,
Proclaims the Lord of Life."
The herald ceased, and still increased
Our chorus full and free.

CHORUS—Dear Red and Blue, we will be true
While shine the stars in heav'n;
And ring thy cheers through all the years,
Thy Class of Nineteen-seven.

As unto all doth come the call,
So now to us it comes;
And nothing loth, we 'll bravely forth
Where life's strong current runs,
For thy dear name to win bright fame
And ever loyal pledge.

CHORUS—Dear Red and Blue, we will be true
While shine the stars in heav'n,
And ring thy cheers through all the years,
Thy Class of Nineteen-seven.

When end these days, and part our ways,
Still classmates we 'll be one,
If in our lives for truth each strives
And all that's base doth shun.
Thus will we raise one hymn of praise
To Alma Mater fair.

CHORUS—Dear Red and Blue, we will be true
While shine the stars in heav'n,
And ring thy cheers through all the years—
Thy Class of Nineteen-seven.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL.

DONALD R. STEVENS, '07 — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
DUNCAN WRIGHT, '07 — BUSINESS MANAGER

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HELEN SLAGLE, '07 — LLOYD C. COOLEY, '07
DOROTHY NESBITT, '07 — OLIVER ANDREWS, '07
GEORGE L. TREADWELL, '07 — LILLIAN E. WOOD, '08
CHARLES HANN, JR., '07 — WELLESLEY SELIGMAN, '08
ELIZABETH WELLS, '09

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JOSEPH KITTREDGE, '08 — CHERRY HEAD, '10
ANNA HOLMAN, '09 — HUGH BRADY, '10

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

L. GORDON GLAZIER, '07 — WALTER H. CADY, '08
SHERWOOD B. BLODGETT, '07

VOL. XIII GRADUATION, JUNE, 1907 NO 9

Editorials

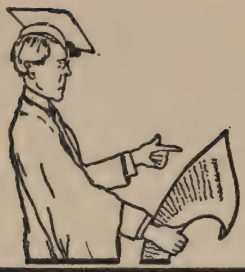
VOLUME thirteen is a thing of the past. In relinquishing our directorship of THE SAGAMORE, we have but few words to say. Chief among the few facts of which we are proud, is the one that we have accomplished what we claimed that we would. We asserted in our first issue that we would publish nine numbers which would appear on the first of each month and on graduation night; and not once has THE SAGAMORE failed to appear on time. Of this we are justly proud, for during several years, this has not been the case. We have tried to make the magazine a school

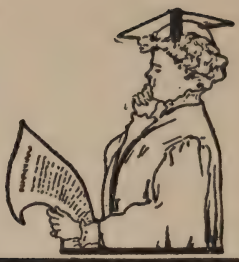
THE SAGAMORE STAFF

paper, rather than an upper class affair; and through the interest manifested by the lower classes this has been possible. We have tried to publish matter that should interest all; and, although we have heard but few words of commendation, we have heard very little complaint; which is gratifying enough to us. We have striven constantly to improve. It has been our ambition to make each number better than the last. In this we know we have failed; but we believe the experience we have gained during the year has not been wholly lost, and that our last numbers are better than our first.

IN this issue we offer the result of our final effort to the school. We have worked earnestly to produce a number that shall, at least, equal the graduation papers of previous years, and we hope—we almost believe—that we have succeeded. And if we have, we owe many thanks to those who have so generously aided us in our attempt—the faculty, the student body, our illustrators, reporters, and the printers.

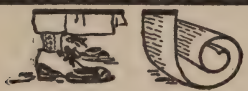
IN closing, we have one especial truth to offer: "If you wish a good school paper you must support it yourself." One person cannot produce a satisfactory paper by his own powers. Or, if he does, he is such a wreck at the end, that he is of no value nor of any further use in life. Bear this in mind! Support next year's board of editors with as much enthusiasm and spirit as you have this year's (with more, if possible), and your paper cannot fail to be pleasing to you and to everyone else. With thanks, then, to all of those who have so ably supported us, and with earnest hope that equal support will not be lacking in the future, we now deliver up our staff of office, and wish the greatest of prosperity to our successors.





ANNALS OF 1907

WHO'S WHO AND THE REASON



[GENTLE READER: If you are hard hit, grin and bear it. Don't threaten the editor, but hunt up some friend that was hit harder and sympathize. Addresses given are for next year.]

ALLEN, Grace Miriam. 11 Linden place. Pierce Grammar '03; member Tau Beta Beta; class day committee, 1907; wrote words for class song, 1907. Nicknames, "Gracie," "Four Quarts." Favorite occupation, theorizing. Radcliffe, 1911.

BABCOCK, Beatrice Josephine. 42 Brington road. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Bee." Favorite amusement, bunking gym. Vassar, 1911.

BAKER, Frances Josephine. 27 Cypress place. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; class basket ball, 1904-5-6; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Jo." Chief delight, "The Boston." Wellesley, 1911.

BAXTER, Marion. 83 Cypress street. Pierce Grammar, '03. class secretary 1905-6; senior social committee 1907; B. H. S. dramatics 1907; poet, class day, 1907; prize speaking, 1907. Nickname, "Claire." Favorite hobby, collecting boys. Professional chaperone next year.

BEVERLEY, Effie Ruth. 70 Chestnut street. Lincoln Grammar, '03. Favorite recreation, eating. Bryant & Stratton.

BUTLER, Patrice Madeleine. 34 Centre street. Girls' Latin School to B. H. S., '07; member Vici Club. Nickname, "Pat." Favorite pastime, being demure. Wellesley, 1911.

COON, Beatrice Lyle. 26 Columbia street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; B. H. S. Dramatics, 1907; photograph committee, 1907; member Vici Club. Favorite amusement, fussing fussers. Nickname, "Honey," "Bee." Housekeeping next year.

CREVOLIN, Louise Josephine. 85 Francis street. Lawrence Grammar, '03. Nickname, "Crevy." Favorite recreation, tennis. Next year, unacknowledged; probably waiting.

DRISCOLL, Helen. 9 Kent street. Pierce Grammar, '03. Chief delight, slumbering. Mrs. Fish's Kindergarten school.

FAXON, Ruth Nowell. 29 Williston road. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03. Member Tau Beta Beta. Chief characteristic, being methodical. Nickname, "Polly Prim." Favorite occupation, running by the clock. Miss Winsor's School, Boston.

GIBBONS, Mary Louise. Warren street. Lincoln Grammar, '03. Favorite pastime, reading; providing she has plenty of apples. Boston Normal School.

GREGORY, Antoinette. Address unknown. Martin Grammar, (Roxbury). Favorite pastime, eating doughnuts. Work next year unknown.

HUDNUT, Charlotte Elizabeth Louise. 1372 Beacon street. Athol High to B. H. S., 1904. Nickname, "Elsie." Favorite diversion, crushing the faculty (principally the English department.) Wellesley, 1911.

JONES, Winifred Franklin. Address unknown. Pierce Grammar, '03. Nickname, "Jonesy." Chief delight, investigating. Art school next year.

KELLEY, Mary Catherine. 64 White place. Lincoln Grammar, '03. Nickname, "Sis." Favorite occupation, bashful, and wouldn't give any. Bryant & Stratton's.

KELLEY, May Regina. Warren street. Pierce Grammar, '03. Chief delight, driving. Bryant & Stratton's.

KNOWLTON, Joyce. Tyler House, Smith College, Northampton; Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; B. H. S. Dramatics, 1906; Senior Social dramatics, 1907; Class basket-ball, 1905; member Tau Beta Beta society. Nickname, "Jake." Chief delight, escapades. (What kind? Well, that's a secret.) Smith, 1911.

LITTLE, Hazel Grace. 70 Gorham avenue. Mason Grammar, '03 (Newton Center). Favorite diversion, talking in domestic science. Æolian Orchestra next year.

LITTLE, Natalie Alma. 77 Perry street. Lawrence Grammar, '03; second prize in gym. contest, 1905. Favorite recreation, whistling. Work next year uncertain.

LYONS, Mary Paradine. 56 Addington road. Lawrence Grammar, '03; class basket ball 1904-5. Nickname, "Sister." Favorite occupation, getting nervous. Domestic life next year.

MASON, Mildred. 84 Harvard avenue. Newton High to B. H. S. '05; class basket ball 1905; class field hockey 1906; member Vici Club. Nickname, "Grid." Favorite pastime, hunting for crabs. Scientific research work in the art of cooking next year.

MASON, Olive. 21 Fuller street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; class day committee 1907. Nicknames, "Tommy," "Olivia," "Late as usual." Description, "Last, but not least." Favorite occupation, strolling (unalone). Open for engagements next year.

MCMAHON, Mary Magdalene. 3 High street place. Lincoln Grammar, '03. Favorite occupation, laughing. Next year unacknowledged.

MORY, Viola Amelia. 24 Verndale street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; B. H. S. dramatics, 1907. Nicknames, "Vi," "John's wife." Chief delight, sitting on curbstones. Singing next year, (Edison Phonograph Co.)

MOSSMAN, Helen Hyde. 19 Monmouth place. Lawrence Grammar, '03; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Mossman." Favorite pastime, scrapping with the Doc. Vassar, 1911.

NESBITT, Dorothy. 51 Summit avenue. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; pianist at Sophomore receptions, 1905-6' high jump record, at 1907 girls' class meet, 1906; B. H. S. dramatics, 1906-7; chairman Senior dance committee, 1907; class vice-president, 1906-7; editorial staff of THE SAGAMORE, 1906-7; prophet, Class day, 1907. Nickname, "Dot." Favorite hobby, frat. pins. Will study music next year.

NESS, Jessie Alice. 153 Cypress street. Shirley Grammar (Winthrop), '03; winner Directors' Cup for excellence in gymnastics, 1904. Favorite amusement, athletics in general. Dr. Sargent's School of Gymnastics.

PERRY, Frances Amy. 14 E. Milton road. Carthage High School to B. H. S. '05; winner William H. Lincoln medal for excellence in mathematics, 1906; member Tau Beta Beta. Favorite occupation, drawing babies. Chief delight, fighting. Nickname, "France." Radcliffe, 1911.

SHIELDS, Alice Louise. 34 Perry street. Lawrence Grammar, '03; class basket ball, 1904-5. Favorite amusement, fishing (for fish). Employment next year unknown.

SLAGLE, Helen. Noanett House, Wellesley. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; class secretary, 1904-5; class vice-president, 1905-6; SAGAMORE board, 1904-7; class day committee, 1907; honorable mention in Junior mathematics examination, 1906; prize speaking, 1904, 1907; wrote music for class song; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Guzzler." Favorite dissipation, reading exchanges. Wellesley, 1911.

TAYLOR, Dorothy. 163 Tappan street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; senior social committee, 1907; photograph committee, 1907; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Dot." Favorite expression, "Hurry up!" Chief delight, posing for pictures. Not engaged for next year.

TURNER, Marguerite Augusta. 26 Circuit road, Chestnut Hill. Girls' Latin School to B. H. S., '05; member Vici Club. Nickname, "Reet", "Girl." Favorite occupation, pinching pictures. Radcliffe 1911.

UNKLES, Kathleen Maria. 27 Hurd road. Pierce Grammar,'03. Favorite recreation, studying history. Bryant & Stratton's.

WARD, Agnes Lee. 156 Tappan street. Pierce Grammar, '03; senior dance committee, 1907; member Tau Beta Beta. Nickname, "Waggy." Favorite recreation, autoing. Refined loafing next year.

WARREN, Elizabeth Boardman. 6 Perry street. Cony High School (Augusta, Me.) to B. H. S. '06; winner of William H. Lincoln medal for excellence in Physics, 1906; designer of covers and various illustrations for THE SAGAMORE, 1906-7. Favorite occupations, eating, sleeping and drawing. Nickname, "Bess." Art work next year.

WILKINSON, Hester Sumner. 219 Fisher avenue. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03. Nickname, "The French Doll." Chief characteristic, being prim and proper. Favorite occupation, being nice. Work next year unknown, and we couldn't think up a "knock."

WRIGHT, Helen Janet. Tyler House, Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Lawrence Grammar, '03; member Tau Beta Beta; senior social committee, 1907; class secretary 1906-7. Nickname, "Wrighty." Chief delight, looking innocent. Smith, 1911.

YOUNG, Elizabeth Bond. Rogers Hall School, Lowell. Pierce Grammar,'03; class secretary 1904; senior dance committee 1907; member Vici Club. Nickname, "Daisy" (and she is). Favorite amusement, occupying cosy corners. Rogers Hall School next year.

ANDREWS, Oliver, ΓΔΨ. 44 Edgehill Road; Lawrence Grammar, '03; B. H. S. hockey team, goal, '05-'06-'07; class football, centre, '05; broke leg playing on school team, '06; SAGAMORE board, '06-'07; prophet, Class Day, '07; a discus thrower of renowned ability. Nicknames, "Sleepy Ollie," "Kidnapper." Favorite diversion, fooling the Faculty. Favorite occupation, cradle snatching. Harvard '11 (maybe).

BLODGETT, Sherwood Brandon. 71 Addington Road. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; Pentathlon team, '04-'05; B. H. S. 2nd basket-ball team, guard, '05; B. H. S. 2nd crew, bow, '06; B. H. S. gym. team, '06; class football, guard, '06; glee club, '05-'06; mandolin club, '06, leader, '07; assistant business manager SAGAMORE '06-'07; Prestidigitator-in-Chief of B. H. S.; B. H. S. drum corps, '05; Senior social committee '07; B. H. S. dramatics, '07. Nickname, "Sher." Favorite occupation, best if not mentioned. Lawrence Scientific School, '11.

CLUNE, John Joseph. 233 Boylston street. Lincoln Grammar, '02; B. H. S. base ball team, pitcher '05, fielder '06, and captain '07; B. H. S. football team, tackle, '06; B. H. S. basket ball team, forward, '07; class base ball, fielder, '04; class football, full back, '06; class basket ball, forward, '06; Locker-room Quartet, tenor, '07; captain Senior gun club, '07. Nickname, "Buster." Favorite occupation, shouting. Special course at Harvard next year.

COOLEY, Lloyd Cartwright, ΓΔΨ. 26 Stetson street. Edward Devotion school, '03; B. H. S. track team, '07; B. H. S. relay team, '07; B. H. S. crew, '07; class hockey, forward, '04; class track team, '05-'06-'07; manager B. H. S. track team, '06-'07; vice-president B. H. S. A. A., '06-'07; SAGAMORE board, '05-'06-'07; class football, tackle, '05; second crew, '05-'06; cheer leader, '06; class treasurer, '05-'06-'07; Senior social committee, '06; Senior dance committee, '07; B. H. S. dramatics, '05-'06; Debating Club, '06-'07; sergeant Senior gun club, '07; Historian, Class Day, '07. Nickname, "Elsie." Favorite occupation, losing his heart. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '11.

DRISCOLL, Francis John. 173 Pond avenue. Lincoln Grammar, '03; class base ball, shortstop 1905-6; class football, halfback '06; class basket ball, captain and forward '07. Nickname, "Dricol." Favorite amusement, basket ball. Draughting or Tufts, '11.

GANONG, Eldon Arthur. 231 High street. Lincoln Grammar, '03; member Debating Club '07. Nickname, "Gang." Favorite diversion, loafing. Architecture next year.

GLAZIER, Leslie Gordon. 772 Washington street. Harvard Grammar, '03 (Cambridge); assistant business manager of SAGAMORE '06-'07; vice-president of Debating Club, '06-'07; senior debating team, captain '07; chairman of class day committee, '07. Nickname, "Dictionary." Favorite pastime, developing a vocabulary. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '11.

GUNSENHISER, John Nathan. 83 Coolidge street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03. Nickname, "Johnny." Favorite occupation, singing. Will direct a matrimonial agency next year.

HANN, Charles, Jr., ΣΦΤ. 105 Craigie Hall, Cambridge. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; class president '03-'07; SAGAMORE Board, '04-'07, "Bubbles" editor '07; president Glee Club '05-'06; president B. H. S. A. A., '06-'07, undergraduate representative '06; president Debating Club '06-'07, member '05-'06; committee on school pin '03, San Francisco relief '06, etc.; chairman photograph committee '07; B. H. S. representative to P. S. A. L., '06-'07; school teams, football '03-'06, basket ball '04-'05, track '06-'07, base ball '04-'05-'07; class teams, basket ball '03-'05, track '04-'07, Pentathlon '05, base ball '04-'05. Nickname, "Charlie." Favorite diversion, slinging mud at "Jim White." Harvard '11.

HEWETT, Charles Mackintosh. Spring Lane, Canton Jct. Elliott Grammar, '03; member Debating Club '06-'07; B. H. S. second basket ball team, guard '07. Nickname, "Dowie." Favorite amusement, grinding like —. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '11.

TRACK TEAM, 1907

KENNEY, George Churchill. 10 Davis avenue. Pierce Grammar '03; member senior debating team; Debating Club, '06-'07; B. H. S. crew, coxswain, '07; class hockey, forward '06; class base ball, fielder '06; senior gun club, sergeant '07. Nickname, "Kinney." Principal occupation, growing. Massachusetts Institute of Technology '11.

KYLE, Warren Atherton, ΣΦΤ. Address unknown. Newton High to B. H. S, '05; manager B. H. S. basket ball team '05-'06; assistant manager B. H. S. football team '05, manager '06; class football, tackle '06; lieutenant senior gun club '07. Nickname, "Babe." Favorite occupations, flunking and bunking. Houghton & Dutton's fruit store 1915 and on. Graduate at Amherst 1918. Teaching at Brookline High, physical torture, 1919. Amherst '11 (unless suddenly indisposed).

LEROYER, Charles Philip, ΓΔΨ. 115 Dean road. Friends' School, Providence, to B. H. S., '04; B. H. S. second crew, stroke '05; B. H. S. crew, stroke '06, captain '07; B. H. S. mandolin club '07. Nicknames, "Johnny," "Dutchie." Favorite diversion, breaking and entering (room 4 a specialty). United States Naval Academy '11, or business.

LEVEY, W. Charlesworth. Address uncertain. Pierce Grammar, '03; violinist Lilac Day '04. Nickname, "Levi." Chief occupation, being happy. Harvard '11.

MACMILLAN, Robert Webster, ΣΦΤ. 66 Perkins Dormitory, Cambridge; Albany Academy '03; class football, end '05; dislocated hip '06; mandolin club '05-06, manager '06-07; debating club '07. Nickname, "Bobbie Mac." Favorite occupation, bunking (but only once). Harvard '11.

MAHONEY, Dennis Francis. 15 Leverett street. Lincoln Grammar '03; member Pentathlon team '05; class football, tackle '05-'06; second place 20-yds. dash, B. H. S. indoor meet '06; class track team, captain '07; debating club '06-'07. Nickname, "Dinnie." Favorite occupation, plugging. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '11.

MALONEY, Timothy James. 34 Juniper street. Lincoln Grammar '03; member Debating Club '07. Nickname, "Tim." Favorite amusement, the gun drill. Post graduate B. H. S., '08. Tufts Medical '12.

MCMAHON, James. 3 High street place. Lincoln Grammar '03; class baseball, fielder '05; class football, centre '06; manager B. H. S. base ball team '07; debating club '07. Nickname, "Mac." Favorite amusement, taking in money.

MORRISON, Ibrahim Follinsbee. Hanover, N. H. Penniman Grammar '02, Braintree; class football, end '05, end and quarterback '06; class basket ball, forward '06-'07; class base ball, captain and fielder '06; photograph committee '07. Nickname, "Ibby." Chief occupation, wondering. Dartmouth '11.

MOSS, Howard Franklin, ΓΔΨ. 1390 Beacon street. Edward Devotion Grammar, '03; class base ball, 3d base '05-'06; class hockey '06; class football, end '05, half-back '06; debating club '05-'06. Nickname, "Mossy." Favorite occupation, sponging. Harvard '11.

NEWTON, Charles Homer. 51 Addington road. College Preparatory School, Little Rock, Arkansas, to B. H. S., '06; class football, guard '06. Nicknames, "Charlie," "The Woman Hater." Principal occupation, visiting. Harvard '11.

PHELAN, Stanley Anderson. 234 Cypress street. Lincoln Grammar '03; class football, quarterback '05, captain '06; broke collar bone; class hockey, captain and forward '06; class base ball, catcher '05; class basket ball, guard '06-'07; B. H. S. base ball team, sub. catcher '06, regular '07; debating club '07; class day committee '07. Nickname, "Sap." Favorite diversion, smiling expansively. Massachusetts Institute of Technology '11.

SANFORD, Edward Arnold. 9 Summit avenue. Boston Latin School to B. H. S. '03. Nickname, "Gippy." Favorite recreation, prize fighting. Dartmouth '12.

STEVENS, Donald Read. 32 Manchester road. Edward Devotion Grammar '03; member Pentathlon team '04; mandolin club '04-'06-'07; glee club '04-'05; class base ball, fielder '05, catcher '06, captain '07; assistant business manager SAGAMORE '05-'06; B. H. S. basket ball team, sub. guard '05-'06, regular guard '06-'07; class basket ball, captain and guard '06; class hockey, point '06; class relay team '06-'07; indoor meet, 2d 300-yards dash '06, high score '07; B. H. S. gym team '06; editor-in-chief SAGAMORE '06-'07; class football, full-back '06; Locker Room quartet, alto, '07; secretary debating club '06-'07; senior debating team '07; cheer leader '07; B. H. S. dramatics '07; prize speaking '04, winner '07; orator, class day '07. Nicknames, "Jasper," "Don." Favorite occupation, wracking his brain. Massachusetts Institute of Technology '11.

TREADWELL, George Ludington, ΣΦΤ. 50 York terrace. Edward Devotion Grammar '03; B. H. S. track team '04-'05-'06; B. H. S. relay team '04-'05-'06; manager B. H. S. hockey team '05-'06; class football, half-back '06-'07; class Pentathlon team '04, captain '05; glee club '05-'06; SAGAMORE board '05-'06-'07; lieutenant senior gun club '07; assistant "model" for photograph committee, '07. Nickname, "Tread." Chief diversion, stuffing the Press. Postgraduate B. H. S. '08.

UNTERSEE, Emil. 161 Davis avenue. Pierce Grammar '03; records, refereed a class basket ball game once, dead-head at twelve league games. Favorite diversion, using up mileage between Brookline and Newton. Brooklyn Polytechnic School sometime.

WHITE, Karl. 148 Fuller street. South Boston High to B. H. S. '05; class football, guard '05; B. H. S. football team, guard '06-'07; class basket ball, guard '07. Nickname, "Doc." Favorite diversion, knocking out teeth. Post graduate B. H. S. '08.

WHITTIER, Carl Stewart. 105 Craigie, Cambridge. Pierce Grammar '03; class football, tackle '05-'06; class hockey, goal '06; class base ball, first base '06; B. H. S. hockey team, point '07; glee club '05-'06; mandolin club '07; photograph committee '07. Nickname, "Fat." Favorite occupation, Greek. Harvard '11.

WODELL, St. Clair Allan. 12 Kent square. Pierce school '03; member glee club, '05-'06; debating club '06-'07; bass soloist at various musical features in the school. Nickname, "The Songstress." Favorite recreation, fussing. Tufts Dental '10.

WRIGHT, Duncan, ΓΔΨ. 29 Colbourne Crescent. Volkmann to B. H. S. '05; Pentathlon team '05; class football, end '06; class track team, captain '06; class basket ball, centre '06-'07; assistant business manager SAGAMORE '05-'06, business manager '06-'07; B. H. S. basket ball team, manager '07; B. H. S. track team '07; mandolin club '06; senior dance committee '07; B. H. S. ping pong team '04; ivy odist, class day '07; captain of B. H. S. marble team, specialty "bunny in the hole;" cheer leader '07. Nicknames, "Daisy-boy," "Fusser John," and "Dunger." Greatest anxiety, hunting for a good wife; if he finds one, will enjoy the quiet and peace of married life next year.

YOUNG, Fred Willard, ΓΔΨ. St. Stephen, N. B., Canada. Dr. Holbrook's school, New York, to B. H. S. '05; class hockey, forward '06; B. H. S. hockey team, forward '07; class base ball, second base '06; class football, end '06. Nickname, "Fritz." Favorite recreation, autoing. Lawrence Scientific School '11.

YOUNG, Kenneth Todd, ΓΔΨ. St. Stephen, N. B., Canada. Dr. Holbrook's School, New York, to B. H. S. '05; class hockey, cover-point '06, captain '07; class base ball, fielder '06. Nickname, "Ken." Chief delight, carrying his sister's books. Lawrence Scientific School '11.

In Memoriam

Mary J. Platt

Whom Everybody Loved

Whose subject was Nature,
and whose nature was as
comprehensive as her subject

Died June 10, 1907

On the Track

THE BROWN INTERSCHOLASTIC.

FOLLOWING the custom of the last two years, our track team entered the Brown Interscholastic meet at Providence and succeeded in winning second place in point honors from a list of nine schools. Captain Boyd equalled the record for the 100 yards dash (10 1-5 secs.), and lowered the 220 time by one-fifth of a second. Dan Sharp, ex-B. H. S. '07, held the old record at 23 2-5sec.. Seligman pulled third place out of both these events. Daniels obtained third in the 880, not showing up as well as was expected of him; and Whitney did the same in the mile. Whitney's breakfast troubled him a little, while running.

In the field events, Charlie Hann took second place in the discus throw, but proved a disappointment in the shot-put, winning fourth place. Chandler won the high jump at 5ft. 5 3-4in., a jump which would have won him the cup in the Newton meet; and then surprised himself by tieing for a place in the pole vault.

Worcester South won the meet with 39 points; Brookline second, with 27 1-2; Durfee High, 23; Providence Technical, 16; Moses Brown, 14; Boston English High, 11; Pawtucket High, 5 1-2; Rindge Manual Training School, 4; and Lynn Classical High, 3.

It may be interesting to know that Brookline holds four records in these games. Boyd has both the 100 and 220 credited to him; Defriez, '05, holds the 120-yds. hurdle record, at 17 1-5sec.; while Johnson, '06, has best distance in the hammer throw, 145ft. 9in.

THE AMHERST INTERSCHOLASTIC—W. M. I. A. A.

Coach Allen entered seven men in the Amherst meet, and succeeded in obtaining third place for Brookline. Every man entered made points, and Boyd brought home another record to the school, smashing the 220-yd. time down to 22 3-5sec. Boyd and Daniels did especially good work, the former winning the 220, and getting second in the 100, which was run in 10 flat (also a new record); while the latter won the 440 in 53 3-5sec., beating Tower, of Newton, and then pulled second place out of the 880. G. Hann cleared the bar at 5ft. 4in., a jump which gained him second place in the event, and Chandler divided the third point with a Worcester man. Seligman repeated his performance at Brown, finishing third in the 100 and 220. Whitney ran a wonderful race in the mile, being beaten for second place by but a few inches. Another very remarkable record was made here, a Springfield man breasting the tape in 4m. 39sec. Charlie Hann obtained third in the shot-put.

Williston won the meet, Holyoke second, Brookline third (23 1-2 points). Brookline turned the tables on Worcester South (which won the Brown meet), and defeated Springfield (last year's champions), as well as several other schools.

ANNUAL OUTDOOR MEET—B. H. S. A. A.

The class of 1908 won the annual track meet held on the campus June 12th. Whitney, '10, ran a beautiful mile, and lowered the school record from 5m. 4sec. to 4m. 50 4-5sec. Another mark went by the board in the high jump, when George Hann, '08, cleared the bar at 5ft. 4 1-2in. Seligman, '08, obtained the best individual score, with 11 points; C. Hann and Boyd each took 10 points, and G. Hann 9. The Juniors had 47

points for a class total, the Seniors 19, and the lower classes tied with 12 each. Results:

One hundred yard dash—Won by Boyd, '08; Seligman, '08, second; Marston, '10, third. Time: 10 4-5sec.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Won by Boyd, '08, Seligman, '08, second; Marston, '10, third. Time: 24 2-5 sec.

Mile run—Won by Whitney, '10; Cooley, '07, second; Brennan, '10, third. Time: 4m. 50 4-5sec.

Running broad jump—Won by Lally, '09; Daniels, '08, second; Marston, '10, third. Distance: 19 feet, 11 inches.

Hop, step and jump—Won by Lally, '09; White, '08, second; Cady, '08, third. Distance: 40 feet 3-4ths inch.

Eight hundred and eighty yard run—Won by Wright, '07; Daniels, '08, second; Cooley, '07, third. Time: 2m. 13 3-5sec.

Four hundred and forty yard run—Won by Seligman, '08; White, '08, second; Dunbar, '09, third. Time: 56sec.

Running high jump—Won by G. Hann, '08; Chandler, '10, second; Dunbar, '09, third. Height: 5 feet 4 1-2 inches.

Shot-put—Won by C. Hann, '07; G. Hann, '08, second; Cady, '08, third. Distance: 38 feet 9 1-2 inches.

Discus throw—Won by C. Hann, '07; Cady, '08, second; G. Hann, '08, third. Distance: 92 feet 7 inches.

Base Ball

B. H. S. VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

Brookline lost her second game in the Preparatory League struggle to Cambridge—score, C. L. S. 4; B. H. S. 1. The boys were overconfident in the first inning, and as a result Cambridge obtained a lead that was enough to win the game. Brookline had several chances to score during the contest, but through erratic base-running and weak hitting were able to obtain but one run. Donahue and Brown put up the best article for B. H. S. The line-up:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2b	3	1	7	3	0
Coon, p	4	1	0	7	0
Chase, s	3	1	0	4	0
Reeves, c	4	1	5	0	0
Volks, 1	3	0	15	1	0
Duvey, cf	3	1	0	0	1
Blackall, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Hands, rf	2	1	0	0	0
Lynch, 3b	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	6	27	15	1

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelan, c	4	0	12	1	1
Elliott, 2b	4	0	0	1	0
Clune, cf	4	0	1	0	1
Hann, 1b	3	1	9	0	1
McPhee, ss	3	2	0	1	2
Gallert, 3b	3	1	0	0	0
Brown, p	3	0	1	6	1
Dooley, 3	2	0	0	0	0
Donahue, lf	3	1	1	0	0
Totals,	24	5	24	9	6

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge Latin,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	x— 4
Brookline High School	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0— 1

Runs, Donahue, Chase, Coon, Reeves, Kimball; base on balls, by Coon, by Brown 4; struck out, by Coon 3, by Brown 11; sacrifice hits, Blackall, Gallert, Phelan, Duvey, Volk; passed ball, Phelan; umpire, Kelley; time, 1h. 55m.

B. H. S. VS. ROXBURY HIGH SCHOOL.

Brookline defeated Roxbury High School in a very close

game May 28th, on the playground. The score was 3 to 2.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—3
Roxbury High	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	—2

Base hits, Brookline 4, Roxbury 3; errors, Brookline 2, Roxbury 2; batteries, Brookline, Brown, Carr and Phelan, Roxbury, O'Connell and Connolly; umpire, Kimball; time, 1h. 15m.; attendance, 100.

B. H. S. VS. NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Our second game with Newton, May 30th, proved our second defeat. Newton scored in the first inning and then were unable to reach home plate until the seventh.

Brookline was considerably handicapped by the absence of Charlie Hann, Elliott taking his place at first, and Greenwood filling second base. Brookline played a lifeless game all through, Clune contributing about the only spark of genius with his long run for a fly in center field, although 'tis true McPhee did work the old "hide the ball" trick successfully on Porter. Brown, as usual, was the mainstay of the team, but it was the old story, no support at critical moments. Well, butter luck next year. This game gave Newton the championship of the league. The score:

NEWTON HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3	3	2	3	1	1
Ely, ss	2	0	0	1	1
O'Neil, cf	4	1	1	0	0
Porter, c	4	1	11	1	0
Desmond, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Donahue, 2	3	0	2	0	0
Kelly, lf	2	0	1	0	0
Ryan, 1	3	0	8	0	0
Bradford, p	3	2	1	4	1
Totals,	27	6	27	7	3

BROOKLINE HIGH

	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelan, c, rf	4	1	5	2	0
Greenwood, 2b	4	0	1	1	1
Clune, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Elliott, 1b	4	0	8	1	0
McPhee, ss	4	2	2	1	1
Gallert, rf, c	4	0	4	0	0
Brown, p	3	0	0	4	1
Dooley, 3b	3	0	1	1	0
Donahue, lf	1	0	2	0	0
Stewart, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	31	3	24	10	3

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High School,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	x	— 3
Brookline High School,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Runs, Eaton, Kelly, Ely; two-base hit, Porter; three-base hit, O'Neil; sacrifice hits, Eaton, Ely 2; stolen bases, Porter, Kelly; first base on balls, Bradford 2, Brown 4; struck out, by Bradford 11, by Brown 8; passed balls, Phelan, Gallert; wild pitch, Brown; time, 2h. 5m.; umpires, Curran and Kelly; attendance, 1000.

FOOT BALL TEAM, 1907

B. H. S. VS. CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

Brookline lost her fourth and last league game to Cambridge Latin at the Cedar street grounds, June 5. Cambridge had considerable trouble in locating Brown's curves; indeed, the latter mowed down nine men and allowed but two hits. Our fielding however, was rank. No one could expect to win a game with seven errors behind him, and all of them at critical moments. Other than Brown, Hann played thc best game for B. H. S., while Duvey and Coon were the Cambridge stars. Thus perished our championship aspirations. The score:

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2b	3	0	0	0	1
Coon, p	4	1	2	4	2
Chase, s	4	0	2	2	0
Reeves, c	3	0	9	0	2
Volk, 1b	4	0	10	0	0
Duvey, cf	3	1	2	0	0
Blackall, lf	4	0	0	0	0
Hands, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Lynch, p	4	0	2	2	1
Totals,	32	2	27	8	6

B. H. S.	AB.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Phelan, c	4	0	9	0	1
Elliott, 2b	4	0	2	1	1
Clune, cf	5	0	1	0	0
Hann, 1b	5	1	8	0	0
McPhee, ss	5	0	1	2	3
Brown, p	3	0	1	2	0
Dooley, 3b	4	2	1	2	1
Kenrick, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Donahue, lf	2	1	1	0	1
Totals	34	4	24	7	7

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Cambridge Latin,	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	1	x—5
Brookline High,	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0—4

Runs, Chase, Reeves, Volk, Duvey, Hands, Phelan, Clune, McPhee, Donahue; sacrifice hits, Kenrick, Donahue; stolen base, Reeves; first base on balls, off Coon 5, off Brown 3; struck out, by Coon 7, by Brown 9; double play, Lynch to Volk; passed balls, Reeves, Phelan; hit by pitched ball, Kenrick; time, 2h. 10m.; umpire, Kelley; attendance, 150.

B. H. S. VS. BROCKTON HIGH SCHOOL.

June 10th B. H. S. was defeated for the last time this season at Brockton, by the local high school nine. The game was hotly contested, but Brookline's errors were costly and lost the game. Brown fanned eleven men and allowed but two hits. The score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brockton High	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2
Brookline High	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

The Crew

THE history of our crew this year is a sorrowful one. At the beginning of the season, with four of last year's record-breaking champions in the boat, the prospects seemed especially bright. Then, a few days before the Middlesex race, the announcement came with a dull thud that both Captain LeRoyer and Howe were disqualified owing to scholarship obligations. Two men, Daniels and Slocum, were taken on from the second crew, however, and Brookline, with bull-dog spirit, forced Middlesex to row their limit in order to win.

After the race, several of the B. H. S. rooters and three of the crew men so far forgot themselves as to cause trouble with police authorities in Concord, and Principal Hitchcock felt himself justified in refusing these three men permission to represent B. H. S. in the annual schoolboy regatta. This crash came the day before the races, and knocked the bottom out of what little hopes our men had left. Brookline did not play quitter though, and taking three more men from the second crew, which now became disbanded, entered the regatta. The boys did their best, and rowed a fighting race, finishing only a quarter-length behind English High. Defeat was no disgrace. The men: Cooley (stroke), Daniels (3), Reid (2), Dunbar (bow), Kenney (cox.).

Acknowledgment

THE SAGAMORE is more than indebted to Miss Elizabeth B. Warren, '07, for the very excellent cover and cuts with which this number is supplied. That Miss Warren has spent considerable time and pains on her work can be seen from its perfection. It is plainly evident that she has true artistic ability, and we wish her the best of success in future attempts.

BASE BALL CLUB 1907

News Notes

WE are to lose Miss Paige this June. After the close of the present school year, Brookline will miss one of her most popular and most admired teachers. Miss Paige, who has been secretary of the school for ten years, will leave us to become assistant principal of a private school in St. Louis.

Our Memorial Day address was delivered by Dr. Barnes, state chaplain of the Grand Army, who has spoken to us once before this year. His address was interesting to all and well delivered, and at its close he sang for us two verses which Dr. Van Dyke composed for our national anthem, "America."

Friday the 31st of May, we enjoyed another speaker. Mr. Dennis A. McCarthy of Cambridge, gave a short talk on Irish poetry and then treated us to a reading of some of his own works. The beauty of these little stanzas of Irish scenery and Irish life lies in their very simplicity, and that the school was delighted with their rendering, was plainly shown in the volume of applause.

The Senior Gun Drill had to be given up owing to inclement weather and sickness in the ranks. Sergeant Kenney was found to be suffering from corns; private Gunsenheiser, while disentangling his gun from his legs, tripped and strained a ligament in his finger; and Lieutenant Treadwell developed a bad case of curvature of the spine while endeavoring to obtain the proper straight front effect. As a result, Captain Clune was forced to abandon the idea of the trip to the Jamestown Exposition.

The boys especially will be very sorry to hear of another resignation. Mr. Lowman has accepted a position in a western normal school, and completes his work here this June. Mr. Lowman, who has been here but two years, has a close friend in every boy in the school, and, 'tis said, many among the fair sex. The latter he stoutly denies, however. It is with especial regret that we learn of his decision, for Mr. Lowman has accomplished a great deal in binding the boys together for clean, earnest athletics, and was just the man needed for the place. We very much doubt whether another can be found that will really fill his position.

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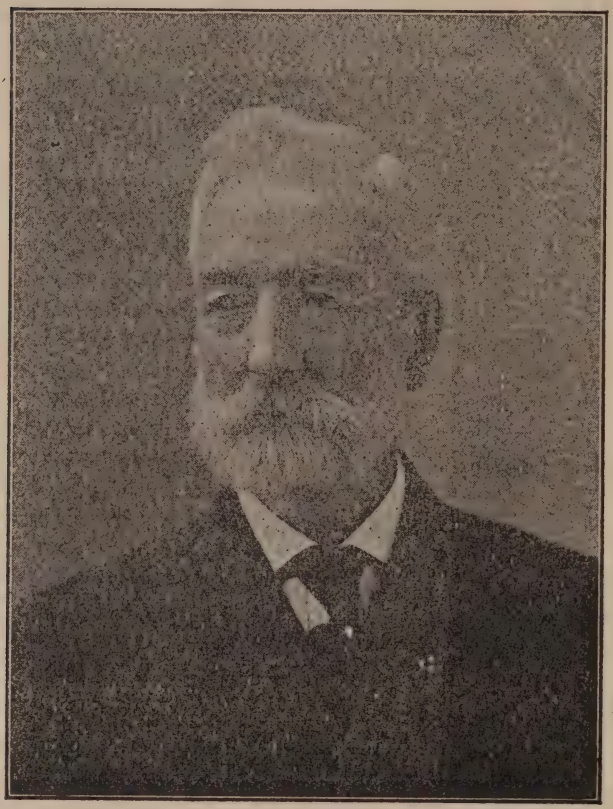

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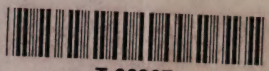

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